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BERLIN, THE CITY OF THE KAISER.

By William Horace Hotchkiss.

HAD you been in Berlin that day in 1871, glorious in German history, when the victorious armies came back from the war, you would have seen in one of its parks a colossus of stucco, with arms akimbo, half goddess, half barmaid, but fresh, muscular and impudent—the Berolina of twenty years ago. But two decades have wrought wonders for Berolina. The uncouth wench has taken on a queenly mien, her

figure, while still buxom, is clothed in a coat of mail and fine drapery, one hand rests on a warrior's shield, the other drops plenty from its outstretched palm, while the head bears proudly the mural crown of the third city of the civilized world.

Berlin is a metropolis of the present. The American traveler rolls over its asphalt, envies it its tramway system, dashes through on its elevated, elbows about in its



UNTER DER LINDEN, AND THE PALACE OF WILLIAM I.

crowds, compares its street scenes with those of New York; and wonders why he came. Yet Berlin has not been built in our day. The thirteenth century saw its beginnings; some quarters have buildings quaint enough for old Nuremberg or Goslar; even the sentimentalist, fresh from the gondolas of Venice, may find charms in its ancient *kähne*, punted through on the sluggish waters of the Spree. Old Berlin, too, has many a hoary legend. What boy has not heard of the "White Lady," the evil genius of the Hohenzollern, who

"Spooks abroad at middle night
Through castle halls and towers"?

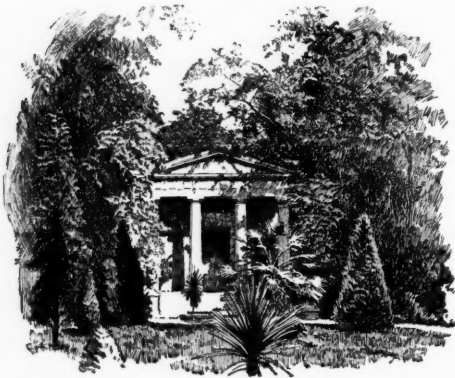
And the true Berliner holds Schlüter's equestrian statue of the Great Elector in peculiar veneration, for has he not from infancy believed that at dead of night the bronze warrior is wont to leave his pedestal and go dashing through the streets, castigating the transgressor and persuading to godliness with the edge of the sword?

Still Berlin is a modern city—save Chicago, none more so of the great urban hives. Even its old quarter has been lately bisected with a modern street, while in the heart of the old town stands that imposing pile, the new Rathhaus or City Hall. The city of the Spree woke up one morning about twenty years ago to find itself an Emperor's residence. Bismarck increased the fever by

heaping the French milliards beside the imperial crown; and Berlin became delirious. Then followed a boom such as our paper cities in the West might envy. Values were enormously inflated, wealth increased as if by magic, tens of thousands flocked to the German El Dorado, and all went well until the bubble burst; then Berlin woke up one other day to find itself bankrupt. Since 1873, the city has recovered and grown steadily in wealth and population. It now numbers 1,600,000, exclusive of suburbs, is growing at the rate of 35 per cent a decade, and already boasts its millionaires as glibly as do New York and Chicago.

Every metropolis has its quarters. Berliners speak of Old Berlin, the Friedrichstadt, Moabit, the Stralau quarter and a dozen others, as marking nuclei of growth. The hub of them all is Old Berlin, which corresponds in size and situation to the City in London. The student element, and Berlin's University has nearly 6000 matriculants, clusters in the section north of the Linden and the Spree, while the descendants of the Great Elector's Huguenot guests claim Moabit, the annexed district northwest of the Linden. Like every metropolis, too, Berlin is cosmopolitan, though in a limited sense. Not 42 per cent of its population were born within its limits, while of the *echte Berliner*, who still cling to "weiss bier" and a rasping dialect, the newer city has not 10 per cent.

Unter den Linden, says Lindenbergh, is the radial artery of Berlin; he means Unter den Linden with its succession of open squares, the Schloss Bridge, the Lustgarten, and Kaiser Wilhelm Strasse to the eastward and Pariser Platz to the westward. This broad avenue, for half its length shaded by dwarfish lime trees, runs east and west through the heart of the capital, a mile and a half or more of palaces and public buildings, plentifully interlarded with hotels, shops and cafés. The growth of the city to the south and west and the



THE IMPERIAL MAUSOLEUM AT CHARLOTTENBURG.

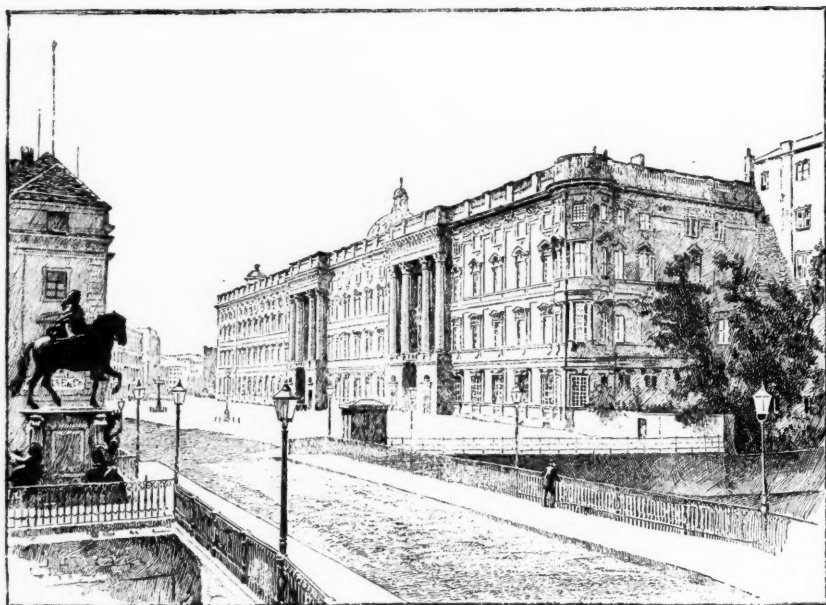


THE SCHLOSS BRIDGE AND OLD MUSEUM.

migration of wealth and fashion to these newer quarters have not in the least lessened the prestige of this street of streets. Here the Berliner loves to promenade. He will glow with pride as he points to Rauch's splendid statue of Frederick the Great, or tell you over and over again how the crowds used to stand before the simple palace of the old Emperor and burst through the lines even of Berlin's police when the beloved warrior came to his window; and he will shrug his shoulders a bit, for the curtains are drawn and, save for two sentries at its door, the home of the old hero seems as silent and deserted as the mausoleum at Charlottenburg in which he rests. He shrugs his shoulders, for the Berliner cannot forget the Spartan simplicity and glorious memories of the late reign. He shrugs, but does no more; the new Kaiser uses summary measures in dealing with incautious gossips.

Prussian history clusters about the Lustgarten. To the south is the vast façade of that vaster Schloss where the young Emperor lives, to

the east is the Dom or cathedral church, on another side rises the classic pile of the Old Museum, while crossing the Spree is the famous Schloss bridge, its pedestals surmounted by warlike groups in marble. The old Schloss is too big to be beautiful yet too venerable to be ugly. His Imperial Majesty, the second William, lives on its south or Schloss Platz side; the rooms looking on the Lustgarten are used for ceremonial occasions. Lovers of Carlyle may in its halls search out some of the scenes of those famous *rencontres* where the "old Prussian drill sergeant" taught his son, afterwards Frederick the Great, the meaning of paternal government. But the Berlin cathedral, the Dom! Some German has said of his countrymen that they will wear their coats threadbare while making up their minds whether to have a new button sewed on, a *mot* which may supply a *raison d'être* for the Berlin Dom. The stucco is flaking off its sides, its dome is coated with a dirty green oxide, while the interior might do for a tomb, to which purpose



THE OLD PALACE—SCHLOSS PLATZ FAÇADE.

the early Electors seem to have dedicated it. Or perhaps this hideous pile blazons a shortcoming in the German character, nowhere better expressed than in the prayer of a Prussian general before one of his battles, thus cleverly translated by an American observer: "Dear God, graciously assist me this day. But if you won't, why, then, don't help those blackguards, my enemies, but stand quietly by, look on and don't meddle. I'll manage." The statistics of modern Berlin show 1,300,000 evangelical Christians, with church accommodation for less than 30,000 of them.

It is refreshing to turn from the Dom to that fine Corinthian temple, not as old as new Berlin, the National Gallery. Even the stiff old museum has architectural charms, while no one can leave the Lustgarten without marking that the bronze statue of Frederick William III looks sternly toward the palace which once housed the first Napoleon, his conqueror, and that nursemaids now troop and gossip where formerly tramped the

giant grenadiers of the second king of Prussia.

The business of Berlin centers about Friedrich and Leipziger Strassen, both south of the Linden, the former at right angles to and the latter parallel with it, while Wilhelm Strasse, the official avenue of the capital, adds solidity to the neighborhood, and Potsdamer Strasse, the continuation of Leipziger to the westward, is a thoroughfare to the residence quarter near Lützow Platz. The architecture of this section is modern, its streets have the best of asphalt, its shops are tempting, and its cafés and promenaders quite Parisian. Buildings rarely reach the fifth story, and elevators are almost unknown; but Twenty Third Street, New York, is no more lively of a pleasant afternoon than is Friedrich near the Linden. Your first acquaintance is cabby, a lazy Jehu, whose rickety droschke and lumbering dialect are yours for an hour at less than sixty cents, and who soon becomes the characteristic sight of modern Berlin, ubiquitous, reliable,

and watchful for *trinkgeld*. By and by the tramway system will dawn upon you; what a continuing pleasure it is to read your *Tageblatt* in peace, for when every seat is taken not another person can enter the car. Thus saith the Berlin police. This inquisitorial institution says much similar stuff even to the sojourner in Berlin. The American never knows whether he will sleep at home or in the double locked sanctum of these guardians of the peace. An innocent peanut shell, carelessly tossed on the sidewalk, may provoke a fine, while the poor Yankee who boards a moving train should expect a month at hard labor in a German prison. But for all that, he soon learns to respect the Berlin police. It, too, is ubiquitous, well informed, and astonishingly polite. Indeed, suavity of manners is conspicuous on the streets of Berlin. The *schaffner* lets fall a lusty *Mahlzeit!* as you enter your car, little accidents call forth profuse apologies; custom enjoins lifting your hat to male as well as female acquaintances. No wonder the eco-

nomical Berliner has put forth a vigorous protest in the form of a Keep-on-your-Hat Society—it is so fearfully destructive to hat brim and patience.

The most ubiquitous Berlin specimen next to Jehu and policeman is the officer of the Guards. He is usually a finely proportioned fellow, spick and span in a uniform of dark blue, the trousers of which fit tighter than the cuticle beneath, and whose high red collar arouses feelings of pity for the perspiring prisoner on a hot day; for it will not even wilt. Add to this a sword which never leaves him, jingling spurs just as brotherly, a nonsensical cap, and you have the dude of Berlin, smiled at, not ridiculed, by public opinion. He is a peculiar product of the German system; or, perhaps better, his uniform is. This craze for regimentals takes on many a form. Youngsters in the military schools, not yet in their teens, wear the clothing and often the cumbersome sword bayonet of the regular soldier. The train dispatcher on the *Stadtbahn* is gor-



"THE APOTHEOSIS OF WILLIAM I" IN THE BERLIN NATIONAL GALLERY.



LEIPZIGER STRASSE, FROM POTSDAMER PLATZ.

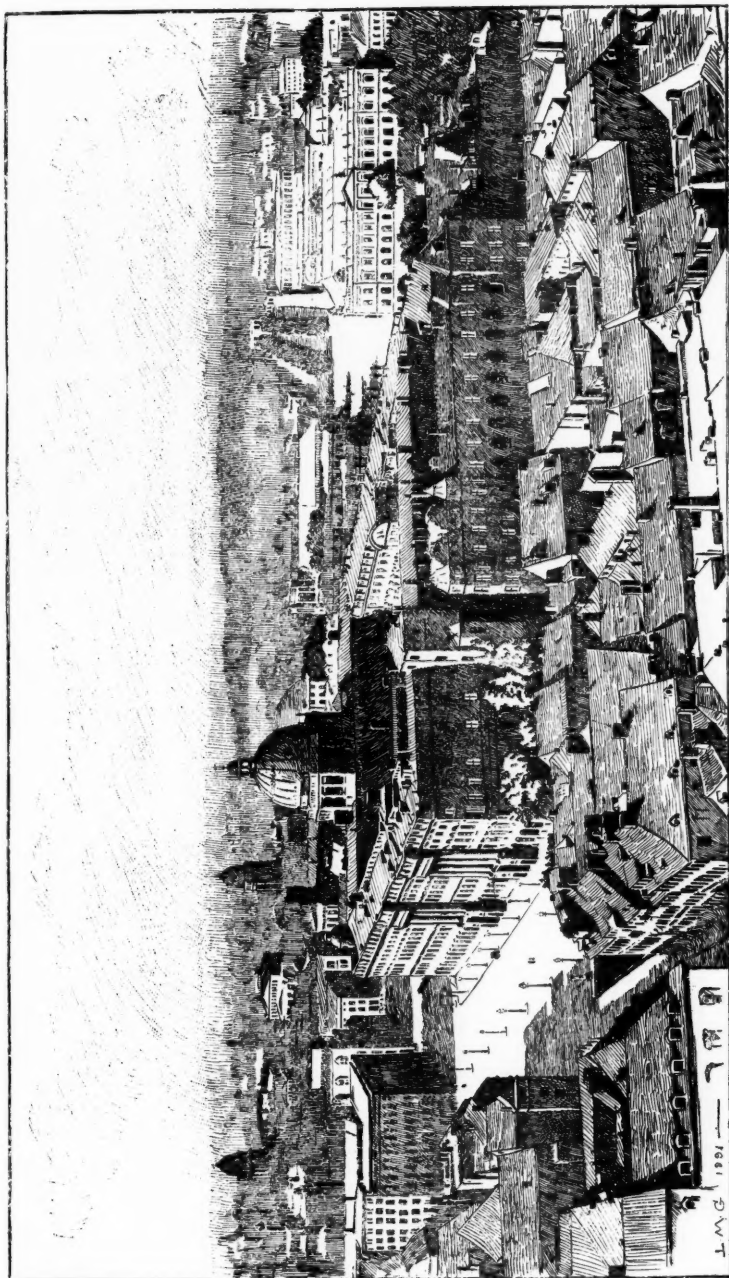
geous with red cap and regalia. Students, with polychromatic caps, are everywhere. A good majority of the caps set off ugly scars, while not a few corps' heroes proudly greet their fellows from out the plasters and bandages born of the last duel. Lucky is he, too, who can be present at such a characteristic gathering as was the recent student jollification in honor of Bismarck at Kissingen.

Bismarck visited Berlin in the spring of 1891, and but few friends bade him welcome. He is an exile now. The very Berliners, who once greeted him with the sturdy *Hoch!* now try to forget him; for, say they, *der Kaiser ist der Kaiser*. Early in 1891, Moltke was one of the sights of Berlin. What sojourner does not remember that tall, wrinkled old man, rattling about in a hired carriage, the picture of concentrated thought and contented democracy! He, too, is now gone, and the Kaiser has telegraphed: "I have lost an army." That night there was not an officer at Kroll's. But the German is buoyant. Life is a pleasant journey, with plenty of beer and good cheer at

every station. The Berliner is contented and happy, whether he be one of the tens of thousands who dwell in squalid cellars or of the luckier tens who are guests in the halls of life's fortunates on the Linden and Wilhelm Strassen.

Cutting helter skelter through Berlin, now crossing the Spree, here on the edge of a street, there dashing through a block, always twenty feet above the dead level of the city, runs a construction of brick and iron, the Stadtbahn, or elevated railway. It winds, four tracks wide, through the heart of the city from east to west, and then swings about it through the suburbs. No wonder Berlin has grown since this great time saver was opened in 1883, or that the company which built it speedily became bankrupt. It cost a colossal sum to cut such a swath through the center of the city and another as colossal to erect the splendid structure. But the Prussian government is now in charge, and Berlin continues to grow as does no other continental city.

The suburbs of the city of the



THE CITY OF BERLIN, FROM THE RATHHAUS TOWER.

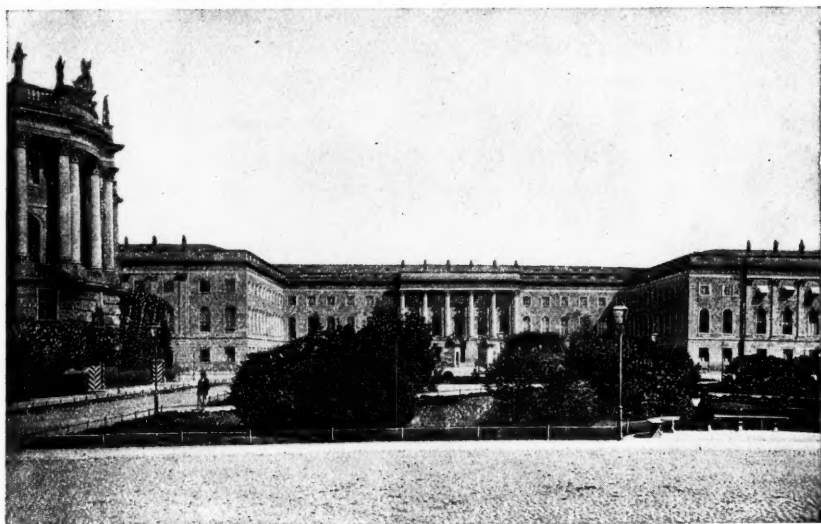
Kaiser recall Chicago. Lots are blocked out far beyond the settled quarters, while here and there and everywhere are going up the stucco faced Berlin tenements. Charlottenburg, the Harlem of Berlin, a separate municipality just west of the Thiergarten, added 13,000 to its 55,000 in 1890. The streets of these outer districts are always well paved, often shaded, and, save for a pressed brick schoolhouse here or there, lined by a continuous row of three or four story flats. Each building is of brick, coated with stucco, and, with its plaster Atlantes and Caryatides groaning under the weight of balconies made of hardened mud, all sun dried to a dull but not dirty whiteness, is not displeasing to the eye, until the years add their tarnish and Atlas and Caryatid begin to crumble to the sand whence they came. It is in these flats that the Berliner of the middle classes lives. A single house with grounds is like an oasis in a desert. Our American houses with their little garden plots would in Berlin be so much waste. German, like French, has no such word as "home."

There is a German saying, "morn-ing to work ; evening to play." The Berliner never forgets it. He rests as he works—hard. He seems fairly to live on the outer air. Let a holiday come and he is off with Frau Berlinerin and the little Berliners to the Grünewald, for an excursion on the Spree to Treptow, or goodness knows where, if it promise fresh air and invites to rest. In early spring, he is positively daft. It is no uncommon thing to find him in his favorite beer garden, quaffing his *Löwen Bräu*, while the watery flakes of a late spring snow storm fall dismally on the table before him. He skates every afternoon in winter. He rides, he walks, drives, sometimes rows, and at home keeps his house a little warmer than an Esquimaux's and as draughty as if windows and doors were unknown. But it is as a night-outer that he is *par excellence*.

Berlin has theaters galore. Good seats at the Opera cost but \$1.50 ;

the poorest can be had at about one eighth that sum. Here he can hear Wagner, at least three nights of the seven, rendered by his favorite singers, with the best of orchestral accompaniment, and a ballet quite Parisian. Or he may go to the Royal Theater, the Schauspielhaus—by the way, one of the finest bits of architecture in Berlin—and hear Goethe or Schiller or Shakspeare, to say nothing of modern dramatists, produced magnificently and suited to his tastes for the boisterous and intense. Then there is the Deutsches Theater—such renditions of the drama of Faust are seen nowhere else—or the Lessing, or the Wallner. He enjoys it all, applauds to the echo, and goes home to sleep hard, work hard, and then rest hard the next evening. It is all he lives for.

While thousands of him are bowling off theaterwards in the early twilight at 6:30, other thousands wend their ways to the music halls. Next to the air the Berliner loves arias, but strong, moving tunes, blared forth from a hundred instruments or shouted out of scores of throats. In winter, the concert houses draw crowds every night. What American can forget the Philharmonie, with its fine orchestra, its carpet of tables, its visitings and gossipings over its beer ! The concert house on Leipziger Strasse is even more frequented. Its devotees often hear strains which start them to their feet and send their enthusiastic "Bravo !" far out into the neighboring streets. Things are not so tumultuous in the scores of gardens scattered about Berlin. The more pretentious boast each a military band. Stirring melody is not wanting. Here come whole families to enjoy their evening meal. What a happy go lucky time they have withal, making and receiving calls among the neighboring tables, Hanschen learning his first lessons in victory while downing a generous beaker, and Marie hers in breaking a lance or two with Lieutenant Mars at her side. Here also do the fad-dists gather and wage their frothy



THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN.

warfare over mugs of beer. The sojourner never forgets his evenings at Kroll's, the most famous of these resorts, with its tables, its vistas of colored lamps and little opera hall near at hand; while he soon grows to feel himself a part of the gay thousands who nightly promenade between that acre of tables in the Zoological Garden, listening to its splendid music and finding here or there a friend among the crowd. These two resorts have scores of imitators. An enterprising brewer has lately turned a waste space beneath the Stadtbahn into a *weissbier* garden. Indeed a thirsty mortal with twenty pfennigs in his pocket is an anomaly in Berlin. The common people have their resorts, not unlike their richer neighbors. Nor are the theaters and the open air gardens the only Meccas of the tired Berliner. Beer rooms flourish in every quarter of Berlin. Some, such as the well known Rathskeller, are modeled after the drinking cellars of old Germany. Hobgoblins, quaffing giant beakers, grin down from the vaulted arches; and the visitor finds much bibulous lore inscribed on the walls. These cellars are very temples of Gambrinus. The breweries, too, have each a garden

and cellar. Witness that of Tivoli, to the south of Berlin, about whose walls is a vast garden, and over whose door may be read this characteristic couplet:

Geneisst im edlen Gerstenfass,
Des Weines Geist, des Brodes Kraft.

But the Berliner does not live by beer alone. Scores of cafés of the French type may be found on his better streets. The Café Bauer is best known. It is on the Linden, and in summer, like many of its fellows, stands entirely open on the sidewalk. Herr Lieutenant or Monsieur Roué are not content until their coffee is drunk and their paper is read each afternoon at Bauer's. Bauer's, too, is a sight after the theaters; many a Berliner takes his sixth meal there. So are the Cafés Keck and National, two famous resorts at the witching hour. Thither doubtless will go Monsieur Roué, and thence to some of the numerous Ball Lokale, or dance halls. Herr Lieutenant has long since gone home. He is forbidden to make a night of it, save when attired *in civile*.

Berlin has four great parks and some thirty *plätze* or open squares. These latter are not unlike our



THE SCHAUSPIELHAUS AND SCHILLER STATUE.

breathing spaces save in their ornamentation. Wilhelm Platz has a half dozen fine statues of heroes in the Seven Years' War, yet it is no larger than Gramercy Park. Potsdamer Platz has two bronze warriors and is little more than a speck of green. But no park in Berlin deserves mention in the same breath with the Thiergarten. It begins at the western end of the Linden and is a forest in the center of the city, two miles long by nearly a mile broad. Some one has called it "a bit of poetry in the whirl of the restless metropolis." Near the Linden it is cultivated, broad walks and bridle paths wind between shaded lawns, but for the most part it is still wild and natural, and in many a spot the yellow carpet of leaves is untrodden, save by the solitary in search of rest from the noisy town. Two tortuous lakes add variety to this urban forest; and in winter there is no gayer sight in Berlin than their surfaces crowded with skaters "rolling" and "edging" to the strains of a military band.

In some sections are fine monuments of German worthies, Goethe's

in particular, while that of the beautiful Queen Louise, on a little island said to have been her favorite retreat, is a hallowed spot to the Berliner. On the good queen's birthday, every March, he heaps it with flowers to her memory. A broad avenue, with street car tracks at its side, runs through to Charlottenburg; this is the popular promenade. On Sunday afternoons, the Thiergarten is crowded; and here on all days the American will note that, in a park in that Germany where seemingly everything is *verboten*, there are still no signs with the familiar legend, "Keep off the Grass," nor any Draconic warnings to owners of dogs. The Thiergarten is, as has been said, a forest within a city, and quite as free and natural as its numerous kindred beyond the towns.

I am a Prussian; don't you see my banner?
Its folds of black and white are beckoning on.

Its meaning? Ah, it boasts the manner
My fathers died for freedom. Comrades, on!

Thus runs a Prussian war song.
The martial spirit is everywhere.

Youngsters toddling off to school carry their books in knapsacks, their luncheon in canteens. Common soldiers off duty crowd the streets, and in the morning hours of spring time the pedestrian on Friedrich Strasse is rarely out of sight of a battalion or band. The barracks, of which there are a score or more in Berlin, are never idle. Artillery lumbers about the pavements. Cuirassiers and dragoons play at war each day. From early morning till noon the exercising grounds echo with the strains of regimental music and the tramp of the German thousands. There is something intensely national, unifying, about the whole system. One street boy twits another: "Why, your father was a Hessian;" and the youngster retorts, "But *I* am a German." United Germany has caught the spirit of the Prussian war song. In most things is the Berliner supersensitive, but not concerning his battles. There he is consciously superior. There is victory in the very atmosphere of Berlin. The black eagle of Germany, a featherless bird at best, screams from every lamp post and proclaims

victory from coins and coats of arms. A German prince once said: "Berlin has starved her way to greatness." Fought her way, would be better; and Berlin is proud of it. At the western end of the Linden, just opposite the beginning of the broad *chausée* which bisects the Thiergarten, stands a huge gate, severely Doric in design, affording five carriage ways and two large passages for pedestrians. It impedes traffic, is clumsy and useless, yet what Berliner would consent to its demolition? On its top stands a quadriga with a bronze Victory, the most celebrated of the numerous sisterhood perched about Berlin; for did she not, one fine day, helped on by Napoleon's engineers, drive off to Paris with her chariot and four, and there abide until success again crowned the Prussian legions? Now she fronts toward Russia, not France; perhaps it is an omen. Perhaps rather it is fortunate, for, just behind her, out in the Thiergarten, is a gaudy young rival, the Victory of Bismarck's wars, a gilded monstrosity, perched on a cannon begirt shaft. This is the Victory Column of Berlin. Some



KROLL'S GARDEN.

one has dubbed it a "bundle of asparagus." The description is not bad. The golden goddess above deserves no better, though one can overlook her bigness, knowing that the old Emperor thought so too, and remarked that it was too big for the column. "True," rejoined the courtly sculptor, "but, sire, what monument could be too large for your victories?" Since then no Berliner can see aught but Borussia, big and glorious, in Strack's great mistake.

These rival Victories have a numerous train. A daintier goddess caps the dome of the Charlottenburg Schloss. The martial figures on the Schloss bridge have already been mentioned. Berlin is a city militant. Nor does the Berliner ever forget Schiller's adage:

"Victory leads Peace by the hand."

At three o'clock each afternoon, the Linden is crowded. It is Kaiser time. Americans know it and flock thither. The Berliner knows it, too, and comes to make his daily bow to his Emperor. One day this stern young man will dash by in a car-

riage attended by a single adjutant, saluting perfunctorily and apparently much bored. Another he will sally forth on horseback, in the white uniform of the Garde du Corps, and then he looks every inch an Emperor. You will meet him wandering with a single attendant through the less trodden paths of the Thiergarten, or you may ogle him to your heart's content at the Opera; no one is easier to see or harder to understand. The Berliner gave that up long ago. Wilhelm II is simply "der Kaiser." His personality completely overshadows all else in Berlin. A paternal government, his has been called; indeed this youngster in affairs is the father of his country in quite all senses save ours. The little princes are his *kinder*; so are the veterans who fought at Königgrätz and Sedan. The police are his lash and warning when the children disobey. But the Berliner is content, never musing on the havoc which would follow, should a Kaiser prove a weakling. Not once has a Prussian king been conspicuous for faults such as plunged France toward revolution



THE BRANDENBURG GATE.



THE COLUMN OF VICTORY.

and would unseat royalty in England today were it not standing already. William II is not chauvinistic; on the contrary, he is progressive and independent. His is a new page in the history of Germany. What his influence will be in this land of paternal government may be imagined. But the Berliner cares little; his beer is good, his newspaper dull. Government is for the Kaiser. And thus does the fat and sleepy Bear, the municipal

totem of Berlin, get on well with the Eagle of the Hohenzollern. If he did not, it needs no prophet to predict the fate of the Bear.

The Berliner is a sensible burgher. Is he rich? He owes it to the Hohenzollern. Is his property secure? The Hohenzollern protects it. Is his city great? That, too is the Hohenzollern's doing. Fortunately, he appreciates the obligation. Berlin is nothing, if not "The City of the Kaiser."

MY GRANDMAMMA'S VALENTINE.

ALWAYS chaperoned and guarded,
Grandmamma with waist so taper;
Grandpa had to tell his passion
On a bit of fancy paper.

Times have changed, and girls are different;
Young folks of the present day
Do their love making in person,
And in quite another way.

Cornelia Redmond.



STEPHEN B. ELKINS.

By Frank A. Munsey.

THE appointment of Stephen B. Elkins to the War portfolio added a strong man to President Harrison's cabinet—a man both mentally and physically strong. Mr. Elkins is of a pronounced Western type—tall, six feet and more, with well rounded figure, broad, deep chest and a large, intellectual head set firmly on powerful shoulders. His strong chin and the decided lines of the mouth mark him as a man of extraordinary will force, while his big athletic frame and well knit

muscular development show wonderful physical power. Thus generously equipped by nature he can perform with ease an amount of work that would send the man of average endurance to his grave in a single year. Elkins is a politician by inheritance, having been born in Ohio, but his role is not that of the politician in the ordinary acceptance of the word, but rather that of the business man whose remarkable soundness of judgment and skill in the management of men makes his opinions re-

spected in the most important councils of his party. His methods in politics, as in business, are bold and aggressive. In the last two national Republican conventions Elkins's power was greater than that of any one other man. It was he who brought about Blaine's nomination in 1884, and it was his hand that held the convention in 1888 for three days, meanwhile bringing to bear upon Blaine, who was at that time in Scotland, the strongest possible pressure to persuade him to allow his name to go before the convention. Failing in his purpose he threw his strength for Harrison.

If by taking Elkins into his cabinet the President has secured his support for a renomination in June, he has very materially increased his chances of success. The inappropriate thing, however, in placing Elkins at the head of the War department is that the man capable of the greatest amount of work is filling an office where the least is to be done. He is one who could sustain the labor of the Treasury portfolio, which within the last few years has sent two men to premature graves and has come to be regarded as fatal to him who assumes it. But as advice and counsel are among the important duties of cabinet officers, the President has added much strength to his administration by bringing to it the broad experience and great business ability of a man like Elkins. He is a lawyer by profession, and practiced with flattering success in his early career in New Mexico. His active political experience began in that Territory. He served in the Legislature, was made United States Attorney and was sent as a delegate to Congress, where he served two terms. But his chief life work has been in the field of business. Here is where he has shown the marvelous executive talent that has made him known as one of the keenest and ablest of men. In his career, the first law of nature has been fully exemplified, yielding him a reward commensurate with his devotion to the principle. In New Mexico he acquired a great landed

estate, and was for many years president of the First National bank of Santa Fe. Of his later enterprises, West Virginia has been the chief field. In conjunction with his father-in-law, Ex-Senator Davis, he has devoted himself to the development of that State, where, in a village named after him, he has built his magnificent summer residence. His principal interests are in the West Virginia Central railroad and in extensive coal lands.

It is chiefly in these capacities that Elkins is known, but they do not measure the man, for he is a cultured scholar and a keen thinker. He is a student of metaphysical science, reading all that is written by the best thinkers, and in addition keeps well informed on the current literature of the day. He is a good writer and a forcible speaker. His writings have much of the vigorous character of his own strong, rugged nature.

Socially Elkins is a charming man. His manner is free and easy, and he has the happy faculty of making one feel that his presence is agreeable. But there is no cant about this. The feeling comes rather from the hearty magnetism of the man. He is a most interesting talker, having at his command a great fund of anecdote and information to draw upon. He tells a story well, and some of his tales of the rude life of his early days in New Mexico are immensely laughable. He relates them with the enjoyment of a boy, and in fact seems at such times but a boy of bigger growth—an impression that is strengthened by his clean shaven face and his easy, unconstrained laughter. He is a member of the Union League Club of New York, but is seldom seen there. His home is his club, and there he is surrounded with all that wealth and refinement can bring to their possessor.

His wife is a delightful woman, who knows how to make a home all that a home should be. It is here that he finds time for his extensive reading, and here that he forgets he is the man of affairs, becoming instead the husband and father—a boy among his boys.

UNCLE JAKE'S STRATEGY.

By Wilton Burton.

UNCLE JAKE had just finished his day's work in a little field on the outskirts of the village, had wiped the perspiration from his good humored black face, and was in the act of drawing on a motley coat of many patches when he espied three little boys approaching from the direction of the country. At the heels of the boys trotted a small dog, very short of limb, very muddy and very tired.

The party had evidently been hunting, and they were making a great display of a hare which they had caught. What a fine, large, fat hare it was! The sight of it made Jake hungry and covetous.

"Hayo!" he cried, as the boys drew near. "What dat y'all little boys got?"

"A rabbit," answered one of the boys.

"What y'all gwine to do wid him?" inquired Jake with apparent unconcern.

"We're going to eat him, of course."

"Is y'all gwine to cyar him thoo town dat way?"

"Yes."

"Don't y'all know hit's gin de law to ketch rabbits in de spring o' de year?"

"No, who says so?"

"Mr. Samford say so. He's in de Legislater, an' he 'low everybody what ketch rabbits in de spring o' de year got to be 'rested an' put in jail. Y'all better not let nobody see dat rabbit. Better gin him to me."

"I don't believe there's such a law. What good would it do?"

"Hit'd do a heap o' good, honey, bekase rabbits is gittin' mighty sca'ce in de woods. I speck dat rabbit what y'all done cotch is got a whole nist-

ful o' young uns, and dey'll perish to death 'dout dey mammy."

"We're not afraid of being arrested. We'll go home the back way," and the boys started on.

"Hole on," cried Jake, climbing over the fence, "lemme see dat rabbit."

"Why?" inquired the boys in astonishment.

"Beca'se."

"Because what?"

"Beca'se you ain't ready to die yit."

"Ain't ready to die?"

"No, dat you ain't."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean dat rabbit's p'ison."

"Poison?"

"He is dat."

"How do you know?"

"Beca'se all deze yer swamp rabbits is p'ison dis time o' year. I never knowed he was a swamp rabbit w'en I ax you for him."

"What makes them poison?"

"Beca'se dey eats pea vines. Pea vines don't hurt rabbits, but de juice gits in dey blood, an hit's sho p'ison to folks what eats 'em."

The boys smiled incredulously, but made no reply. They knew, as everybody else in that region knew, that Jake was a story teller after the order of Baron Munchausen.

Jake perceived that the battle was not won yet.

"Dat ain't de onliest reason dey be p'ison," he continued.

"What else then?"

"Dey has wolves in 'em," said Jake impressively.

"Oh, we know all about that. We felt this one's hide all over, and didn't find a single worm."

"Yas, but ef he had des one little bitty ole worrum in him what y'all

couldn't fine hit'd be 'nough to p'ison all three o' y'all."

The boys stood still and silent. The little dog coiled himself up in the fence corner and went to sleep.

Jake understood the situation. If the boys had set out to sell the hare the purchaser might have got it at a bargain, but the owners of the game were not yet ready to give it away.

"We've brought him so far, we might as well take him on home and let our papas see if there's anything the matter with him," said one of the boys presently.

"How fur is y'all done toted him?"

"About two miles."

"Phew!" whistled Jake, and he stretched his legs and elongated his countenance in such a manner that his three little friends began to feel really alarmed.

"What's the matter?" they all cried in the same breath.

"I was des a studyin' 'bout a little boy des 'bout de size o' y'all what I use to know down yander in M'ren-ger. Dat boy des use to live in de woods huntin' ole Molly Cottontail. Folks tole him sump'n bad gwine to happen to him some day ef he didn't stop, but he never pay no 'tention to 'em. He hunt all de summer, an' he hunt all winter, and w'en de spring o' de year come he des kep' on a huntin', and sho 'nough! sump'n bad did happen to him."

"What happened to him?"

"I'm gwine to tell you 'bout dat now. Long dis time o' year de snakes what's been 'sleep all de winter, dey wakes up, an' dey're des so hungry dey could mighty nigh eat a kyag o' tenpenny nails. De fust thing dey studies 'bout is ketchin' a rabbit, an' tain't long 'fo' dey gits a chance, beca'se ole Molly's always a hoppin' 'bout dis time o' year. De minute dey grabs a rabbit dey tries to swaller him boddaciously. Dey don't stop to chew him an' neither to kill him, dey're dat greedy. Co'se dey can't swallow a big rabbit. Dey des gits the rabbit haid fasten in dey mouf, an' dere dey got to lay tell after a w'ile a snake doctor come long."

"What's a snake doctor?" asked one of the boys.

"Law, honey, don't y'all know what a snake doctor is? Ain't y'all never seed 'em flyin' roun' in de swamps?"

"You mean mosquito hawks?"

"Yas, some folks calls 'em skeeter hawks, but dey're 'snake doctors. Dey don't do nothin' but des fly roun' an' hunt for sick snakes, an' w'en dey fines 'em dey doctors 'em tell dey gits well. Long 'bout now dey has lots to do, beca'se de swamps is lineded wid snakes what's done choke deyse'f tryin' to swaller a rabbit."

"How can they get a rabbit's head out of a snake's mouth?"

"I dunno, honey. I ain't no doctor, cep'n for de groun' each. But I reckon they po's some mighty s'archin' sort o' grease in de snake mouf, an' dat loosen de rabbit haid."

"Well, dat boy what I was a tellin' you 'bout, he cotch a rabbit what a snake been had, an' he toted dat rabbit in his han' 'bout two mile. Soon after he got home his han' begin to swell, an' hit swell an' hit swell tell hit was big roun' es a elephant laig. Den de swellin' run up his arm, an' after w'ile hit went all over him, an' he got bigger an' bigger tell at las' one day he busted, and folks yeared him pop five mile from dar."

The little boy that was holding the hare now glanced furtively at his hand. The act did not escape Jake's notice.

"How did anybody know a snake had had the rabbit?" inquired one of the other boys.

"Dey knowed it by de signs dey seed on de rabbit's haid. De snake's tushes always makes two little marks, an' dar whar de p'ison go in at. Snake p'ison won't kill a rabbit, you know, but de fus' man what tech him'll ketch it sho'."

The little boy that had the hare grew nervous. His eyes wandered restlessly from the faces of his companions to the head of the dead animal in his hand.

Noting his actions, Jake poked

the hare's head with a stick, turning it first one side and then the other.

"Two mighty s'picious lookin' specks on dat rabbit's haid," he said.

"Where? Where?" anxiously inquired the boys.

"Don't you see one right dar, an' an'er one right dar?" said Jake, indicating two tiny spots where the animal's fur had been slightly ruffled.

The boys had not noticed the spots, but they were there, and they did look suspicious.

"Honey, ain't yo' han' sorter swelled a little?"

"It does feel stiff and cramped."

"Ha! Dat's de ve'y word dat little boy said dat time w'en he got home."

A moment of silence ensued. The poor boy who held the game looked from one of his companions to the other as though he would search their hidden thoughts, and weigh the chances of his being able to drop the hare without incurring their ridicule.

One of them came to his rescue in a moment.

"We've talked so much about that rabbit I don't believe I can eat a bit of it," said he. "Let's give it to Uncle Jake."

He had not finished speaking before the hare dropped on the ground with a thump that awoke the little dog.

Jake shook his head.

"You can't gimme dat p'ison rabbit," said he.

"Let's throw it away, then."

"Y'all oughtn't to th'ow hit 'way, honey, beca'se somebody might come 'long and pick hit up an' get p'isoned."

"What shall we do with it, then?"

"Bury it in de fence cornder een-side o' my fiel'."

"All right," said all three boys at once. With a long stick Jake lifted the dead animal and tossed it over the fence. Then he climbed over himself, and with his hoe dug a little grave and buried the hare, while the boys watched curiously and fearfully through cracks in the fence.

The boy that had carried the hare was rubbing one hand vigorously with his handkerchief when the funeral was over.

"Y'all better run 'long home an' wash yo' han's," said Jake. "I'm gwine down yander to de branch an' wash mine right now, beca'se some o' dat p'ison might a crope up de stick an' got in 'em."

The boys were not slow to follow his advice, and as soon as they were out of sight Jake returned and disinterred the remains of Molly Cotton-tail.

The following day Uncle Jake and his family regaled themselves on stewed hare and dumplings.

ON MARIE'S FAN.

Go now, dear Fan; she will not see
The kiss I've hidden in your fringes;
I may not hope that thoughts of me
Will cause the blush her cheek that tinges.

But when you softly meet her lips,
My fond caress shall leave its hiding,
And mingling in that sweet eclipse,
Render my boldness past her chiding.

Walter H. Hanway.



A VALENTINE TO MY LOVE AT VASSAR.

SAINT Valentine, 't was this thy day
On which of old, the legends say,
The birds were wont to mate and woo;
And we have kept the custom too.

My love and I are leagues apart,
Yet well she knows she has my heart,
And she has promised to be mine—
My well beloved Valentine.

Ah me, if I might sit tonight
There in her study, warm and bright,
And throwing off my cares the while,
Bask in the sunshine of her smile!

Alas, no sweet face lights the gloom
Here in my cheerless, silent room;
But I am faithful at her shrine,
And send to her a Valentine.

I see her take it in her hands;
She bursts the wrappings and the bands;
And then her cheeks begin to glow,
And little dimples come and go.

My Valentine, I chose thee well;
What else could thus her smiles compel?
She calls her friends; straightway appears
A flock of lovely, envious dears.

A chorus of delighted "Oh's"
Attests the power that well she knows,
For she is queen since this has come—
My ten pound box of choice new gum!

Frank Roe Batchelder.

THE LAST MAN OF A NATION.

By V. Z. Reed.



AM an old man, and my blood flows slowly and my limbs are weary with the weariness of age. The bones of my people lie crumbling in the dust, and I, the last man of the people of this Pueblo, am waiting here alone until the time shall come when I shall be called to join my people in the houses of our fathers in the sun. When I die the sacred fires in the estufa will die, and

the people of the Pueblo of the Exiles will be no more upon the face of the earth, for I am the last man of my nation.

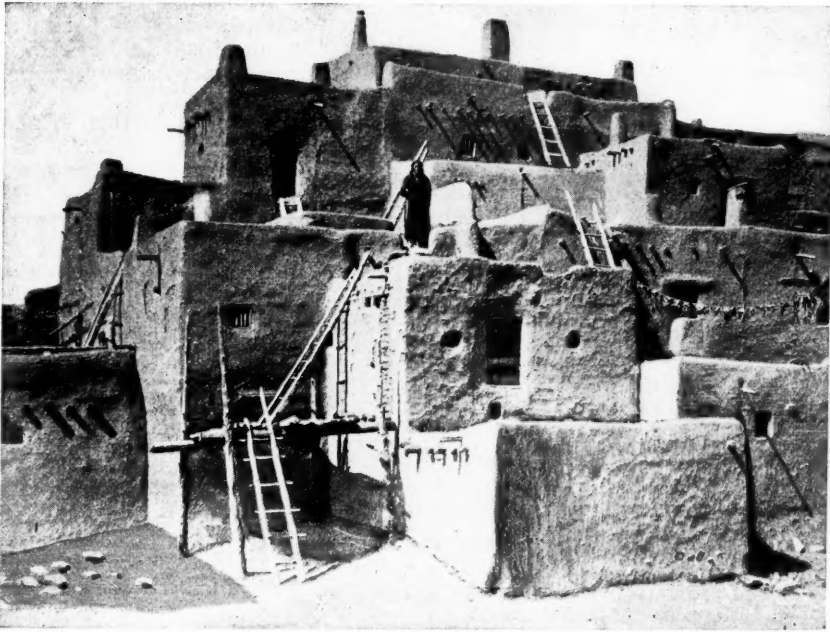
When the noise of your footsteps first broke the silence of this Pueblo, I loved you not, for you are a white skinned man, and you are of the race of the seekers after new things, who live in the North. But my heart has been lonely here among the crumbling houses of my vanished people, and you have been good to me who am an old man and a stranger to you. So I call you my friend, and I will tell you of the people of the Pueblo of the Exiles. And when I have told you, then take your sticks and papers that talk, and go to your own people; for the weakness of death is stealing through my veins, and in his last days it is not good that a Priest of the Sun should be with a man of another blood. And moreover I care not henceforth to

look upon the face of any of my fellow men. I have been alone in my sad and bitter old age until I have a desire for loneliness. I will lay me down to die where none shall see me.

I was born in this Pueblo, in this house, and in this very room where I hold speech with you. That was more than eighty years in the past, and even then my nation numbered but a very few. My birth was hailed with great joy, and a feast and a great dance were given, for the



A PUEBLO BELLE.



A PUEBLO COMMUNITY HOUSE.

blood that flowed in my veins was the blood of priests, and I was entitled to become a Priest of the Bow, which was the highest of the orders of the priesthood among the people. And all my life I have been a priest and a chief, and I have followed the wisdom that was passed down from the fathers.

In the far time of the past the forefathers of my nation belonged to one of the greatest nations of all the Pueblo Indians, and the old tales tell that at first they came to this land from a rich land that lies far toward the great ocean of the rising sun. After the nation had builded a great Pueblo and had lived long in the land that lies not far to the east from here, there was born to a woman of our clan a female child of wondrous beauty. Her beauty was greater than had ever been seen by my people before, and the medicine chiefs blessed her and said she was a child who was dear to Those Above. In her ways she was also beautiful, and she had

a knowledge and a wisdom beyond her years.

She was named La-Lah-Koitza, and when she had grown from a child to be a woman, her great beauty had grown also until it was like the beauty of the sun; and the priests and the chiefs of the clans sought her for a wife, and they stayed near her to see her and to hear her speech. For love of her the men forsook the work in the fields, and some of the priests almost forgot the worship in the estufas; and because of this the wise ones among the old men were grieved, for they knew that the love of her was already beginning to cause men to hate their brothers, and they feared that when she made her choice of a husband there would be such hatred among the other men of the tribe that murder might be done.

The maid was wise, and to hold peace in the nation she at first held aloof from all men, until it seemed that she would be the wife of no

man. The old men were also grieved by this, for a woman should be a wife, and they could not judge whether it was best for the maid to wed or not. But the heart of the maid decided, for her heart was as the heart of all maids, whether their skin be dark or white, and in time it turned in love to a man.

The man she loved was a man of no renown, who belonged to a clan of poor people, and he never gave her presents as the others did; but he was dear to her and she became his wife. When she was wed, the young chiefs who had sought her sulked in silence and with dark faces, and one great chief who had sought her declared revenge upon her and upon the man who had taken her for wife, and he said that La-Lah-Koitza, the beautiful woman, was a witch.

Then it came about that the waters in the pools became defiled, and the maize plants in the fields were pulled up by the roots in the time of night; and the angry chief said it was the work of La-Lah-Koitza, the beautiful witch. But the man who said it, although he was a chief and a priest, was a liar; and if he had been even a God in-

stead of a priest, I would say he was a liar, for he did the things himself so that he might call La-Lah-Koitza a witch and work his hatred upon her.

Then the times of the Pueblo were full of trouble and the old men prayed daily in the estufas. Many of the people thought the beautiful woman to be a witch, but the people of the clan of my people knew her to be no witch, but a good woman; and because of these things it seemed that war would come among the people of the Pueblo, and a war among the men of one people is not good in the sight of Those Above. Many angry words were spoken of this matter, but the wicked men had their way, the terrible dance of the great knife was ordered, and La-Lah-Koitza was doomed to die the awful death that the laws and customs of our fathers bid us inflict upon her who has been found to be a witch.

The men of the tribe of the beautiful woman were mad with anger and sorrow, and they made ready to make war for her, but La-Lah-Koitza was a wise woman, and she knew that such a war was not good. So she called the clan to meet in a desert



PUEBLO WOMEN GRINDING CORN.

place in the dead time of the night, and she spoke to them and said it would be good to go away to a far land and build a new Pueblo, and live in peace, and make no war upon the other clans of their own nation. Her beauty was so great that the men were charmed by it, and they listened to her words, and the anger left their hearts and the darkness went from their faces, and they said her words were wise words. And thus it was that though women have often in times past been the cause of stirring men up to war, this young woman of my ancestors did by her good counsel turn away her brethren from shedding the blood of their kinsmen in battle.

So they gathered their people about them, and they took meal, and maize, and seeds, and the things they would need in their work, and in silence all of that clan stole out of the Pueblo in the darkest time of the night. They wandered for many weary days, and suffered much from cold and from hunger and from the thirst for water; and they were always in fear that the wild Navajos would fall upon them and kill the men and take the women and children for slaves. But they were guided by Him who holds the lines of our lives, and in time they came to a pass in the mountains through which it seemed men could not go unless they had wings wherewith they might fly over the great and terrible



A PUEBLO WARRIOR.

crags and precipices that were on either hand and in front.

But these people were exiles and dared not turn back, for behind them were the angry men of their own nation as well as the wild bands of the Navajos, and with strength that was given them by fear they came through the pass and came to this place. Because this place was hard to reach they felt safe, and they stopped here and built this Pueblo,

and they named it the Pueblo of the Exiles.

Here my people lived for many generations, building houses and estufas, tilling the fields, weaving fabrics, molding jars, joining each other in marriage, rearing their children, and worshipping Those Above according to the true worship of the fathers. But the numbers of the people did not increase, and disease seemed to be with the little children as soon as they were born into the world. As the time grew older these things grew worse, and the shamans were greatly troubled because of them, for in all things save health Those Above seemed good to them.

When I was a young man a priest of the Spanish nation came to our Pueblo, telling of the great white God of his people, and asking us to leave the worship of the gods of the sun. I liked not his worship, but I knew him for a wise man, and I asked him what plague was upon my people that the little children died and that the

men and women knew not health; and he said we married in the circles of blood that were too near to the blood of our own bodies, and that it was not good for people of one blood and one family to marry so often with each other.

I knew not if he spoke truth, but my own wife was the daughter of the brother of my father; and in latter years, when our tribe had faded to a handful of people, my son took my daughter, his sister, for his wife. But one child was born to my son and daughter, and that child had white hair and white eyes, and knew not as much as the wild beasts of the mountains. And when this child was born I knew that the white priest had spoken in true words, and that it was not good to mix one blood too often with itself in marriage.

This mixing of one blood has taken my nation from the earth, but to this day I am troubled of the matter, for the wisdom that has come down from our fathers says that we must



A PUEBLO FAMILY.



THE LAST, OF HIS TRIBE.

marry, but that we must not take our wives from the women of other people. And our tribe was grown so small that my daughter was the only woman my son could take for wife, unless he took a wild woman of the Navajos, and I would have killed him with my own hand if he had brought such a wife to live in the Pueblo that was built by the fathers of my people.

In this way my people, already few, sickened and died. The little children died before they grew, and the older people died, one by one, until all were gone but me; and my old wife was the last one in this Pueblo to close her eyes in the sleep of death. My heart was very sad when she was gone, for I was left a solitary man in the land of my fathers, the last man of the vanished nation, and there was no more joy for me in living. She was my wife when the hot blood of youth leaped through my veins; she was my wife in the wisdom of my manhood; she was my wife in the sorrow and bitterness of my old age, and the saddest day I have known in my life

was the day her hand grew cold in mine, and the light of life faded from her eyes. It was ten years in the past that I laid her body in the dust, and every day since then I have prayed our greatest gods to free me from my burden of life and let me join her and my children and my people in the house of our fathers in the sun.

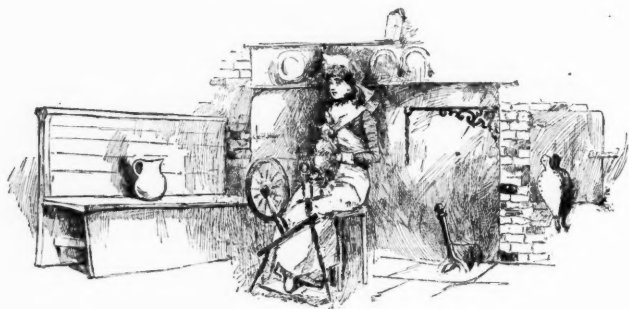
And now you know the story of the Pueblo of the Exiles; and you know that I, a sad old man, weary of life, am left here alone with my sacred fire in this crumbling old Pueblo, that you tell me was thought to be deserted by men until that day that you came upon me as I was praying in the estufa. Had not my ears waxed dull with age, so that I heard not your footsteps as you drew near, I would have hidden myself away from you, for I had not thought to look again upon the face of any man.

You are the last man I shall look upon in life, for when you are gone, never again will I come forth from the secret place of the fire, that is hidden behind the estufa; and if

strange men come to this silent place
they will not know that a living man
is in it.

You are a white faced man and
you are a heathen, but the sight of
you has cheered the lonely heart of a

sad old man, and when I pray to
Those Above I will pray that the
sunlight of your life may not be
darkened by clouds. Now go your
way, for I would be alone with the
memories of my dead. Farewell.



A POET'S CONFESSION.

I've written scores of verses to
Full many a fair and dainty maid,
With eyes of heavenly, azure hue,
Brown, hazel, black as ace of spade,
In fact, of every earthly shade,
And dubbed them angel, siren, fairy ;
But I am more than half afraid
My loves are all imaginary.

I've raved about a certain Lu,
Until I can almost persuade
Myself that all I've said is true,
Instead of just a trick I've played.
The name (a simple trick of trade)
Had far more rhymes than—well, say, Mary,
And so I used it. Why evade?
My loves are all imaginary.

I've prated love till I am blue,
And never yet have I betrayed
The fact that 'twas for revenue
Those jingling verses all were made.
Supply demand, and get well paid—
Demand for verses, tender, merry.
A hypocrite? Do not upbraid—
My loves are all imaginary.

Some poets, true, can serenade
The maids they love, so gay and airy,
While I can only masquerade.
My loves are all imaginary!

Sam S. Stinson.

TOM HORTON'S PARTNER.

By William S. Lawrence.

IT was early morning, yet, early as it seemed, the little Australian mining camp on the slope of Mount Magoari was astir. Smoke was curling up from camp fires where battered teapots bubbled and boiled, and "dampers" were being baked in the embers.

The air on every side was vocal with bird music. Clouds of parrots flew overhead in screaming flocks, cockatoos chattered in the gum trees, and magpies whistled through the ravines. But Tom Horton, "the Yankee lad," as he was generally called, had no ear for the melody of feathered songsters on this particular morning.

He was heavy hearted, and, in consequence, irritable. And the gurgling, discordant, and altogether exasperating "Ha, ha, ha-a-a!" of a laughing jackass (a species of large kingfisher) from a thicket directly behind the rude shanty, did not serve to soothe his troubled mood. It was almost as though some malicious individual was laughing at his ill luck, he moodily told himself, as, crouched before the blaze, he sat waiting for his tea to "draw."

Yet Tom had not seemed to deserve ill fortune, if there was any truth in the old saws about pluck and perseverance. More than a year before he had quitted the worn out down East farm where he had patiently toiled for his miserly uncle since he was left orphaned and penniless by the death of his parents.

He had no wild visions of finding a great fortune ready made to his hand. He expected to work for what he *did* succeed in getting. But the rolling stone thus far had gathered no moss. He had sought work in large cities, but his ignorance of city

ways, his lack of references, and his countrified air and shabby clothing were all against him.

Then he thought to try a new country, and worked his passage to London in a sailing ship. There, to his surprise, he found things ten times worse.

From London he shipped as ordinary seaman, at two pounds a month, to Melbourne, Australia. There he was robbed of his scanty wages on the second night after his arrival. By mere accident he got a chance to drive a supply team to Ballarat, and from Ballarat he had drifted to the Magoari diggings, ninety miles to the westward.

Twenty years before there had been rich finds in this vicinity, and in those palmy days the digging was of the most hasty and superficial kind. In the greed for gold, men dug awhile in one spot, and if unsuccessful deserted it for another. And in a "nuggety" country not a foot of soil would be left unturned.

So a small colony of miners had located at Magoari, and here Tom Horton made his first essay at gold hunting. One and another of the friendly diggers contributed something to his simple outfit. They helped him repair a half ruined shanty, and having taken possession of an abandoned claim close by, Tom went to work upon it with his usual energy.

"And here I've dug and sweated for nearly six months," muttered Tom disconsolately, as these things passed in mental review, "and how much has it amounted to?"

Rising, Tom stepped into the shanty, which was lighted by a large window in the rear, guiltless of sash or glass. From under the coarse

straw pillow at the head of his bunk he took a small bag, from which he emptied on the slab table a few very small nuggets.

"Not twenty pounds' worth in all," said Tom, continuing his soliloquy in the same discontented tone, "and here I'm owing nearly half of it for supplies!"

"*Ha, ha, ha-a-a!*" gurgled the big brown kingfisher from the dense underbrush close to the window.

"Con-found that bird!" angrily and unreasonably exclaimed Tom, and snatching up the nearest thing that came to hand, which happened to be a small iron skillet, he sent it crashing into the leafy thicket.

To his surprise and dismay, the act was followed by a howl of pain and a volley of oaths that certainly did not come from the laughing jackass, which skurried away with another exasperating "*ha, ha!*"

A heavily built man, whose dark, forbidding features were half hidden by an iron gray beard, dashed madly from the thicket, holding one hand to a nasty cut just under one of his eyes, as Tom, sweeping his nuggets back into the bag, hastily returned it to his bunk.

The mildest type of colonial language is more or less emphasized by profanity; but during the whole of his stay in Magoari, Tom had never listened to anything like the fluent blasphemies that escaped the newcomer's lips, as presenting himself at the door he called attention to his wound.

"A-skitterin' of pots an' kittles through the winder into honest folks's faces as though the place was your own, you white faced young kid!" he roared after somewhat exhausting his first outbreak of profanity.

"Honest people haven't any business sneaking about in the underbrush back of a shanty window," sharply retorted Tom. "And as far as the place is concerned, I'd like to see any one make out that it wasn't mine," he went on defiantly.

The man, who had a square, brutal lower jaw, and a low retreating fore-

head, dashed his battered billycock hat on the ground in an ecstasy of rage.

"You would, eh?" he shouted, throwing his hand to his hip, where hung a heavy revolver.

But Tom was too quick for him. Snatching from the corner an old single barreled fowling piece given him by one of the miners, he covered the stranger in an instant.

"Drop that or I'll riddle you with a charge of buckshot!" he said, but not a trace of his inward excitement was discernible in his voice.

By this time, a small crowd had gathered from the neighboring shanties.

"Thunder!" exclaimed old Jimmy North, as his eyes rested on the scowling face of Tom's would-be assailant, "it's Black Mike. I thought he was——"

"Hung, eh?" surlily interrupted the gentleman in question, whose right hand had left the revolver butt; "well, I ain't, an' what's more, I've come back here to take the shanty I built an' the claim I left nigh eighteen years ago—any one got anything to say ag'in it?"

It was evident to Tom, who turned his troubled face to the bystanders, that no one had. "Black Mike," otherwise Michael Deelish—with half a dozen aliases—was one of those characters not unlike the "Bad Man of Bitter Creek," known to the mining districts of southwestern Montana. He had been by turns a gambler, convict, ticket of leave man, digger and lounge. Old North, who had been one of the original discoverers of the Magoari, remembered him as one of the community in his own day, and that he had abandoned his claim after taking out nearly two thousand pounds sterling in gold.

"You better give up the shanty peaceable, my lad," he said to Tom. "Mebbe some of us'll find room for you."

"No need of his leavin' 'less he wants to," put in the burly miner in a surly tone; "there's two bunks here; he's welcome to one of 'em, an'

if he wants to go shares on the claim, I don't mind."

This was quite a concession on the part of Mr. Deelish, and Tom was advised to take up with it. But indeed he had no other resource. Until he was lucky enough to make more than he had been doing, he had no money to hire another shanty, and all the rest of the old claims were taken up.

"Very well," he finally said, and without being invited Black Mike proceeded to help himself liberally to Tom's tea and "damper."

It soon became evident that Mr. Deelish's idea of working the claim on halves differed essentially from the usual method. That is to say, Tom did most of the work and halved the scanty proceeds with his new partner, who spent most of his time smoking and drinking brandy obtained "on tick" at the canteen.

"If you don't like it you kin leave," he said, whenever Tom spiritedly expressed his views on the subject. And as Tom's luck grew poorer, he could not save enough to help him get as far as Ballarat. So he stayed.

Perhaps because tired of inaction, Black Mike finally took an industrious fit. Working vigorously at one end of the claim, while Tom plied pick and shovel at the other, he began tunneling toward his young partner, who in turn worked his way slowly toward Deelish, both "shoring up" as they went along.

But their utmost toil did not avail them anything. A few small nuggets from time to time, this was all that rewarded their search. And one morning Tom woke up to find that his partner had decamped, taking with him not only the canvas bag containing their joint savings, but also the little one which held his own private store. He had buried this last under a loose slab in the floor, but Black Mike had discovered its hiding place and levanted.

Threats of vengeance were freely made by the other miners—a perfectly safe proceeding when Black Mike was miles away. Tom, more heavy hearted than ever, swallowed

his sorrows and his scanty breakfast, and started for his claim. What prompted him to enter the excavation made by his rascally partner, rather than his own, is one of those inexplicable things for which there is no accounting. Some men call it Providence—others "chance."

Induced by whatever cause, Tom crawled in with lantern and pick and began work in the narrow aperture, where he could only sit, not stand, stopping from time to time to remove the dislodged earth in a rude drag which he pulled after him by a rope.

"Deelish didn't even take the trouble to half shore up," he muttered crossly, as he noticed how insecurely placed were some of the short props.

"Now look at that!" he exclaimed aloud, pressing his foot against one behind him. "I can shake it."

But the action suited to the word was a terrible mistake. The prop and plank it supported gave way, and with a deafening crash the tunnel caved in behind him!

There was but a moment for collected thought. Already he breathed with difficulty in the confined space of five or six feet which remained. Behind him were tons of earth. It would be hours before his absence would be discovered. But as nearly as he could estimate only a few cubic feet of earth remained between the two miniature tunnels, which had been slowly approaching each other for a fortnight.

Nerved with the energy of despair, Tom plied his pick vigorously, yet with care, packing down the loosened earth to make room as he advanced—every moment fearing to be buried beneath some falling mass.

Suddenly his pick struck something hard, but it never occurred to him, in the fight for life and liberty, what the obstruction might be, till he saw by the light of his bullseye lantern the dull gleam of yellow metal. But what would gold avail unless he could reach the light and air, the latter especially, for he was gasping for breath?

He hardly glanced at the dislodged nugget, which fell before him till—oh, joy of joys—his pick penetrated into the tunnel beyond, and with a few more strokes the cavity was made large enough for him to squeeze himself through.

Five minutes later a faint shout from the mouth of the Yankee lad's tunnel drew several eyes in that direction.

"I believe the boy has struck it!" exclaimed old North, leaping out of his trench and hurrying toward Tom, who, pale as death, reeking with perspiration, dirty, and breathless, stood in the mouth of the excavation.

Two or three left their tents and shanties and rushed to the spot where old North, holding in one hand the largest nugget ever seen in Magoari, was peering at it eagerly through his pocket magnifying glass, while Tom looked up eagerly, awaiting his verdict.

"It's the biggest find these parts

ever saw, and the purest," said old North enthusiastically, and I am happy to say that there was not one among those who gathered to congratulate Tom Horton who was not honestly glad for him.

"If that tramp had worked half a day longer, he'd 'a found it instid of you, lad," said some one, as, after he had told his story, Tom, with his nugget held in both hands, made his way back to his shanty, scarcely able to believe in his own good fortune.

"Much good it'd 'a done Tom, though," grimly returned another. "Black Mike would have kep' it to hisself and lit out with it first chance."

But what "might have been" was not worth speaking of, and for the first time in months Tom Horton turned into his bunk with a really light heart. And in the morning the bird concert which began with day dawn had no more appreciative listener than Tom, even when the laughing jackass joined in.

CLARINDA'S FAN.

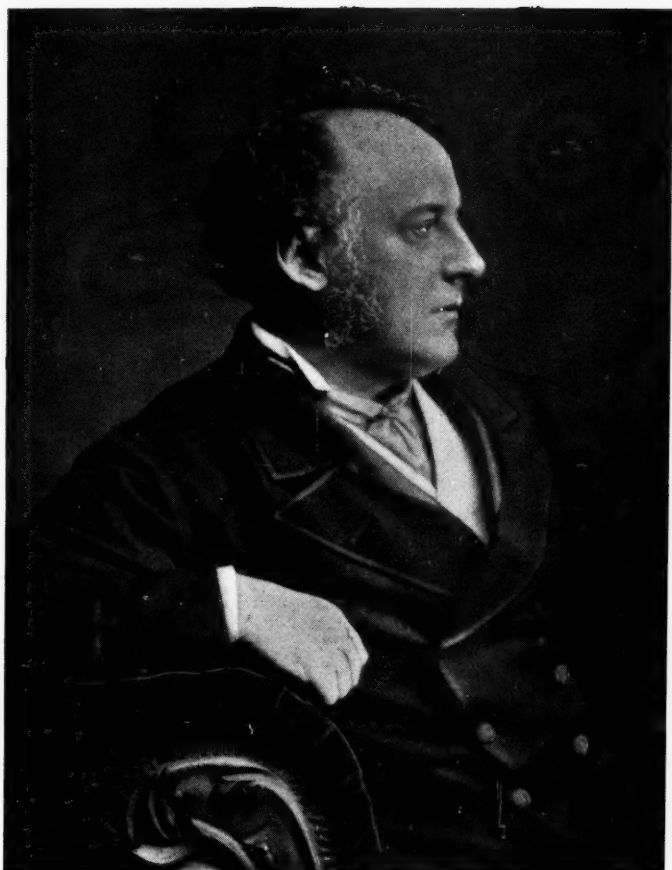
A DAINTY thing of silk and lace,
Of feathers and of paint;
Held often to her laughing face
When I assume the saint.

Too dainty, far, to mix with these
Old pipes, cigars and books
Of bachelordom—rare life of ease,
Rare friends, rare wines, rare cooks.

'Twill smell of stale tobacco smoke
Ere many days, I fear;
And hear full many a rattling joke—
And feel, perhaps, a tear.

Why is it here? Alas for me!
I broke it at the ball.
"Apologize—repair it!" See?
Five dollars gone. That's all.

Elliott E. Shaw.



SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R. A.

FAMOUS ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

II.—SIR JOHN MILLAIS.

By Charles Stuart Johnson.

IT is probably safe to say that of the contemporary school of English painters Millais is the most representative member. Neither Sir Frederick Leighton, the titular head of the Academy, nor Alma Tadema, the Anglo Dutch classicist, nor any of their less famous brethren, have qualities so typical of the latter day development of British art, so ex-

pressive of its merits and its faults, its theories and its aims. In Millais's work, where strength, solidity, vitality, and meaning predominate over decorative grace, much may be found that is expressive of the intellectual characteristics of his countrymen. His long and productive career has been an important chapter in recent artistic annals.



"THE HUGUENOT."

About six years ago there was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, in London, a collection of a hundred and sixty oil paintings, drawings, and sketches from the brush and pencil of Millais. The display was remarkable both for the number of important canvases it contained, and for the wide variety of subjects and styles it embraced. It illustrated a wide departure, in the artist's later works, from the technical methods to

which he first adhered. For Millais may be compared to Gladstone in the complete reversal of earlier principles that came with the full maturity of his powers. His artistic development may be analyzed into four distinct stages—the formative days of his training and professional debut; his years of Pre-Raphaelite experiment; and then, after an intermediate period of transition, his reversion to the established canons of painting

and the culmination of his pictorial genius.

He was born at Southampton in 1829, descended from a family that had for generations been established in the island of Jersey. The bent of his talents was evidenced from the first. When he was only nine years old he began to attend a London art school, and two years later he became a student at the Academy, where he won all the prizes and medals within reach. In 1846, when he was barely seventeen, he had a picture—"Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru"—at the Academy exhibition. His earliest subjects were mainly historical or illustrative, including "Dunstan's Emissaries seizing Queen Elgiva," a large Biblical cartoon called "The Widow's Mite," and Keats's "Isabella."

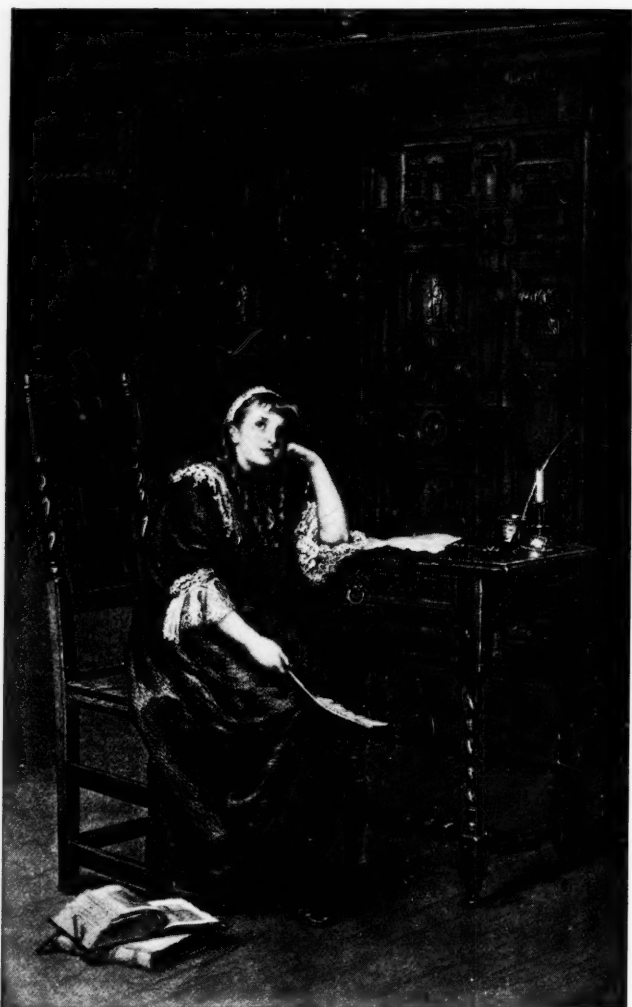
Hitherto his work, though remarkable for its precocious mastery of mediums, had shown few characteristics that were distinctively individual. But during his years of study the natural originality and self confidence of the young artist bred in him a dissatisfaction with the established teachings of academic routine. This feeling found expression in the revolt against convention, of which Millais and two of his comrades in art—Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti—were the leaders. The little coterie formed by these and a few other painters was dubbed, half in jest and half in earnest, the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," the name being founded upon their admiration for early Italian art and their

partial imitation of its methods. To study nature as it appeared to them, not according to the dogmas of the schoolmen; to paint it as it actually was, with no attempt to rearrange its details to suit pictorial formulæ; to teach moral as well as material truth, and to bear always in mind the spiritual side of art—such were the chief aims of the so called Brotherhood. Its members strove to enforce their views both on canvas and in the *Germ*, a periodical which they issued for a time.

Stimulated by the genius and en-



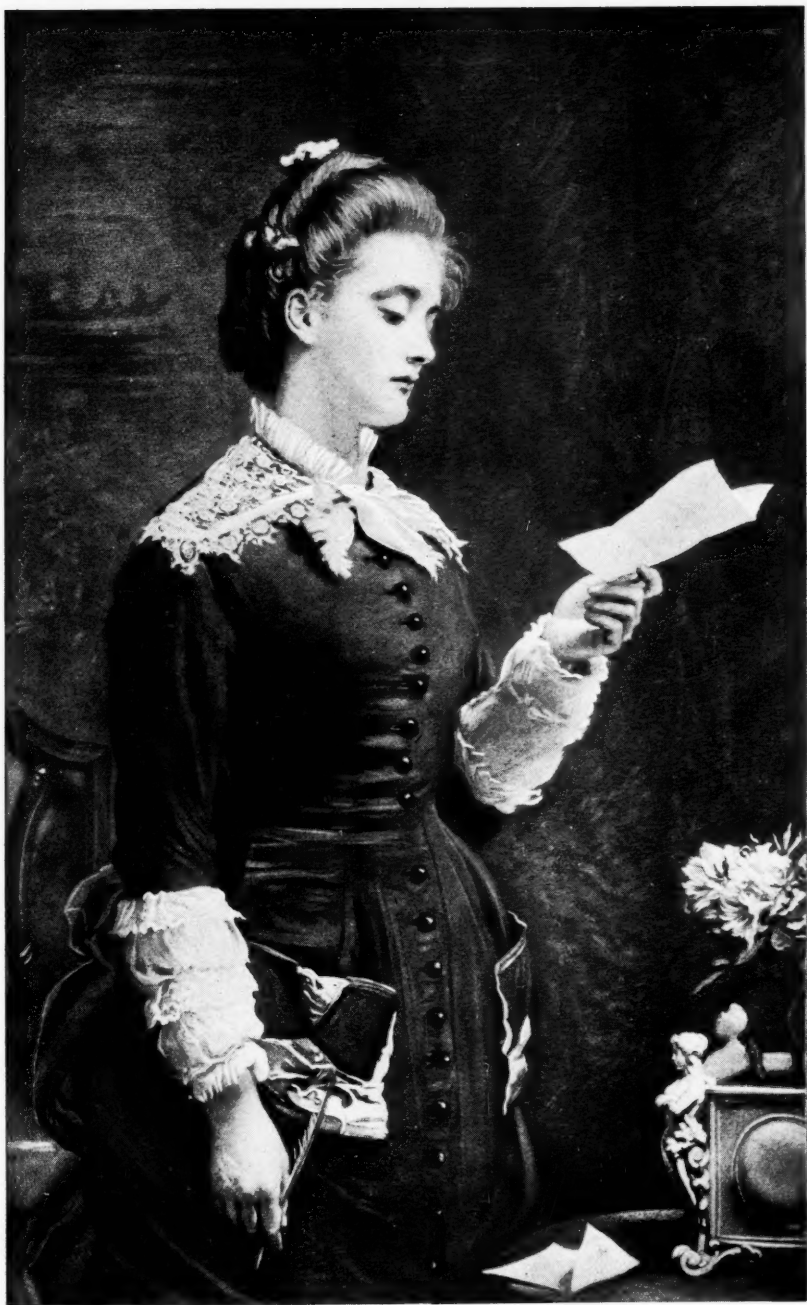
"YES OR NO?"



"PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN PRISON AT ST. JAMES'S."

thusiasm of its adherents, and by the expressed approval of Ruskin, already recognized as the leading critic of the day, the Pre-Raphaelite school became a power in the art world. Its influence dominated Millais during what may be called the second period of his career, which covers the years from 1849 to 1860. He was, however, not an extreme exponent of its ideas. He hardly ventured into the mystical fields that attracted his colleagues,

his only canvas of this order being the "Christ in the House of His Parents" of 1850, in which he displays an affinity to the religious paintings of Holman Hunt. In the same year he took from the "Tempest" the subject of "Ferdinand lured by Ariel." His pictures of 1851 were "Mariana in the Moated Grange," "The Woodman's Daughter," and "The Return of the Dove to the Ark"—the last a strange composition of two women, wives, presum-



"NO!"

From the painting by Sir John Millais.

ably, of Noah's sons, who stand on a straw covered floor in the gloomy interior of the ark. They are clad in long, loose draperies, and against the breast of one of them cowers the weary dove.

The next year, 1852, is the date of the most famous of Millais's early works—"The Huguenot," a reproduction of which appears on page 538. In black and white the picture

has about it little that marks it as a product of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Its strange, vivid, almost bizarre coloring is, however, an exemplification of the Brotherhood's principle of "non selection"—the theory that accessories and their tints should be so disposed as to be, or to seem, wholly natural and accidental, not arranged for unity of effect or according to any deliberate

scheme. Millais has here placed in juxtaposition on canvas a red brick wall; a mass of ivy, coldly green; a creeping nasturtium, with vivid leaves and scarlet blossom; and against this background a youth and a maiden, whose costumes are of deep black, brilliant violet, and clear, cool yellow—verily a daring combination! Criticism of the coloring is, however, almost forgotten in admiration of the two figures in the pathetic painted drama. The faces of the girl who strives to bind upon her lover's arm the scarf that would save him from massacre, and of the young hero who will not accept a token that would deny his faith, have seldom been surpassed in their wonderful expressiveness. They exemplify Millais's chiefest element of power—his rare mastery over the human countenance in the portrayal of emotion.

Contemporary with "The Huguenot" was "Ophelia," which Millais drew with Miss Siddall, who afterward became the wife of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, for his model. In the same year, too, he painted "The Angel in the House," a



"THE YOUNG PRINCES IN THE TOWER."



"YES!"

canvas that is said to be at the present time badly cracked—a misfortune that has befallen few or none of his other works, for in the selection of enduring pigments he has always been very careful. "The Proscribed Royalist" and "The Order of Release," which as pictorial dramas are comparable with "The Huguenot," were exhibited in 1853, in which year Millais was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. The scene of the latter is laid in a Scottish jail, and the lassie who is one of its central figures is a

portrait of Miss Euphemia Grey, of Bowerswell, near Perth, whom the artist married a year later.

Next in chronological order comes "The Rescue," a night scene whose action is lit up by the glow of an English fireplace. As an instance of Millais's conscientious exactitude, and of the occasional uncertainty of artistic criticism, it may be mentioned that the chiaroscuro of this picture was vehemently attacked as untrue, until the painter announced that in order to make sure of his ground he



"CALLER HERRIN'!"

had studied from models in a light that came from a burning brazier through a sheet of red glass, and until Ruskin came to his defense and told the critics to go watch their own kitchen fires. That same year—1885—was marked by a curious incident. Millais had painted a water color portrait of John Leech, the famous caricaturist of *Punch*, which was exhibited at the Academy. After its return to the artist's studio it dis-

appeared—stolen, supposedly; but not a trace of it was ever discovered.

Another picture that occasioned a critical controversy was "Sir Isumbras at the Ford," painted in 1857. It showed an aged knight and two peasant children, the bright tints of whose dress stand out against a background darkened by the gathering twilight. The brilliance of the strong colors in the foreground was called unnatural, and this time

Ruskin was with the objectors. "I see with consternation," he wrote in his forcible manner, "that it was not the Parnassian rock Mr. Millais was ascending, but the Tarpeian. His excellence has been effaced as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down." It may truthfully be urged, in defense, that the device of emphasizing the theme of a picture by exaggerating the gloom of its background is one that has again and again been employed by the greatest painters.

After several less notable canvases, "The Black Brunswicker," painted in 1860, claims mention. It is one of the best known of Millais's pictures, and one of the most faulty. It is also the last in which he clung to the Pre-Raphaelite theories of color. The scene is in Brussels; the time, the night of the ball described in the famous stanzas of "Childe Harold." The summons to face the foe has come, and a girl is saying farewell to her lover, who must ride to join the Duke of Brunswick at Quatre Bras. She wears a white dress with scarlet ribbons; he a black uniform. Behind them the mahogany door and the green wall paper complete an unpleasant parody upon the rainbow. Strong as the picture is in other respects, its popularity in England is not complimentary to the insular taste in colors.

The ensuing decade forms a transitional period in Millais's art, marked by an abandonment of the views of the Brotherhood, and the gradual development of his most mature principles and methods. Herein was a practical admission of the failure of the Pre-Raphaelite experiment. To modify an old *mot*, it may be said with truth that some of its theories were original, and some were valuable; but those that were original were not valuable, and those that were valuable were not original. Millais's artistic instinct was a wiser guide for him than the poetic aspirations of Rossetti or the somewhat opinionated criticism of Ruskin.

The paintings of these years were numerous and widely varied; por-

traits, subjects from Shakspeare, from scripture, from ancient and modern history, being interspersed with ideal work. "The Gambler's Wife," whose date was 1869, is perhaps the best. "A Souvenir of Velasquez" was executed as his diploma work after his election as a full Academician in December, 1863. Others are "Charlie is my Darling," "The Romans leaving Britain," "Jephthah," "Rosalind and Celia," "Pilgrims to St Paul's," "The Ransom," and "The Minuet."

After 1870 Millais's powers reached their fullest and most characteristic development, on the lines selected by mature judgment and ripe experience. The list of his canvases executed since that date is a long one, and as remarkable for its range as the catalogue of his earlier works. His skill as a portrait painter has been in especial demand, and the most eminent Englishmen of the day have been the subjects of his brush. Among them are the last three British premiers—Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and the Marquis of Salisbury, besides John Bright, Lord Tennyson, and Cardinal Newman. Another noteworthy portrait is that of the artist himself, which he contributed—of course by invitation—to the interesting collection of similar paintings in the galleries of the Uffizi, at Florence.

Some of the other products of this later period are "Yes or No?" painted in 1871, Millais's model being Miss Dorothy Tennant, now the wife of Henry M. Stanley; "A Day Dream," 1874; "Over the Hills and Far Away," 1876; "Yes," 1877; "Effie Deans" and "The Princes in the Tower," 1878; "The Gray Lady," 1883. These may be differentiated from their predecessors by a conservatism of coloring and composition that bespeaks a painter who has thoroughly learned the proper limits of his art. They are pictures, not painted dramas. They are never overloaded with meaning, and never empirical or crude in their treatment.

Millais has received many marks of honor at home and abroad. He

is one of the oldest members of the Royal Academy, a baronet, and a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery. At the Paris Exhibition of 1878 he received the decoration of the Legion d'Honneur, and he has since been elected a foreign associate of the Académie des Beaux Arts.

To sum up the artist's characteristics it may be said that he is a very careful, thoughtful, laborious worker;

a faultless draftsman, whose forcible command of color and chiaroscuro has not always been guided by the light of correct principles; and above all an expressionist, whose power shines forth in the vitality of his portraits, in the life and joy of his pictures of childhood, and in the depth of meaning that makes his every canvas strong. Herein lies his chief claim to immortality.

THE EDITOR'S VALENTINE.

THE editor sat in his old arm chair
 (Half his work undone, he was well aware),
 While the flickering light in the dingy room
 Made the usual newspaper office gloom.
 Before him news from the North and South,
 A long account of a foreign drouth,
 And odds and ends, and smoke and talk—
 A reporter drawing cartoons in chalk
 On the dirty wall, while others laughed
 And one wretch whistled and all of them chaffed.

But the editor leaned far back in his chair;
 He ran his hands through his iron hair
 And stole ten minutes from work to write
 A valentine to his wife that night.
 He thought of meter, he thought of rhyme,
 'Twas a race between weary brains and time.
 He tried to write as he used to, when
 His heart was as young as his untried pen.
 He thought of the days when they were young
 And all but love to the winds was flung.

He thought of the way she used to wear
 Her wayward tresses of golden hair;
 He thought of the way she used to blush,
 He thought of the way he used to gush,
 And a smile and a tear went creeping down
 The face that so long had worn a frown.
 And this is what the editor wrote,
 No poem—merely a little note,
 Simple and manly, but tender, too—
 Three little words. They were, "I love you."

Douglas Hemingway.

A DIPLOMATIST IN UNIFORM.

By Thomas Winthrop Hall.

RYAN was no thing of beauty. Had he been, it is doubtful if it would have been noticeable, clad as he was in the very faded and equally dirty uniform of a District Messenger boy. But it was a matter of complete indifference to him. He did not believe in beauty for men. It was well enough for girls; in fact, he was a trifle susceptible to the charms of a red cheek himself, but in a man it was quite as unmanly, in his eyes, as an inability to chew tobacco.

That was one reason why he did not like the affair at all. He knew it was none of his business whether she loved this man or not, but if she did it seemed almost a shame. What was he, after all, but an actor? And what sort of an actor was he but one of those well dressed, cleanly shaved fellows who strutted around on a stage and did nothing but say pretty things to women, in plays that were to Ryan incomprehensibly stupid. Now if he had been a good variety man, a fellow who could dance and sing and make people laugh and want to get up on the stage and dance and sing too, it would not have been half so bad. But he was merely a pretty man, and Ryan was opposed to the whole affair.

More than that, Ryan knew a good deal about him. The opportunities of the messenger boys for learning the ways of the town and the character of its inhabitants are great indeed—too great for their own good. They are the infant prodigy class in the ways of the world, especially in the ways of the wicked part of the world—which is the major part, by the way. Ryan knew that besides being a pretty man he was a gambler and a hard

drinker, and indulged in other things that Ryan had not yet got quite used to considering as merely incidents of metropolitan life.

She, on the contrary, was in Ryan's eyes little short of an angel. She was so pretty, so young, so sweet and timid about it all, and so head over heels in love! Ryan often meditated about the matter (he got great opportunities to meditate while on errands) and he couldn't find a satisfactory reason for a young girl in good society, living in a beautiful home, carrying on a clandestine love affair with an actor. At times he had almost concluded to tell her father; but then that would get her into trouble, and she would cry her pretty eyes out and be more in love than ever. Or, what was still worse, how did he know but that her father would send her away to Europe or some other place, and he himself would never be able to see her again? So Ryan let the thing go along, and consoled himself with the reflection that he was minding his own business for about the first time in his life.

And the thing went along at a pretty rapid gait. It would seem that for purposes of security the two had agreed to employ but one messenger boy. All this was to Ryan's great advantage, because they tipped him liberally, and he rather liked to think that she reposed so much confidence in him. He often wondered if she ever thought of him and worried about the possibility of his telling on her. If she did, as he almost hoped she did, undoubtedly she would be in constant alarm on his humble account; and Ryan would work himself into such a state of sympathetic ecstasy that he would promise himself never to tell, no

matter what happened. At any rate, as long as he carried all the messages, and could keep an eye on them, he did not fear the outcome very much.

One day, however, the thing came to a crisis. The actor called Ryan around to his room and gave him a note which he had apparently written with great care, and which he re-read several times before sealing it up. There was an odor of stale cigar smoke in the room, and some empty champagne bottles. More than that, the actor had to Ryan's practiced eye all the appearances of a man who is still getting over the previous evening. Ryan took the note and delivered it as usual, wondering for some reason or other that he could not determine what the note contained. He had learned, in his complete experience, the useful habit of lingering, and he lingered on this occasion long enough to see her read the note. It seemed to have a singular effect. She turned pale and looked very anxious, and then her cheeks reddened like fire. Then she stood buried in thought so long that Ryan began to edge away. He really did not wish to appear impudently curious to her. To his infinite delight, however, she called him back and told him that she wished him to go out with her.

This was the first time he had ever been requested to do such a thing, and he was more than ever convinced that something was up. He would have given up chewing for a month to be allowed to read that letter. It was a useless wish, though, for she buttoned it carefully in the bosom of her dress, and, putting on her hat and cloak, went out with him. She took him to several shops and made some curious purchases.

First they went to a florist's, and she bought a great bunch of roses, which she carefully carried herself. Ryan assumed that the marriage was on at last, and he wanted to make a bolt back to her father's house, but did not dare. Then she went to a grocer's, and bought some wine jelly. Ryan changed his mind, and concluded that they must be going

on a picnic. He fully expected that the next call would be at the baker's for the purchasing of some cake, in the consumption of a part of which he hoped to figure himself, but he had to continue guessing. The next call was at the druggist's, and to Ryan's amazement the purchase was some extract of beef. Ryan had not made up his mind to suit the circumstances of the last purchase when a lot of white grapes and a novel in a pretty binding had been added to the load he was carrying. He was annoyed. To use a favorite expression of his own, he could not "catch on to the thing" at all.

But he knew at last. It came to him as they turned into the very street on which the actor lived, and made in the direction of the latter's apartments. Jelly, beef tea, white grapes, flowers, and a novel! Those were things for a sick man. He saw it all, now, and it made the blood tingle in his veins. If she had not been with him he would have sworn—and he knew how to swear very well. The note that he had delivered meant that the actor was pretending to be sick in order to get her to call at his rooms. And she had fallen into the trap with the usual unthinking confidence of a good girl in love. He wanted to speak to her and warn her—to threaten her if necessary, but for some reason or other he did not dare.

They were almost at the house before he found his voice and his courage. Then all he could say was: "He's sick, isn't he?" It was the first time he had ever spoken to her except in the way of business, and she blushed violently.

She answered him, though; "Yes, very sick indeed, and I fear he—may—die." She said it very softly, but Ryan knew her whole heart was in it. Oh, if she could have but seen him that morning, as Ryan had, with nothing in the wide world the matter with him but champagne and brandy! What could he do? He had no time to think, even. They stopped at the entrance to the apartment building, and she was about to enter, when she

stopped and asked him: "Do you suppose any one will prevent me from going up to his rooms?"

Ryan always held one of his accomplishments in reserve for emergencies. He did not like to lie for the mere pleasure of it, but when it was necessary he could lie beautifully—almost intuitively.

"No, indeed, miss," he said. "I take women up to his rooms almost every day."

Ryan looked up the street and appeared to be absorbed in a dog fight. He knew that a heart was breaking close beside him, and he couldn't look at her. But in a moment he added, as though he did not consider

it a matter of any consequence whatever, "I took an awful pretty girl up there this morning. They had some champagne." Then Ryan whistled to the dog that had come off victor.

"And isn't he sick?" she asked in a whisper.

"Not much," said Ryan, wincing because he had to back up a lie with the honest truth, which he did not think was artistic.

And then he took her home, after which he ate the jelly and the grapes himself, wondering the while whether, in case the actor found out about it, he would come around to the office and give him a thrashing, or merely have him discharged.

THE MODERN SHYLOCK.

UPON a question of the day—

(Forsooth, a pet pug's pedigree)

Two lovely maidens, Prue and May,

Had argued most vehemently,

Yet, sad to tell, could not agree.

With flashing eye and crimson cheek,

They turned appealingly to me;

"Now, Jack," quoth Prue, "you've heard us speak.

We'll make a wager—your decree

Shall settle what the bet will be."

I pondered deep; a wicked thought—

A vision sweet of earthly bliss—

Whirled to my brain, by Cupid brought.

"Well, wager candy—no, than this

Far sweeter each to bet a kiss."

"'Tis done!" With faces all aglow

The maidens clasp their hands to shake;

"But hold! dear ladies, ere you go,"

Said I, "'tis well for custom's sake

To let the umpire hold the stake."

Jean La Rue Burnett.

DOCTOR HACKETT.

By John Manton Miller.

TWO of the officers of a British regiment stationed in India were seated in front of the hotel near their quarters.

"I can't tell, for the life of me, whether that fellow's really a coward or not."

"What fellow?" Captain Medwin asked his companion.

"Why, this new doctor of ours, Hackett—nice name for a surgeon, by the by," said Lieutenant Vane, instinctively fixing with his eye a wide winged vulture which hovered just above the top of the tall palms on the river bank. "The first night he dined at mess, just before you came back, the colonel offered to send a man with him, lest he should miss the road home to his quarters in the dark; and he answered quite eagerly, 'Oh, thank you, Colonel Carr; I don't at all like being out alone after dark!' And when old Brown asked in joke if he was afraid, he said, as gravely as could be, 'Indeed I am.'"

"Well, do you know," said Captain Medwin, "that's just what would make me think he wasn't; for no man who was really a coward would own it as plainly as that."

At that moment a tremendous noise was heard within the little hotel in front of which they were sitting, and out rushed three or four Hindu servants, yelling with fright. Behind them, and to all appearance quite as much frightened as any one, came a small, round faced, red haired man in spectacles, whom the two officers at once recognized as Dr. Hackett himself.

Both drew back rather hastily, and no wonder; for, coiled round the doctor's right arm, with its writhing

neck firmly clutched by his fingers, was a large and hideous cobra di capello, the deadliest snake in all India.

"Kill him!" shrieked the doctor; "hit him, somebody! I daren't let him go!"

One thump of Captain Medwin's heavy sword hilt pounded the flat, shining head to a jelly, and the doctor, seeming immensely relieved, went back into the house again.

"No mistake now about his being afraid, any way," said Harry Vane, triumphantly.

"Hum!" rejoined Medwin, "if I were a coward, I should hardly begin by catching up the deadliest snake I could find, and running about with it. There's something in all this that I don't understand."

Nor did any one else understand it; and the question of the doctor's courage or cowardice soon became a bone of contention for the whole regiment. But the officers had something else to think of. For now reports began to get abroad of a grand picnic that was about to be given by the head officials of the adjacent town of Begumabad, to which all the Europeans of the neighborhood, whether civil or military, were to be invited.

The day came at last, or rather the night, for the entertainment was to be held by moonlight, a *day* picnic in Bengal during the hot season being very much like getting up a party in a baker's oven. Dr. Hackett created some amusement by appearing with a pair of long pistols in his belt.

"Hallo, doctor!" cried Vane, "are you going to fight a duel?"

"One never can tell what may

happen," answered the doctor, with a nervous shake of his head.

With the gay dresses and bright uniforms, the bright moonlight, the dark faces and Oriental costumes of the attendants, the wide clearing lit up by the glare of an immense fire in the center, and the black shadowy masses of forest all around, the scene was wonderfully picturesque and striking. But the general merriment was suddenly and startlingly interrupted. A roar like thunder shook the air, and the dusky outline of an enormous tiger, carrying a human figure in its jaws, flitted past the central fire, and was gone.

Instantly all was confusion. Ladies fainted, children screamed, native servants ran hither and thither, while the English officers secured their guns and started in pursuit of the tiger, though with little hope of saving his victim,

"Who is it?" asked Lieutenant Vane, as he and Captain Medwin sped along side by side.

"Hackett, poor fellow!" answered the captain, sadly.

"Poor fellow!" echoed Vane, remorsefully; "I wish I hadn't made fun of him so."

A sharp crack, like the report of a pistol, followed by a short, angry roar, was heard a long way ahead. The next moment came another shot, and all the officers rushed at full speed in the direction of the sound. And there, just at the point where the clearing melted into the untamed forest beyond, lay the body of a tiger, seated upon which, as coolly as if on a sofa, was Dr. Hackett.

"Thank God you're safe, doctor!" cried Colonel Carr, grasping the little man's hand warmly. "We never expected to see you again. But how did you contrive to finish that tremendous beast single handed?"

"Well, you see," answered Hackett, as composedly as if he were delivering a lecture at home, "the tiger seized me by the waist, luckily for me, and carried me feet foremost,

with my head and arms hanging down his side. So, having both arms free, I passed my hand along his flank, and felt for the beating of his heart."

The perfect coolness of the doctor's tone was too much for his hearers, and the silence of night was broken by a roar of laughter.

"You didn't take out your watch to count the pulsations of the heart, did you, doctor?" inquired Colonel Carr.

"No," said the doctor, with unbroken gravity; "I only wished to ascertain the *exact* spot where it lay. The moment I succeeded in doing so, I drew a pistol from my belt and fired as straight as I could into that very spot."

The officers exchanged significant glances, and Harry Vane, catching Medwin's eye, felt positively ashamed as he thought how he had once set down such a man as a coward.

"The shot evidently told," continued the doctor, "for the beast gave a growl that almost deafened me, and shook me in his jaws as a terrier shakes a rat; but still he trotted on. I saw there was not a moment to lose, so I whipped out my other pistol, and placing it close to his heart fired again. This time the shot was mortal. The brute let me drop, rolled over upon his side, and died."

There was a moment's silence and then Colonel Carr said:

"Well, doctor, we'll have that tiger skin taken off and dressed for you and hung up in your room. But don't you think it was rather too bad of you to let us all go on thinking you a coward when you've got courage enough for a dozen of us?"

"Well," answered the doctor, laughing, "I must confess that, having heard of your fondness for playing jokes on newcomers, I've played a little one on *you*, but I hope you bear me no grudge for it."

"Not in the least," cried the colonel, heartily, and the rest echoed him. From that day forth no one ever doubted Dr. Hackett's courage.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN NEW YORK.

By Richard H. Titherington.

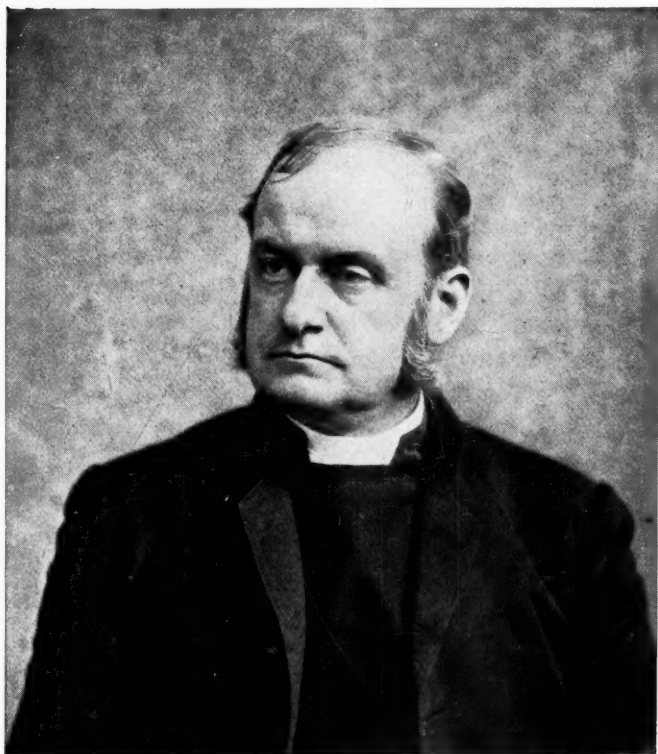
IN the religious statistics of the United States the Episcopal Church makes no such showing as do some other Protestant sects. Its roll of five thousand churches and half a million members is almost equaled by the Congregationalists, is surpassed by the Presbyterians and the Lutherans, and is outnumbered almost as ten to one by the Methodists and the Baptists. But its true importance, its influence upon the national development, its social and intellectual strength, and its prominence in the active work of Christianity, are disproportionate to its numerical inferiority. Its clergy list includes more than its share of the country's leaders of religious thought. Its recent growth has been remarkably and progressively rapid. It is especially strong at the great centers of American life, and strongest of all at the greatest center of all—the city of New York.

The Episcopal Church in the metropolis is of ancient planting, but the prominence—and indeed preeminence—to which it has attained is of comparatively recent date. For considerably more than a century, indeed, its existence was little better than a struggling one. The official support that it received in colonial days failed to establish it upon a really secure footing, and when the Revolution came its connection with the overthrown regime brought it into unpopularity.

Narrow mindedness has never been a characteristic of New York, and the city's early history is honorably distinguished from that of most other American colonies by the fact that freedom of religious opinion was steadfastly maintained. Episcopalism, which was supreme in Vir-

ginia, barely tolerated in Pennsylvania, and actually persecuted in New England, was in the future metropolis on a peaceable or even friendly footing with other Protestant churches. The governors who came from England to rule the settlement wrested from its Dutch founders were expressly or tacitly commissioned to let all religions dwell in peace. The first Episcopal services on Manhattan Island were held by a British regimental chaplain in the Hollanders' meeting house, lent for that purpose when its owners had finished their own Sunday morning exercises.

Governor Dongan, who came out in 1683, gave a somewhat cynical summary of the situation. "New York," he said, "has first, a chaplain belonging to the Fort, of the Church of England; secondly, a Dutch Calvinist; thirdly, a French Calvinist; fourthly, a Dutch Lutheran. There be not many of the Church of England; few Roman Catholics; abundance of Quakers—ranting Quakers; preachers, men, and women especially; singing Quakers; Sabbatarians, Antisabbatarians, some Anabaptists, some Independents, some Jews; in short, of all sorts of opinions there are some, and the most part of none at all. I find it a hard task to make them pay their ministers." The titular representative of British authority had little respect for sects that would on the other side of the Atlantic be classed as dissenters. Just before the end of the seventeenth century Governor Fletcher succeeded, in spite of opposition, in having the Episcopal Church recognized as the official church of the colony. His council elected William Vesey, a young man



THE RIGHT REVEREND HENRY C. POTTER, D. D., BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

who had just graduated under Increase Mather at Harvard, to be "Minister of New York." Trinity Church was organized and chartered, receiving for its support the great grant of land that has since been so splendid a source of material strength to that parish and to the church at large. Installed as its rector, under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, Vesey held his post for almost half a century, and witnessed a considerable increase in his flock. But the slow expansion of the communion is shown by the fact that when in 1768 the Episcopalian ministers of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut were for the first time assembled together in convention, the total attendance was but fourteen.

Then came the Revolution, from which the Episcopal Church emerged

shorn of its official status, and burdened with the odious stigma of Toryism. Trinity Church had been destroyed by fire, and its school, King's College, had been laid in ruins. But as has often happened in the annals of religion, the time of adversity proved to be the dawn of a brighter era. The severance of its connection with the civil power marked the beginning of the later development of Episcopalianism. It had been a mere subordinate branch of the Church of England, just as the thirteen colonies were subject dominions of the British crown. Now the colonies had grown into sovereign States, and the Episcopal Church set itself upon an equally independent and American basis.

At the first convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York, held in St. Paul's



TRINITY CHURCH.

chapel in 1785, the demand for American bishops was formulated. Connecticut had already sent Dr. Seabury across the Atlantic, to be consecrated at Aberdeen by three Scottish prelates. New York now chose Samuel Provoost, and Pennsylvania William White, and these two divines were consecrated at Lambeth by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop Provoost found himself at the head of a church that possessed little more than the framework of an organization. Its numbers were scanty indeed. At the convention of 1805 the diocese could muster only thirteen ordained delegates. From that point the growth began. The rare executive abilities of Bishop Hobart, who succeeded Provoost,

did invaluable service, and at his death in 1830 the clergy list contained one hundred and twenty seven names. So rapidly did this development proceed that between 1838 and 1868 the State, hitherto forming a single diocese, was split into no less than five—those of Albany, Long Island, and Western and Central New York being the offshoots. For the five combined these are the statistics of the last ecclesiastical year: clergy, 836; churches and missions, 763; communicants, 127,012; Sunday School teachers, 8963; scholars, 87,379; income from contributions and legacies, \$4,689,000. Of these figures nearly half—of the revenue much more than half—belongs to the parent diocese of New York, which includes the metropolis



DR. MORGAN DIX, RECTOR OF TRINITY.

and eight adjacent counties of the State.

The commanding status of Episcopalianism in the metropolis has been largely achieved by the personality of the leaders who guide its councils and direct its immense and varied energies. First and highest in dignity and in responsibility is Henry Codman Potter, seventh Bishop of New York, and official head of the most important of the fifty two American dioceses. Before his consecration Dr. Potter was for

fifteen years rector of Grace Church, to which he came in 1868 from Trinity Church, Boston. Earlier yet he had served at Greensburgh, Pennsylvania, and at Troy, and had become known as a writer on religious subjects. He was born fifty five years ago at Schenectady, New York, and belongs to a family famous in Episcopal annals. His father, Dr. Alonzo Potter, who was at that time Vice President of Union College, afterward became Bishop of Pennsylvania. His uncle, Dr. Horatio



DR. WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON, RECTOR OF GRACE CHURCH.

Potter, was the sixth Bishop of New York. Curiously enough these two divines succeeded in their respective sees another pair of brother bishops—Henry and Benjamin Onderdonk. In 1883 the failing health of Bishop Horatio Potter rendered necessary the services of an assistant, and the choice of the diocesan convention fell upon his nephew, the rector of Grace Church, who became sole bishop on the death of his aged uncle.

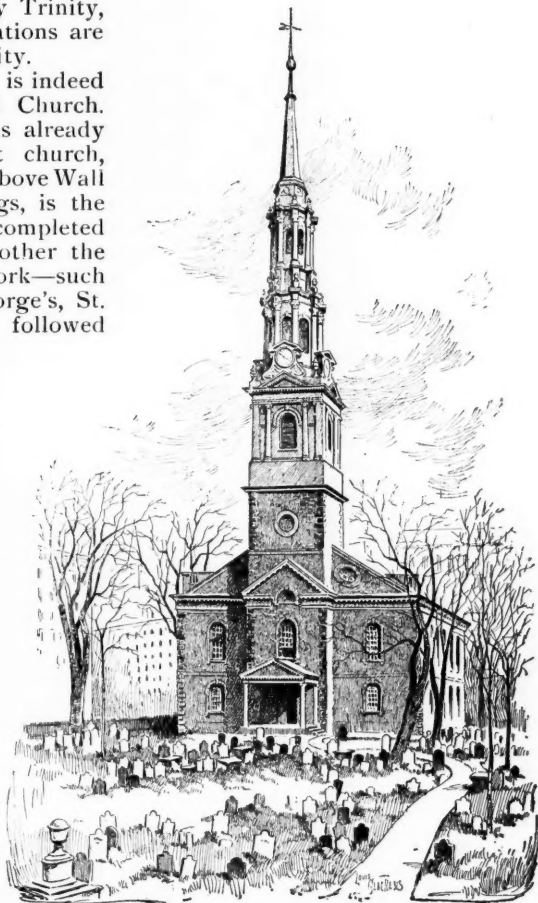
Of the concrete activities of Episcopalianism, as embodied in its multi-form institutions, some belong to the church as a whole, and owe a more or less definite allegiance to its General Convention. Others are diocesan in character. Others—and these are by far the most numerous, and the greatest in their aggregate power—are parochial. The parish must always be the great unit of the

church, the chief medium of its work, and its foremost embodiment in the popular mind. Volumes might be written upon the Episcopal parishes of New York without exhausting the interest of the topic. In a total of eighty four independent and subordinate organizations, there are fully a score any one of which might well be made the subject of a longer article than this. There are historic Trinity, the wealthiest of American churches; Grace Church, a hardly less famous landmark of the metropolis; St. George's and St. Mark's, in the old Knickerbocker district that centers at Stuyvesant Square,—both owing their origin to Trinity; St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, and the Heavenly Rest, the chosen temples of New York's wealth and fashion; the great parishes of Calvary and the Holy Communion, on lower Fourth

and Sixth Avenues; Holy Trinity, on Madison Avenue, founded and long presided over by Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, whose place Mr. Walpole Warren came from England to fill; St. Ignatius's and St. Mary the Virgin's, whose services are of the ritualistic order; All Souls', in East Sixty Sixth Street, whose rector is the well known and daring theologian, Dr. Heber Newton; St. Michael's and All Angels', in the new residential quarter west of Central Park, the former the church of Dr. Thomas M. Peters, famous for his work among the child waifs of the metropolis, the latter the splendid gift of its rector, Dr. Charles F. Hoffman; and St. Andrew's and Holy Trinity, in Harlem, whose congregations are among the largest in the city.

The Trinity corporation is indeed a power in the Episcopal Church. Of its origin something has already been said. The present church, whose noble spire towers above Wall Street's tall office buildings, is the third of its name, and was completed in 1846. As one after another the older churches of New York—such as Grace Church, St. George's, St. James's, and Zion—have followed the city's growth and moved up town, Trinity has been left to be the great bulwark of Christianity and Christian charity among the vast and squalid population of the lower end of Manhattan Island. The work it has done and is doing in this wide field is enormous. It has twenty ordained clergymen, and six subordinate chapels, one of which is St. Paul's, the oldest church building in the city, and one of the most familiar. It has in times past contributed to the erection and endowment of many new houses of worship, and still gives financial aid to about twenty of its sister churches—mainly those in the

poorest districts of the city—and to various missionary societies, hospitals, and the like. It maintains nearly thirty organizations for practical philanthropic work of various kinds, including night schools, industrial schools, a dispensary, a kindergarten, a seaside home for children, and similar benevolent agencies. It has its German services, held in the Trinity Church House. When the government abolished the post chaplaincy at Governor's Island in 1866, it was Trinity that stepped in to provide a special chapel—St. Cornelius's—for the soldiers of the fort. All this has been rendered



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

possible by the revenues drawn from the land granted to Trinity at its incorporation. "Queen Anne's Farm," as it was then called, lay outside the town, along the North River, its original northern and southern limits being now marked by Vesey and Christopher Streets. Of that immense estate a great part has since passed into other hands, but enough remains to produce an income of fully half a million dollars annually.

The rectorship of Trinity is a post that demands rare practical ability as well as high intellectual and spiritual qualities. The name of Dix has been associated with the church for nearly half a century—a period that has witnessed its greatest development. John A. Dix, Governor of the Empire State and Secretary of the Treasury, was for many years a

vestryman of Trinity and a comptroller of the church corporation. His son became assistant minister of the parish in 1855, rector in 1862, and has now presided over it for almost thirty years. Dr. Morgan Dix is a native New Yorker—born here in 1827, graduated from Columbia, and ordained from the General Theological Seminary. His residence was long the old rectory on Varick Street, next to the largest of Trinity's chapels—St. John's. That has now been turned into an infirmary, and the rector's house transferred to West Twenty Fifth Street. But Dr. Dix still has his regular office hours in the building behind St. Paul's, where he daily receives visitors and directs the work of his numerous subordinates.

Second only to Trinity in historical interest and present importance is Grace Church. It dates from 1808, when it was first established close beside Trinity's churchyard, at the corner of Broadway and Rector Street. The existing edifice, whose white tower and spire close the long vista of lower Broadway, is exactly contemporary with the present Trinity, having been consecrated in 1846. Architecturally it is one of the finest of New York's Gothic churches. Its choir, and especially its organ—or rather its series of organs connected by an electrical mechanism and played from a single keyboard—are among the very best in the country. It has received some generous benefactions, notably that of Miss Catharine Lorillard Wolfe, of whose public spirit the Metropolitan Museum of Art contains such splendid evidence, and who built and equipped the chan-

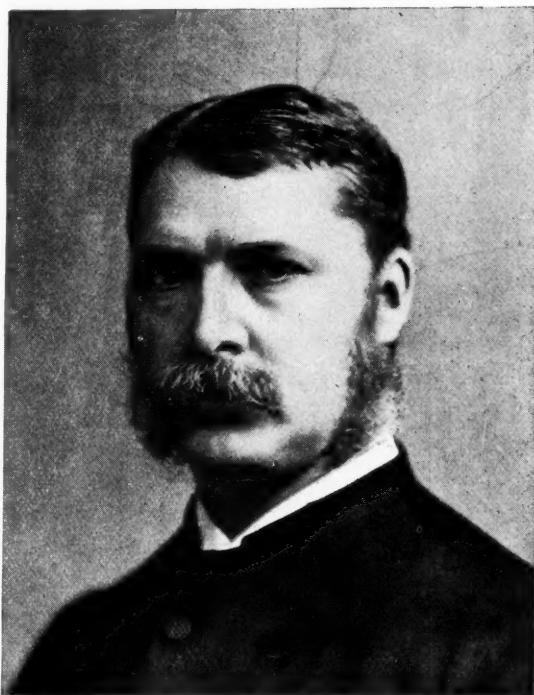


DR. WILLIAM S. RAINSFORD, RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S.

try that adjoins Grace Church, and Grace House, the parochial building on the other side of the church.

When Dr. Potter was raised to the episcopacy in 1883, he was succeeded as rector of Grace Church by William Reed Huntington, the present incumbent. Dr. Huntington is of Massachusetts birth and training. He was born in Lowell fifty three years ago, graduated at Harvard—where he was class poet—and remained at the Cambridge university for a year as an instructor in chemistry. Then he was ordained, became assistant rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston, and was transferred thence to All Saints', Worcester, where he remained from 1862 until he was called to Grace Church. He is known as a preacher, as a writer, and as an able leader of a great ecclesiastical organization.

St. George's is another powerful factor in the work of the Episcopal church militant. It was originally the first of Trinity's chapels, and was organized in 1751, its earliest building standing on Beekman Street. After it had become independent, and moved to Stuyvesant Square, Dr. Stephen Tyng—father of the Dr. Tyng who founded Holy Trinity—was its rector for more than thirty years. During his tenure was erected the present edifice—a Gothic building of brown stone, with two conspicuous spires. After his death the church was for some time without a pastor, and had suffered a serious declension when William S. Rainsford became its head in 1883. Dr. Rainsford's work is a remarkable instance of what energy can accomplish. He is a young man—he was born in Ireland only thirty four years ago—and yet after eight years'



DR. H. Y. SATTERLEE, RECTOR OF CALVARY CHURCH.

ministry in New York he has built up a church whose congregation is one of the largest, and whose roll of communicants is actually the largest in the Episcopal body. Its missions, schools, and charitable societies of various kinds are among the most complete, most active, and best supported of metropolitan parochial organizations.

Personally Dr. Rainsford is a type of what the late Charles Kingsley used to call "muscular Christianity." He is a believer in the doctrine of fresh air and exercise, an athlete, and a mighty huntsman. He is a graduate of Cambridge, and was connected with St. James's Cathedral in Toronto when he received the call to his present parish.

A few blocks southward from St. George's, at the corner of Second Avenue and Stuyvesant Street, stands another ancient church—St. Mark's. This was founded as "St. Mark's in the Bowery," or "in the Fields," in



GRACE CHURCH.

1799, generous Trinity contributing the money needed for building. Here rests the body of old Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch governor of New Amsterdam, from whose suburban farm the church ground was set apart. Here, too, lie representatives of other eras of New York's history—Sloughter, who ruled it as a British colony, and Daniel Tompkins, who from 1807 to 1817 governed it as an American State.

Dr. Joseph Hine Rylance, who has been the rector of St. Mark's for twenty years past, was born near Manchester, England, sixty five years ago. He graduated at King's College, London, was a curate in that city for a couple of years, and then came to America to become rector of St. Paul's, Cleveland. Four years were passed in Cleveland and four more

at St. James's, Chicago, before he came to the metropolis. He is perhaps best known by his writings, in which his favorite topics are the practical aspects of Christianity, and the relation of the church to the latter day problems of humanity. "Social Questions" and "Pulpit Talks on Topics of the Time" are specimen titles of his published volumes.

If to Trinity and its offshoots, Grace Church, and St. Mark's, we add the Church of the Ascension, on lower Fifth Avenue, of which Dr. Donald is rector, and St. John the Evangelist's, at Eleventh Street and Waverley Place, the cure of Dr. De Costa, we shall have completed the list of the more important Episcopal churches in the vast and populous district below Fourteenth Street.

There are also several smaller churches and mission stations. St. Luke's, on Hudson Street, is a venerable relic of old Greenwich village. St. Clement's, close beside the elevated railroad on West Third Street, presents the melancholy spectacle of a once prosperous church whose unfavorable surroundings have brought it to decay.

The Church of the Holy Communion, at Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street, is the splendid memorial of Dr. William Augustus Muhlenberg, one of the greatest organizers of Episcopalianism in New York. To his efforts was due the establishment of St. Luke's Hospital. It was he who in 1844 founded the parish of which he was for many years rector, and in connection with it instituted the first Protestant sisterhood in the United States. In other ways, too, he was a leader. The Church of the Holy Communion was established as a free church—one of the earliest, if not the very earliest of free Episcopal churches, and a pioneer in the movement that has spread until more than thirty of its sisters in the metropolis are now entirely free, while others are abolishing pew rents as rapidly as possible. It was also the first to hold daily services and weekly communions, and the first to have a trained male choir. Its present fine group of buildings—church, rectory, sisters' house and parochial offices—were designed by the well known ecclesiastical architect Upjohn, and given to the parish by Dr. Muhlenberg's

sister. The present rector is the Rev. Henry Mottet.

Calvary Church is one that is strong in numbers and good works, is led by one of the ablest of New York's clergy, and lacks only a noble church edifice to be rounded out as an ideal parish. It was organized in 1835, and the present building on Fourth Avenue and Twenty First Street, with its two abbreviated wooden towers, was erected about twelve years later. Its rector is Dr. Henry Yates Satterlee, who was born in New York forty nine years ago, was educated at Columbia and the General Seminary, and spent sixteen years at Zion Church, Wappinger's Falls, before he came to Calvary in



DR. JOHN WESLEY BROWN, RECTOR OF ST. THOMAS'S.



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

1882. His name has been mentioned in connection with high ecclesiastical offices. In 1888 he declined the post of assistant bishop of Ohio, and last year was again nominated for the episcopacy in the diocesan convention of Massachusetts. He is known as an author of published sermons and religious manuals, as an active member of the General Convention, serving on important committees of the House of Deputies, and as an energetic promoter of temperance and missionary work. Of this latter much is connected with the Calvary Chapel and Galilee Mission, institutions established by the parish, whose headquarters are on East Twenty Third Street.

The story has often been told how a minister with whom orthodoxy weighed more than charity declined to bury the body of an actor—George Holland—and referred the dead man's friends to "a little church around the corner," whose pastor, he

thought, might be willing to read the service. The application was made and not refused, and under the sobriquet bestowed half in contempt the Church of the Transfiguration has become widely famous. With it is closely identified the name of Dr. Houghton, its founder and for more than forty years its rector. It was in October, 1848, that he first began to hold services in a private house for a little society who shortly afterward organized themselves into a church, and erected a building on Twenty Ninth Street, immediately east of Fifth Avenue. The membership at that time was a mere handful, and its financial resources were slender. Under Dr. Houghton's leadership it has steadily grown in strength and numbers, and the church has more than once been enlarged to accommodate its increased congregation. It has also established the Transfiguration Chapel in West Sixty Ninth Street.

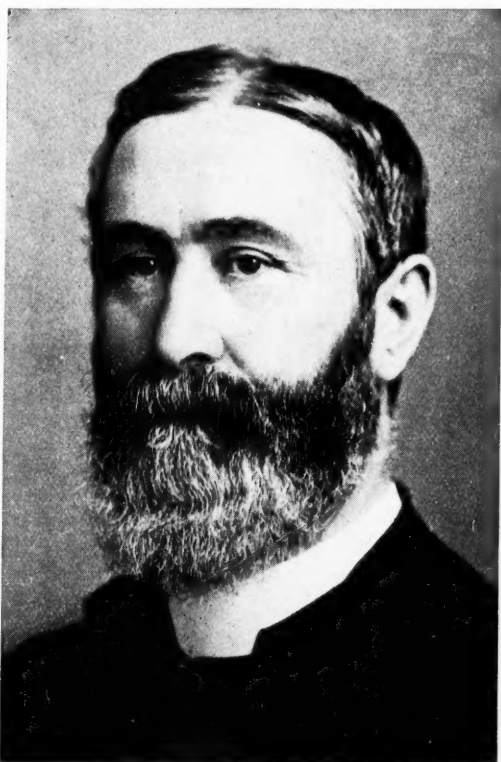
Dr. Houghton is an erudite theologian who believes in simple evangelical preaching, with an avoidance of the florid style. He is a noted Hebrew scholar, and was for twelve years instructor in that language at the General Seminary. He was born in 1820, at Deerfield, Massachusetts, graduated at the University of the City of New York, and was an assistant of Dr. Muhlenberg, at the Church of the Holy Communion, before he founded his present parish.

The narrow and rather curiously decorated front of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, on Fifth Avenue, above Forty Fifth Street, hardly gives the passer by an impression of the size and importance of the building. Its interior—notable for its frescoes and its fine altarpiece, Ary Scheffer's "Christus Consolator"—is capacious enough to seat a congregation of more than a thousand, and it is the headquarters of an admirably equipped parish. Connected with it are guild rooms, where eighteen parochial organizations hold their meetings; a Sunday School whose average attendance is over six hundred, and a rectory. Dr. Parker Morgan, the rector, was born in Wales forty eight years ago, graduated at Oxford, and came to New York in 1881 to become the assistant of Dr. Howland, the founder and first rector of the church. After Dr. Howland's death in 1887, he succeeded to the rectorship. Under his ministry the church has been one of the active and growing religious bodies of the metropolis.

St. Thomas's is one of the chief architectural adornments of upper Fifth Avenue, and is further notable not only as being preeminently a "fashionable church," but also for the organized philanthropism of its congregation. The parish was founded in

1823, with a church building at the northwest corner of Broadway and Houston Street, in a neighborhood that was then in full vogue as a residential quarter. Dr. William F. Morgan, who became its rector in 1857, found it declining in numbers and influence. By his efforts were brought about its removal to Fifty Third Street and the erection, in what was then a district of open fields, of its present fine and costly Gothic structure. St. Thomas's is regarded as the masterpiece of its architect, Upjohn. Its interior, with its decorations by La Farge and St. Gaudens, is especially handsome. It will seat two thousand worshippers, and contains a remarkably large and complete organ.

About this splendid church Dr. Morgan built up a parish whose leadership has, since his death in



DR. PARKER MORGAN, RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HEAVENLY REST.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH.

1888, been ably maintained by his successor, Dr. John Wesley Brown. Dr. Brown is a clergyman of wide and varied experience. Born fifty four years ago, he was trained as a civil engineer, but gave up that profession to become a Methodist minister. His sympathies were drawn to the Episcopal Church, which he entered in 1866, serving first in Baltimore, and later holding important posts in different parts of the country. He was rector for six years of Christ Church, Detroit; for six years of Trinity Church, Cleveland, and of St. Paul's, Buffalo, for a third period of six years.

The headquarters of the missionary work of St. Thomas's are on Fifty Ninth Street, between Second and Third Avenues. Here is St. Thomas's House, built ten years ago by Governor Roswell P. Flower, who is a member of the church, in memory of

his only son; and contiguous to this, and extending to Sixtieth Street, is St. Thomas's free chapel.

Comparable to St. Thomas's in the numbers and character of its congregation is St. Bartholomew's, the handsome and capacious Byzantine edifice at Madison Avenue and Forty Fourth Street. The existing church, with the rectory adjoining it upon the south, was built about sixteen years ago, and is a successor to the original St. Bartholomew's, which stood on Lafayette Place, and was admitted to the Episcopal communion in 1835. Its present rector, Dr. David H. Greer, who came to the metropolis from Providence three or four years ago, is known as an eloquent preacher, as an able practical organizer, and as a man of rare breadth of views. His appearance and manner bespeak the very con-

verse of sanctimony. He is a churchman who is in the best sense of the term a man of the world. St. Bartholomew's counts among its members such men as Chauncey Depew and Cornelius Vanderbilt, the latter of whom is, as was his father before him, a churchwarden, and an active supporter of its various associations for charitable and missionary work.

The churches of St. Ignatius and St. Mary the Virgin have been mentioned as exponents of High Church ideas. Both of them were established about twenty years ago—the former by Dr. Ewer, the latter by the Rev. Thomas Brown. Father Brown, as he is styled in ritualistic parlance, was trained for the ministry at the General Seminary, ordained in 1865, and was an assistant at Christ Church (recently destroyed by fire) at Fifth Avenue and Thirty Fifth Street, when he undertook the organization of his present parish. St. Mary's was erected in 1868 upon three lots in West Forty Fifth Street donated by John Jacob Astor, and Father Brown is still its rector.

St. Ignatius's is a comparatively small church, but its rector, the Rev. Arthur Ritchie, is quite widely known. He is a native of Philadelphia, where he was born forty two years ago, and a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He was an assistant at parishes in Boston and Baltimore, and for nine years rector of the Church of the Ascension in Chicago, before being called to St. Ignatius's in 1884. The church building, which is in Fortieth Street, fronting upon Bryant Park, was bought in 1871 from a Dutch Reformed society.

It is impossible to give, within the limits of the present article, an account of the sixty or seventy diocesan and general Episcopal institutions that center in the metropolis. A few of them are so important, either in themselves or in their relation to the church, as to demand brief mention. Such, for instance, is the City Mission Society, which dates from 1831, and during its sixty years of existence has done a great

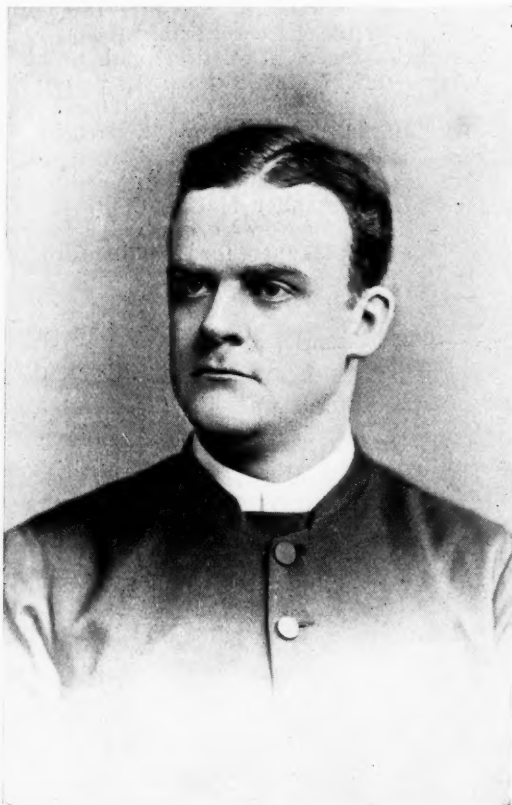
deal of practical work of the most valuable character among the poor of the tenement district and in the municipal institutions. Its principal stations are the Clergy House on Bleecker Street, and St. Barnabas's House, on Mulberry Street. Its present efficiency is largely due to Dr. Alexander Mackay-Smith, archdeacon of New York, who has found an ample sphere for his philanthropic



DR. DAVID H. GREER, RECTOR OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.

energy in ministering to the souls and bodies of the lowest strata of metropolitan population.

Akin to the City Mission in its aims is the Midnight Mission, on Greene Street, of which Dr. Houghton of the "Little Church Around the Corner" is chaplain. More special in its scope is the Church Missionary Society for Seamen, which has a peculiarly difficult task in dealing with a class that may be called "floating" in a double sense, but which, nevertheless, has met



THE REV. ARTHUR RITCHIE, RECTOR OF ST. IGNATIUS'S.

with marked success in an otherwise neglected field. Founded nearly fifty years ago, it maintains a floating chapel in the East River, a chapel on West Street, and a boarding house for sailors who visit this busy port. Then there are the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Blind, on West One Hundred and Fourth Street; the Home for Incurables, in Fordham; the House of the Holy Comforter, on Second Avenue, also a retreat for incurable patients; the Home for Old Men, on Hudson Street, near St. Luke's Church; the House of Mercy, for women, on West Eighty Sixth Street; and a number of other institutions established to relieve various forms of human distress. Several are especially devoted to the care of children.

At the Sheltering Arms, of which Dr. Peters is president, some two hundred waifs, rescued from the slums, find home and training; and besides this there are the Children's Fold, St. Martha's Society, in Twenty Second Street, the Orphan Asylum, on Forty Ninth Street near Lexington Avenue, and St. Mary's Hospital for Children, at Thirty Fourth Street and Eighth Avenue.

Many Episcopal bodies whose work extends far beyond the limits of the metropolis have their headquarters in New York. Among these are the Sisterhoods of St. Mary and of the Good Shepherd, whose members act as nurses in hospitals, teachers in schools, and the like; the Church Missionary Society and the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society; the Corporation for the Relief of Widows and Children of Clergymen, which dates back to 1769; and the New York Bible Society, founded by Bishop Hobart in 1809, an association that sends out to all

parts of the country fifty thousand books annually. Such, too, is the Church Temperance Society, with its order of the Knights of Temperance—a growing organization that has more than seventy branches, and in which Dr. Huntington and Dr. Satterlee are actively interested.

St. Luke's Hospital is a valuable New York institution that owes its origin to the Episcopal Church. Another and a still grander is Columbia College, a large share of whose revenue is derived from the land granted to it by Trinity in the days when, as King's College, it was almost a direct dependency of the church corporation.

Most important of all in its relation to the church is the great Episcopal training school, the General Theo-

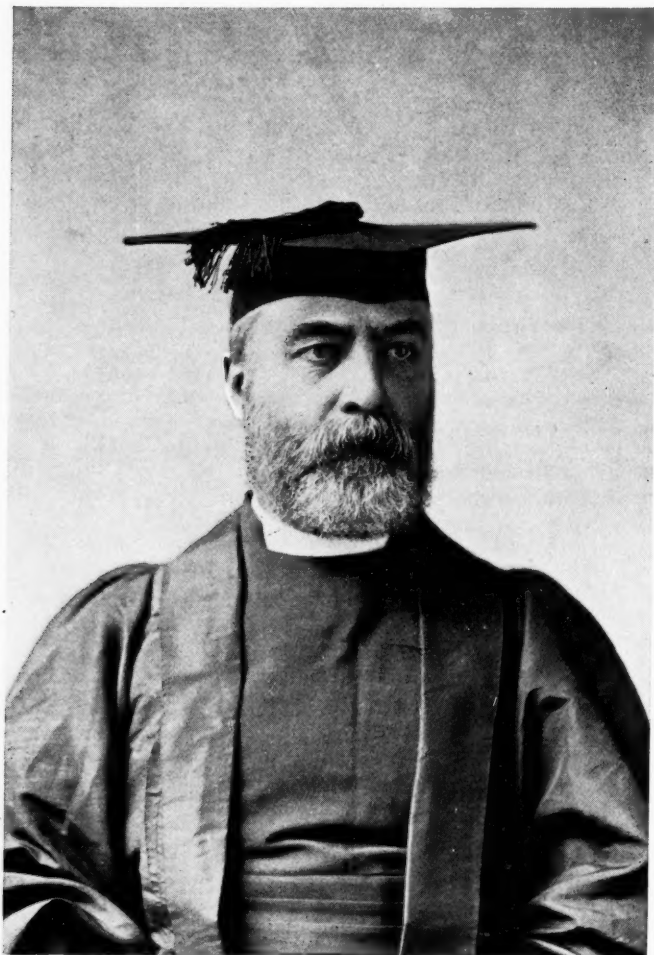
logical Seminary. This is directly under the control of the General Convention, which authorized its establishment in 1817. The names most prominently connected with its early history are those of Bishop Hobart, who took a leading part in its organization, and Dr. Clement Moore, who presented to it the ample site it now occupies. The Seminary opened in May, 1819, with a class of six members. Its growth was long hindered by lack of funds. In 1820 it was, from motives of economy, removed to New Haven, but a timely legacy received in the following year encouraged the trustees to bring it back to the metropolis, where it was reopened with twenty three students. In 1825 was laid the foundation stone of its first building on Chelsea Square, then far out in the country, and washed by the waters of the Hudson, which at that time extended

east of what is now Tenth Avenue. Its present expansion is only of recent date, and is due in great part to the energy and generosity of its dean, Eugene Augustus Hoffman. To him and to his family it owes the erection of its fine series of Gothic college buildings—its ample dormitories, its library, its class rooms, its deanery, and its beautiful Chapel of the Good Shepherd—as well as a splendid addition to its endowment.

Dean Hoffman and his brother, Dr. Charles Hoffman, who built All Angels' Church, inherited from their father, Samuel Verplanck Hoffman, an estate—the Hoffman House is a portion of it—worth many millions, and seldom have millions fallen into better hands. Eugene Hoffman graduated at Rutgers in 1847, spent a year at Harvard, and saw some wild adventures as a companion of Agassiz's exploring expedition into



THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.



DR. EUGENE A. HOFFMAN, DEAN OF THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

the Northwest. Then he took orders, and was for ten years rector of Christ Church, Elizabethport, whence he was successively transferred to the important parishes of Grace Church, Brooklyn, and St. Mark's, Philadelphia. His connection with the Seminary began in 1879, when, after twice refusing the post, he consented to become its dean.

In one point the Episcopal diocese of New York falls short of completeness—it has no great cathedral church to be the center of its ecclesiastical organization and the enduring

symbol of its faith and aspirations. To supply this need, which has often been pointed out by past leaders, is the work undertaken by the present bishop. By his efforts it has been brought about that the project has already taken definite shape. A site—the most commanding on Manhattan Island—has been selected and partially acquired, and the plans of a magnificent structure are almost completed. It is probable that next year may see the Cathedral of St. John the Divine rising upon the heights above Morningside Park.

JOHN DAYMER'S LUCK.

By Charles A. McDougall.

THE denuded carcass of an eighty barrel sperm whale had just been cast loose from the side of the whaling bark Sampson, nearly becalmed off the New Zealand coast.

As the immense mass drifted slowly astern it was almost hidden from view by swarms of seabirds which quickly settled upon it. All around it the oil smoothed surface of the sea was lashed into foam by the tails of ravenous sharks and greedy albigores.

To a landsman such a sight would naturally have a strange interest. John Daymer, who had never seen anything of the kind before (for this was the first whale taken by the bark, which had been out almost a year) stopped turning the big grindstone for a moment to peer over the bulwarks at the singular spectacle.

"Now then, John, what are you staring at? Attend to bizness," growled the old boat steerer, who was holding the edge of a spade to the stone, and John meekly resumed his task.

Turning a big grindstone from eight in the morning till nearly noon, without cessation, is not an over pleasant task under any circumstances. On the greasy deck of a whaling vessel, piled as high as the main shearpole with immense slabs of blubber sizzling in the heat of a tropic sun, the task is peculiarly disagreeable. From the blazing fires of the brick "trywork" fed by "scraps" of blubber, a thick cloud of black, suffocating smoke steamed aft, filling the eyes and nostrils till it seemed almost unendurable. Yet the grindstone handle was preferable to the handle of the far heavier mincing machine which reduced the slabs of

blubber into "leaves" for the great iron kettles, and of the two evils John had chosen the least.

"How happened a well brought up boy like you to come aboard this old blubber hunter?" suddenly asked the boat steerer, whose name was Marston. With a rather grim smile he had been furtively eying John's look of disgust as he watched the half naked Portuguese crew slipping about the deck besmeared with oil and grease.

"It was just my luck," half involuntarily responded John, who was considerably surprised at the question. Mr. Marston had not addressed him half a dozen times during the voyage, except while he was pulling "stroke" in the starboard boat. And then his remarks had been briefly emphatic—not to say profane.

"I wanted to go to sea," John went on, emboldened by the lingering remnant of the boat steerer's smile, "so I came to Boston to ship. Nobody wanted any green hands. I was ashamed to go home. So I fell in with a pleasant man who said I could make a big lot of money whaling. I signed a paper and he took me to New Bedford. Then I came aboard the Sampson."

"Ah, exactly," returned Mr. Marston, trying the edge of the blubber knife, "you make an ass of yourself and then lay it all to your luck, eh?"

"Things always went wrong with me," moodily replied John, ignoring the pointed remark. "I've been called 'unlucky John' ever since I can remember. I've always been in hot water through losing or breaking something or other, from a little boy. The folks died, and Uncle Jim

got what property ought to have come to me. He wasn't good to me. He——"

"I heard a book learned man say once," dryly interrupted Mr. Marston as eight bells was struck, "that good and bad luck are only another name for good and bad judgment—what do you think about it in *your* case?"

John was spared the awkwardness of an answer by the announcement of "eight bells—get dinner, the star-board watch!" Making his way cautiously forward, he secured his allowance of beef, hard tack and molasses sweetened tea. Then seating himself on the heel of the bowsprit, apart from his swarthy shipmates, he began discussing his dinner with an excellent appetite.

"*A-r-r-r-blows—a-r-r-r-blows!*"

From aloft at the fore and main came this cry simultaneously.

Pots and pans were dropped, and a rush made in the direction of the boats, as Captain Spike sent his voice thundering forward.

"Con-found this getting any more whales," muttered John Daymer, the only laggard. The rest were thinking of filling the empty oil casks in the hold. John was only thinking of filling his stomach just now. Besides, to him another whale only represented more nastiness and hard work. The owners would get most of the money, so what did it matter?

"John, stay aboard and help the shipkeeper. I want some one to pull stroke better than you can," hastily exclaimed Captain Spike, as the boats were being lowered.

John didn't care much either way. Pulling stroke was a heart breaking task—helping the shipkeeper, who with cook, steward and spare hand, worked the bark and got up the gear, was back breaking—that was all the difference.

While "trying out," the bark was laid to under short canvas. Moreover, only that morning the cutting gear had been sent below. So while Manuel, the shipkeeper, took the wheel to steer after the flying boats, three men (including John) first of

all made such sail as was considered safe, in view of a coming squall which was blackening the sky to windward.

"You, John, get down b'low—pass up dem block!" was the next order.

In the hot, stifling hold, reeking with foul odors and new oil, Johnny tugged and perspired, passing along coils of rope and heavy warp chains to the men at the main hatch, who pulled them on deck.

The last fluke warp had slipped behind an oil cask, where Johnny, half dead with heat and fatigue, worked vigorously to extricate it.

All at once a chorus of cries arose on deck, and almost at the same instant came a stunning crash against the side of the old bark, whose outer planking, eaten to the core with dry rot, yielded to the terrible blow like so much pasteboard.

Over went the Sampson on her beam ends. A coil of hawser slipping to leeward pinioned unlucky John against the cask in such a way that, as he saw the torrent of water rushing in on the other side of the hold, he thought his hour had come. But with the energy of despair he worked himself free and reached the deck, which was now a literally inclined plane. The bark, whose top-sail yards were in the water, was rapidly settling.

Where were the shipkeeper and his helpers? *Where was the spare boat?*

At one rapid glance John took in the terrible situation, and this was what he saw. An immense barnacle backed bull sperm swimming round and round the sunken bark, whose planking had been crushed by a blow from the leviathan's mighty head. Four boats pulling madly out of range to avoid a like fate, and the blackness of darkness only broken by livid flashes of lightning, hovering over the face of the deep.

And scarcely had all this been made visible, when with a rush and a roar like that of a tornado, the squall struck.

When John dashed the water from his eyes with one hand, he found himself swimming vigorously away

from a great foaming swirl of sea, where a couple of spare spars and some drifting debris were circling as in the eddy of a whirlpool.

Then he realized that the bark had gone down, the whale gone under, and the boats gone off.

"And I'm a gone sucker," he was about mentally to add. But remembering that this was slang, he instead mechanically repeated: "Just my luck!"

Which of course brought to mind Mr. Marston's remark about bad judgment and bad luck. But in this particular instance it was the whale, not himself, that must be accused of bad judgment.

While these thoughts drifted vaguely through his mind, John noticed a partially submerged sea chest drifting past. This he swam to, and by resting his own chest upon it, found that it served as a tolerable buoy.

Well, it thundered and lightened and blew as it can do only in those latitudes. There was a lashing about the sea chest, and to this John clung through the livelong night, tossed to and fro like the veriest straw.

The chest itself, which had proved such an ark of safety, had belonged to an old English sailor who had died on the cruise. As is customary on board some whalers and men of war, the deceased sailor's effects were to have been auctioned off to the highest bidder, to which end the sea chest had been brought on deck that very morning. John remembered it particularly, because old Bob, its owner, had once said that he was "the only sailor afloat as could brag of a sea chest knowed to be a hundred year old."

Now, I have no thrilling tale to tell of days of exposure and hunger and thirst, with never a sail in sight, as too often happens. John told himself that such would of course be his luck; but it wasn't. A little after dawn on the following morning the tropic squall wore itself out, and two hours later John and his sea chest were picked up by a P. and O. steamer on her passage to London.

As a rescued sailor he was for a time an object of interest, to both passengers and crew. He had hoped to find at least a change or two of clothing in the chest, and was not disappointed, though of course it was nothing particularly nice. Something else he found—that there was a false bottom to the box, which in some way had become loosened by the action of the waves.

Beneath it was only a flat parcel like a government envelope neatly secured in oiled silk. This being opened, John found, greatly to his disappointment, only a very old letter written in faded ink on a sort of parchment.

"I hoped it was bills—just my luck," he said, with a sigh, as he unfolded the letter. Then, lying comfortably in the fore-castle berth, while his clothes were drying, he spelled out the following:

ON BOARD AMERICAN PRIVATEER }
DART, JUNE 3, 1812. }

DEAR SON BRADISH—I write these few lines, having now but a short space before going into action with H. M. Frigate Neptune. Yesterday, 10 A. M., Delaware Capes bearing S. S. E. ten miles distant, we sighted and chased British sloop of war Debrook, from South America. By reliable information we know she had on board at least £2,000,000 in gold and bullion, captured from three Spanish vessels. She wore ship and stood directly in shore, we following, of course, hulling her with our long tom amidships. I went forward to watch the chase. All at once the sloop of war struck on a reef not laid down in our chart, and went down inside of five minutes, with every soul on board. I at once hauled our wind, after taking accurate bearings of the reef, which are these. [Here followed certain compass courses and distances from certain given points and landmarks, which of course would not be proper to state, for reasons that will appear further on.]

And now, my dear son, I must hastily close—they are beating to quarters on deck. If spared, will finish another time. God bless you. BRADISH KEATON LORING, Commander.

John thought it rather a funny letter, but gave the matter no further heed at the time. What had happened almost seventy years before might have been of interest to antiquaries, but to him it did not matter much. He—

"So you are the lad who had such a narrow escape from drowning," said a pleasant voice; "and by your face I should say you were a countryman of mine."

John raised himself in his berth to meet the friendly gaze of a pair of keen gray eyes.

"I am—that is, my name is Bradish Keaton Loring," said the stranger, who judging from his dress and manner was one of the first cabin passengers, "and I thought I would—what's the matter?"

For as he heard the peculiar name, John's eyes protruded like a lobster's, and he turned as nearly pale as any healthy sun and wind tanned sailor can do.

"Oh, nothing," returned John, with the calmness of the most profound amazement; "nothing at all—only *I've got a letter for you!*"

"A letter for *me*," echoed Mr. Loring, staring in his turn at the speaker, who without replying extended the ancient document he had been reading.

Mr. Loring was evidently given to taking things coolly. He read the letter through from beginning to end. A gradual uplifting of the eyebrows alone betrayed his inward emotions, unless I except a very prolonged whistle when he had finished.

"This letter," he said, "was written by my grandfather Loring the same day he was killed in action. It was intended for my father, then a navy lieutenant, who died some years ago. But how under heaven did *you*—"

John hastily explained. The sea chest, which bore the date 1798 curiously inlaid on the lid, originally belonged to Captain Loring.

How it finally came into the old English sailor's hands will never be known.

Mr. Loring told John that the story of the sunken treasure ship had been a family legend, so to speak. Different parties had tried to locate the wreck, but in vain, having only the vaguest clew to guide them.

"And now, John," he said earnestly, "how much shall I pay you for this letter?"

"Why, nothing," was the surprised answer, "it's yours; *I* haven't got any claim to it." A shrewd, money loving lad would have driven a sharp bargain and hung out for a large sum. But as John might have said, that wasn't *his* luck.

Well, the upshot was that Mr. Loring said he'd "make it right." A vague term, but being honest himself, John believed that other people were the same, which sometimes is a safe thing to do.

Any way, it so proved in his particular case. On reaching America, Mr. Loring took John with him to his home in Philadelphia, where he has organized a company who are fitting out a schooner with divers, diving apparatus and everything needful to prosecute the search for the sunken treasure, of which ten per cent goes to the United States government and the rest to the finders, when found.

John, who will help sail the schooner, is to receive a generous share of the recovered millions. He is a distant connection of my own, and in concluding a long letter, from which I have gathered the details of this story, he says:

"But it will be just my luck if we never find a dollar."



THE AFFAIR OF MORRIS DAVIDSON.

By Matthew White, Jr.,

Author of "The Adonis of Beetle Crag," "Allan Kane's Friend," etc.

I.

THE train had rolled into the great station, and I, who had been standing on the step of the foremost car, was almost the first to swing myself off upon the platform. So eager had I been to reach the city of my hopes, the New York of which I had heard so much, and which I was now to see for the first time as one who was to form part and parcel of its busy life.

And yet, now that I had left the train, with the strange contradictoriness of human minds, I half wished myself back in it. Anticipation had been very pleasant. There, at the end of that long platform, an entirely unknown world awaited me. Among all its myriad people there was not one face that I knew.

As I drew near the exit, the platform broadened out into a sort of plaza, and here several people were in waiting to receive friends who had arrived by the train. A little boy in reefer and leather leggings suddenly burst out with the cry, "Oh, there's papa!" and scampered off to meet a gentleman behind me. Off to the left a young man was shaking hands with a girl and looking so desirous of making his greeting a warmer one, that I considerably turned my head the other way.

I feared that I was growing homesick, and quickened my steps to get beyond these reminders of the friends whom I had left two hundred miles behind me in Bathurst. A sign indicating the location of the baggage room confronted me, and I stopped there to order my luggage conveyed

to Mrs. Brimmer's. That was the boarding house in Sixty Ninth Street to which Dolph Simmons had recommended me.

Dolph was our minister's son—an exception to the old rule that bids us beware of clerical male offspring, for he had elected to follow in his father's footsteps and had prepared himself at Union Seminary. On his graduation he had married the prettiest girl in town and had gone West to settle in Never Let Up, Nevada. Before he went, however, he had put me in communication with Mrs. Brimmer, who held in reserve for me her third story rear hall room, at eight dollars per week.

My trunk check delivered up, I followed the crowd out into the street. I was prepared for the din of beseeching hackmen which at once assailed my ears. Dolph had told me that a Madison Avenue car would take me close to my destination.

It had just turned dark on a sleety February afternoon. The thoroughfare before me seemed a hopeless entanglement of cars, cabs, trucks and dodging pedestrians. The raised umbrellas of the latter must certainly have prevented their seeing all the vehicles that were bearing down upon them. Why some of them were not run over seemed a mystery to me then.

An inquiry made of a policeman told me which car to take. He pointed it out to me, just as it was turning the curve from the tunnel. It was packed full. There seemed not an inch of standing room.

"They're all the same way this time o' day," said the officer, seeing

me hesitate. "You'd better take that one."

I made a dash forward through the slush and got on the front platform, which was the least crowded. I had on a storm coat, so I turned up the collar, and as it was not cold, congratulated myself that I shouldn't have far to walk.

I steeled myself not to form a first impression of the city yet, under these unfavorable conditions, but kept my eyes on the lamp posts to make sure that I should not be carried beyond my street. I had just read "55" on one of them when a man made a dash from the sidewalk and tried to board the front platform. His hand was on the rail, and I moved back a little to give him room. But his body, instead of swinging in beside me, almost vanished from sight. He had slipped on the icy pavement. A car was coming at full trot of the horses down the other track toward us. Even if the fellow escaped the wheels of our own car, he might be thrown back in front of the other one.

All this passed through my mind in an instant. I put out my left hand, gripping hard on the rail behind me with my right. Then, exerting all my strength and grasping the fellow by the coat, I succeeded in swinging him around again so that he could get his foot on the step. This done it was a simple matter for him to lift himself up on the platform. The whole thing took place so quickly that I think no one else on the car noticed it, except possibly the driver, who had had time to slow up only a very little.

"Much obliged," said the new comer, turning to look at me for a moment before facing about in the direction in which the car was going.

I muttered the common place mumble composed of equal parts of "nothing" and "that's all right," usual in such cases, and was about to resume my watch of the lamp posts when it came over me that there was something familiar in the countenance that had looked into mine for an instant in the uncertain

light shed by the red bullseye overhead on the other side of the door. And yet I was positive that I had never seen the man before. It seemed to me that it was only a part of him that was familiar.

The driver had rung the bell to announce that he had picked up an extra passenger, and the conductor now came through to collect the fare. As the man turned to pass his five cents through the slit in the door, I caught a better view of his face in the light from the interior of the car. As I did so an involuntary exclamation escaped me. I had recognized my man by a deepish dent in the right side of his face just at the orifice of the ear.

The sight of this oddity—it could scarcely be called a deformity or even a disfigurement—at once transported me back to a period twelve years before, when I was a schoolboy at The Oaks, the boarding school which had done more to make Bathurst's name known in the outer world than any other of the town's institutions. The man beside me had been one of the boarding pupils—Stafford Morton by name. He was older than I—some four years, and I recalled vividly how some of my cronies and myself had discussed that dent. Tom Dutton, who was always getting into scrapes, had tried to convince us that it acted as a sort of charm. Certainly Morton was a lucky fellow. He was constantly breaking the rules, and yet I had never heard of his being found out and punished. But then the rest of us had consoled ourselves with the reflection that he ought to be lucky in some things. He had surely missed it so far as personal appearance and mental attainments went.

He was a homely boy. His eyes were small and set close together on either side of a very thin nose. His face was sallow, and his hair stood up straight all over his head like porcupine quills. As to his standing in his class, so far as I could find out he was generally at the foot. Even I, who was so much younger, had

frequently been called upon to help him in his arithmetic.

He had never played baseball with the fellows, although sometimes he would condescend to join in a game of prisoner's base. He was fond of taking long walks out into the country, sometimes by himself, at others with some of us younger boys, who went with him because we thought it an honor, more or less, to be seen in the company of one of the upper classmen. He had come from some little town out in Ohio, the name of which I had forgotten, and had been at The Oaks three years. Since then he had quite dropped out of my recollection.

All that I have just set down passed through my mind while the car was running from Fifty Sixth Street to Fifty Ninth. Morton had not changed very much with time. Now that I knew who he was, I could see that he was as plain in looks as ever, his stiff, reddish brown mustache not having helped matters. Should I speak to him, I asked myself? I did not wonder that he had failed to recognize me. I was quite a small boy when he was in Bathurst. Besides, I had been able to obtain a clearer view of his face than he of mine.

I was still debating the question when the car passed a crossing where two men under one umbrella stood close by the track till it had passed. They were talking and laughing with animation.

I was reminded at once that I did not as yet know a soul in all that great town. Yes, I did, though, I reflected. Here was a man at my elbow, who might be called, in one sense of the word, an old friend. If I should let slip the present opportunity to make myself known to him, there was no telling when I should have another.

"I beg your pardon," I said, touching him lightly on the arm, "I think you don't remember me."

He turned quickly, with that alertness of movement which, I have since noticed, is habitual with all city men on being suddenly accosted in the

street. It comes, I imagine, from the constant guard they feel obliged to maintain against being "taken in."

"You haven't forgotten The Oaks at Bathurst, have you, Morton?" I went on. "Don't you remember Morris Davidson?"

"You don't mean to tell me that you are Davidson—little Davidson?"

He put out his hand. I thought he wanted to shake mine. I transferred my valise to the other side.

"Yes, I was little Davidson," I replied, as I gave him my right.

But he did not shake it. He clutched my fingers and drew me to the other side of the platform, which had just been vacated. This brought us directly under the red bullseye. Morton stared me directly in the face for an instant, and then took hold of my hand with both of his and wrung it with a heartiness that left me no doubt of his being pleased at the meeting.

"Yes, it is you, Davidson, my boy," he said. "I see it now in your eye. But that mustache! Great Cæsar, how we grow!"

He dropped my hand to transfer his grasp to my shoulder, while he turned slightly so as to obtain a better light.

"Still as much of a good looker as ever, I see," he went on.

I was not sure that I liked the patronizing air that he had assumed, just as if we were back at school, and he was two forms ahead of me. I considered that having reached manhood's estate, we could both afford to meet on equal footing. Still, he seemed so delighted to see me that I determined to overlook the peculiarity of his way of showing it.

"Living in New York?" he asked, when he finally decided to let me go.

"I am about to begin doing so," and I glanced down at my valise. "Have you, too, been drawn in by the great American magnet?"

"Oh, yes!" he rejoined, almost with a weary air. "I've been here three years, you know, almost long enough to call myself a native in this town which seems to have so few natives. But let's come inside

where we can talk more composedly. There's room enough now."

He pushed open the door and stood aside for me to pass in first. We hung on to the straps, and in the better light I noticed that Morton's clothes were of the best cloth and cut in the latest style.

"You're in business here, then?" I said interrogatively.

He bent a peculiar look upon me, which I did not understand until afterwards.

"Yes, oh yes," he said. "We all seem to gravitate here in time. Even Howells talks of abandoning the Hub."

I was puzzled by this reference to the Boston novelist. I failed to see the relevancy of it.

"Oh indeed," I responded meaninglessly, hoping he would say something that would enlighten me on the subject.

"How far up are you going?" he inquired suddenly, stooping down to peer out of the window.

"To Sixty Ninth," I told him, adding, "and that reminds me, let me know when we get there, will you? I've never been in New York before."

"That so?" he exclaimed. "You surprise me. I should imagine a fellow of your parts had been about a good deal. Let me see, you must be twenty five now?"

"Twenty four," I corrected him. "Where are we now?"

"Sixty Sixth. I'll get off with you at Sixty Ninth. I'm going to one of those beastly teas around on Park Avenue. Awful bores. By the way, Davidson, what line are you going to take up?"

"I am going in with the Gotham Trust Company on Fifth Avenue," I told him.

"Ah indeed," he exclaimed. "I know the concern well. Not far from my rooms. But here we are."

We made our way to the rear door and I alighted first. Morton came so soon after me that he did not see a mud hole I had just avoided, and he jumped square into it. He came over to join me on the side-

walk muttering objurgations against the railroad company and gazing ruefully down at his trousers, on the right leg of which was a great splash of wet dirt.

"I can't go into a lady's drawing room looking like this," he exclaimed, "and hang me if I'm going to give it up after coming all this way. If it was only a hotel region I might drop in and be brushed up."

"I have a whisk in my valise," I said. "I belong somewhere around here. You might stop in with me and wait awhile till your trousers dry. I wouldn't risk brushing them in their present state."

"A good idea, Davidson. You're a brick. Glad I met you. Now where do you hang out?"

I told him the number and he soon piloted me to the house, which was close by.

"You must excuse the few formalities that I may find it necessary to go through before taking you up to my room," I explained, when I had pulled the bell. "You must remember that this is my first appearance here."

"Don't mention it, my boy," he cried. "All the more time for my trousers to dry in."

We both laughed, and then the door opened and I sent in my name to Mrs. Brimmer.

"Why, Davidson, this just suits me, a little experience like this;" and my companion's eyes roved all over the small reception room into which we were shown. Then they came back to rest on me, and I felt a little uncomfortable as I realized that he was taking in my appearance, as it was further revealed to him by the throwing back of my mackintosh. I in turn noticed that he had got his stubborn hair to lie flat.

A little cough in the hallway apprised us of the approach of Mrs. Brimmer. She appeared the next instant in the shape of a little woman in black. Of course she went straight up to Morton and addressed him as "Mr. Davidson." People are always doing those awkward things when there is the least opportunity for

them. I stepped forward at once and righted matters, and somehow she seemed relieved when she found that Morton was not the boarder she had expected.

"I should like to take my friend up to my room at once, Mrs. Brimmer," I said.

"Will he be here to dinner?" she inquired, with what I considered a great lack of tact.

"Oh no, not tonight," spoke up Morton, in his easy way, smiling at me over the top of the little landlady's head.

He rose several degrees in my estimation for coming to my rescue in this graceful manner. I found it more and more impossible to realize that this man, well dressed and so confident in his air and bearing, was the ungainly, shy lad whom some of us used to pity for his stupidity at The Oaks.

Mrs. Brimmer led the way up stairs, and at the head of the second flight stood aside for me to enter a doorway toward which she waved one of her thin hands.

"This is the apartment, Mr. Davidson," she said.

It was the traditional hall room of the New York house. Mrs. Brimmer had called it "apartment," in the hope, it seemed to me, that in some way the longer word would enlarge that to which it was applied.

"But I say, Davidson, where is the bed, or is this only your ante-chamber?"

Morton strode into the center of the place and turned about on his heel.

"Here is the bed," said Mrs. Brimmer, with a severe look at him, and she laid her hand on what I had taken to be a shelf, somewhat in the style of a mantelpiece.

"That!" I involuntarily ejaculated; then added an apologetic "oh!" as she pulled aside the curtains that were drawn below it and displayed to view a couch that had been turned up with its face to the wall, so to speak.

"We have dinner at half past six, Mr. Davidson."

Mrs. Brimmer drew the curtains together again with a quick snap and walked out of the room.

I felt that she did not at all approve of Morton.

"Take a seat, won't you?" I said, handing him the only chair in the room.

I was inclined to feel sorry I had invited him up. Dolph ought to have posted me better on the accommodations I should have for entertaining company.

"Thanks; you don't mind my smoking here, do you?" he replied.

He took a handsome cigar case from his pocket and presented it to me.

"Thank you," I said as I helped myself. "Go ahead. I'll shut the door, though, as somebody might object to the odor in the hall."

"You'll have to trim your sails a little carefully for Brimmer, eh, old man?" and he laughed infectiously as he lighted the match and passed it over to me. He was evidently in high spirits.

"If you want to sit down," he went on, "you'll have to let out the bed, and then, by Jove, there won't be any room for the chair. Hang me if I don't think you'll have to sleep with the thing on top of you."

He shook with the mirth this thought inspired in him, and then, sobering down suddenly, continued: "I beg your pardon, old man. Really you're fixed here very cozily. I'm gladder than I can express that I fell in with you so early in your metropolitan career. You'll be sociable now, won't you, and come down soon and see a fellow? Here, I'll give you my card. I have bachelor apartments over Snow, Moor & Co.'s jewelry store on the Avenue. Not very far from your bank either, as I believe I told you. I dare say you don't know very many people in town as yet?"

I was stooping over my valise, hunting for the whisk. I stood up and turned around to look at him as I answered:

"Well, not exactly many. I believe that up to date you have the

honor of being my sole and solitary acquaintance here."

It seemed to me that a gleam of real pleasure flashed into his eyes as he heard me say this.

"Is that so?" he exclaimed. "Then I trust you will grant an old friend the privilege of introducing you. I know a good many nice people—met them in one way or another—and it will give me great pleasure to launch you in the swim. Let me make an appointment now. This is Saturday. Come to my rooms Tuesday afternoon, dine with me at the club, and then we will break the ice for you in the evening. Bring your clawhammer, and you can stay the night with me afterwards. Come now, is it a go?"

"You are very kind," I said. I was so astounded by this display of friendliness that at first I did not know how to take it. "It seems pretty soon for me to be dissipating—just beginning my business career."

"Pshaw, that's not dissipating," he rejoined. "And besides, Lent will soon be here, so you want to make the most of the season while it lasts. Come now, say you'll come!"

"Yes, I will," I answered, "and thank you again."

"Hold up, no thanks," he laughed, waving the whisk in air. "Am I not indebted to you for a refuge in the storm?"

He wrung my hand as an expression of his gratitude and a good by in one. Then, calling back over his shoulder, "Don't forget your date for Tuesday," he hurried off.

II.

WHEN I was left alone I sat down in my solitary chair and tried to realize that the man who had just been with me was the shy, stupid appearing dolt of the Bathurst school. In order to convince myself that they were really the same I picked up the card he had handed me and read the name

S. NEWBOLD MORTON.

My fingers relaxed their grasp on the bit of pasteboard and it fluttered to the floor.

"S. Newbold Morton!" He had always signed himself Stafford N. Morton in the old days. S. Newbold Morton was the well known novelist, whose sudden leap to fame had been one of the literary sensations of the day. For the first moment I was inclined to doubt still. It seemed incomprehensible that it should be so.

"It may be a cousin of Stafford's," I thought.

Then came the recollection of what he had said in the car about himself and Howells, as though the two were in some way connected. The reference had quite puzzled me at the time. Now it was clear.

"Well, Morris Davidson," I said, apostrophizing myself, "you are in luck. Not only have you found a friend in town at the very start, but that friend is a high light in the literary and social firmament."

I put my hand in my valise and pulled out the book I had been reading on the cars. "At One Cast" it was called, and like most of Morton's works, was largely of a psychological character.

"He must have had vast experiences of life," I reflected.

Then my trunk came, and I was obliged to descend to material things. At dinner time a seat was assigned me at table next to Mrs. Brimmer, who inquired after Dolph and introduced me to the lady on my left, who was, it seemed, the only one of the boarders left over from Dolph's time.

She was even smaller than Mrs. Brimmer, and her name was Tilt. Her husband was a colonel in the army, stationed somewhere out West, and in everything she said she managed in some way to refer to him. It was either "before the colonel went away," or "just after the colonel and I were married," or "it happened while the colonel was at Niobrara."

It struck me as very strange at first, and I was inclined to smile over it. There came a time, however, when I realized that this constant reference to an absent one was almost sacred homage paid to him.

In the course of dinner, feeling Mrs. Brimmer had conceived rather a prejudice against Morton, I took occasion to explain his identity to her. She was very much amazed, and hastened to impart the information to two young ladies further down the table, who were evidently great admirers of Morton's books. Mrs. Brimmer presented me to them in the parlor afterwards.

"Oh, Mr. Davidson," exclaimed the taller one, whose name was Ritchie, "is Mr. Morton a particular friend of yours? We just dote on his books. Don't we, Clara?"

"Clara," or more formally Miss Lingard, gave an emphatic assent, coupled with the request that I would obtain Mr. Morton's autograph for them both.

"Isn't he very handsome, Mr. Davidson?" went on Miss Ritchie. "Do you know I always mix the author of the book with the hero and give him all the—all the—well, you know, the good looks and all that the hero is supposed to have."

"But all heroes are not good looking," I responded, seeking to evade an answer to the question, and thinking at the same time how much better talkers girls in Bathurst were than they seemed to be here in New York, judging from the specimens before me. But the young ladies did not give me much opportunity to do any thinking on my own account. They plied me with questions about Morton till I took the opportunity, when another man entered the parlor, to seek refuge in my own room and shut the door.

I asked myself honestly when I was inside if I should have been so bored had these girls been attractive personally. This they certainly were not, for Miss Ritchie was dumpy, while her friend was of the stature and build of a bean pole. Without answering my own question I went to bed and decided that as the next day was Sunday I would take the famous Fifth Avenue noon walk, and wait until then before assuring myself that our Bathurst girls were actually the superiors, both in looks

and intellect, of their New York sisters.

But somehow I could not sleep that night. I wondered afterward if this was owing to some premonition of what was to befall me on the morrow. At the time I decided that the cause was to be found in the city noises, to which I was not accustomed. I was glad to get up at eight, instead of lying abed till ten, which had been my luxurious intention.

"I'll go to church now," was my resolve as I descended to my breakfast.

Where to go was the next question to be decided. But as soon as this query came up in my mind, "St. Thomas's" seemed to flash there, as an answer to it. Perhaps this was owing to the fact that I had heard more about this church than any of the others.

I was so early that I saw nobody at the table except Mrs. Brimmer, of whom I inquired the way to my destination of the morning. The weather had cleared and at twenty minutes to eleven I started. On reaching the church I took my station with others at the rear who were waiting to have seats assigned them. There were a great number of people already standing there, and I began to feel rather discouraged at the prospect, and to wish that I had chosen a less fashionable sanctuary. But just as I had almost made up my mind to go out and seek to get in somewhere else, the usher tapped me on the shoulder and beckoned me to follow him up the side aisle. Half way to the altar he halted and pointed to a pew in which a young girl and a small boy of eleven had taken their seats. The girl was kneeling in prayer when I entered and took my place beside the boy, but when she raised her head I involuntarily drew in a deep breath, so striking was her beauty.

Her skin seemed to have the softness of velvet, with that delicate flushing of color beneath it which is more effective than the most pronounced tints; her eyebrows made

perfect arches, while the lashes that shaded her eyes of deep brown were long and of a blackness that contrasted strikingly with the complexion. The boy who sat between us bore a sufficient resemblance to her for me to conclude that he must be her brother.

The service began, and I endeavored to confine my eyes to the rector and my prayer book; but as the position of the pew compelled me to look to the left slightly to see the altar I now and then caught myself turning a little farther in that direction, so as to include my fair neighbor in my range of vision. I was obliged to be very careful about this, however, as the small boy between us was exceedingly restless, requiring many admonitory glances from his sister to keep him in order. I could not be certain that one of these would not find me, too, a culprit.

Once the boy, playing with the umbrella he held, let it drop with the handle towards me. I stooped to pick it up; the boy did likewise, with the result that we narrowly escaped a collision of heads. When I raised my face the sister was looking at us, the remnants of a smile lingering about her lips, which were endeavoring to frame themselves into rigid lines of disapproval of the small boy's deportment.

The color induced by my stooping posture did not leave my face immediately. I became possessed with a wild desire to see a full smile make still more enchanting that bewitching mouth. A hundred daring projects for calling such forth flashed into my mind.

"Morris, what a fool you are!" I told myself the next instant. "Here you are, tumbling into love, I verily believe, with the first pretty girl you see in the town. You have other and far more important things to think of than an *affaire de cœur*."

By exerting all my will power, I turned my attention to the rector, who had by this time begun his sermon. But the pulpit was still further on the left, and gazing at the

preacher enabled me to look directly over the head of the occupant of the other end of the pew. However, as I could see but the outline of a rounded cheek, I decided that I need not be discourteous enough to the preacher to turn my back.

But in order to reduce temptation to the minimum, I picked up the prayer book I had been using, and which I had placed on the cushion by my side. Now I began to turn over the pages in a sort of half mechanical way. In doing that I came to the fly leaves at the beginning, and there was the name—Livingston. Merely the surname, nothing more.

I shut the book quickly, for fear the girl would think I had been trying to find out who she was. Livingston! The name had a fine sound to it. It seemed to fit her exactly. She must be Miss Livingston. I imagined myself saying, "I am happy to meet you, Miss Livingston," if the blissful day should ever come when I would be presented to her. I thought that then I could venture to recall the incident of the prayer book, and tell her how aptly I thought the name fitted her. She would smile and—

The conclusion of the sermon and the rising of the congregation for the ascription suddenly recalled me from my preposterous day dream. It was worse than foolish in me to fill my mind with thoughts of this nature at the present stage of my metropolitan career. I resolutely paid strict attention to the remainder of the service. But when it was all over, and I was faced by the prospect of having her who so fascinated me go out of my sight, I weakened miserably. When I reached the vestibule I lingered an instant or two till the small boy and his companion had passed out ahead of me.

I extenuated the device to myself by reflecting that it could do no harm for me to walk along the avenue behind them. But alas for my calculations! The boy rushed across the sidewalk to a private carriage that was drawn up by the

curb. He threw open the door, the girl got in, he followed her, and the next instant the horses were whirling my pew neighbors off up the avenue at a speed that put pursuit quite out of the question, even had such a thing suggested itself to me in these new circumstances. Feeling greatly depressed, I walked rapidly off in the direction of Mrs. Brimmer's. I had no desire now to take the promenade on Fifth Avenue. I had seen enough for one Sunday—enough to last me all the week. When Sunday came around once more, I told myself, with a thrill which I did not try to repress, I would go to St. Thomas's again.

III.

I AM afraid I was a very grumpy customer at the dinner table that day. Almost every remark that was made to me I had to ask to have repeated. When Mrs. Brimmer questioned me about the impression the service made on me I was thinking of what a perfect curve there was from Miss Livingston's throat to her chin, and when the colonel's wife was telling about her husband's narrow escape from being massacred by the Indians at Plum Creek, I fear that I had a smile on my face during the entire recital. You see my mind just then had thrust itself forward into a doubtful, but still very fascinating future, where I was sitting beside Miss Livingston, telling her the awful schemes that had suggested themselves to me that morning in church to make her smile.

Fortunately I was too far away from the young ladies for them to address any remarks to me, and after dessert I escaped to my own room at once. I took my writing tablet from my trunk, and seating myself on my one chair prepared to indite a letter home. They would be anxious to hear of my safe arrival, even if I had not as yet much news to impart.

I tried to imagine what they would all be doing at this moment. Father, I knew, would be reading the *Observer* by the sitting room fireplace. He

had done this after Sunday dinner as far back as I could remember. Mother would be sitting by the window—her sight was not quite so good as his—with a book of Miss Havergal's poems or the Bible in her hand. And Jess—well, she would be in the parlor with Will, Will Appleton. He was the son of Bathurst's leading merchant, and they had been engaged for three months. They were to be married in the fall, and Jess had made me promise to save up my vacation till then.

In some way this thought of Jess and Will made me homesick—or not that exactly, but lonely. I decided that I would put off my letter till evening, and go out for a walk now to see a little of the city.

I did not stay out long. Everybody I met seemed to be in couples. Cheery looking young men in box coats, carrying their canes handle down, were walking with pretty girls, talking with great animation. This was on Madison Avenue; on the side streets were older men, with women in bonnets much covered with flowers and feathers. They generally were arm in arm, and I imagined the girls were servants from the houses in the neighborhood, off for their Sunday out with their "steady company." None of them seemed to mind the cold, but to me the air seemed raw.

My letter home that night, I fear, was a very unsatisfactory one. I said nothing about my impressions of the metropolis, did not state whether or not I liked my boarding place, and quite forgot to mention my meeting with Stafford Morton. Indeed he had quite passed out of my mind until just as I was falling asleep, and then he merged himself in my dreams in the shape of a big policeman who was arresting me for kidnapping a small boy about the size of the one I had seen in church.

IV.

MY position with the Gotham Trust Company had been obtained for me by the Appletons, in whose store I had been employed for

the past six years. Mrs. Appleton was a connection of Horace Drew, president of the Gotham, and when her son Will had refused the post tendered to him by Mr. Drew—preferring to be the biggest toad in the puddle in Bathurst rather than an unidentified croaker in New York—the place had been offered to me.

"We would be sorry to lose you here, Morris," Mr. Appleton had said in telling me of the opening, "but in justice to yourself I give you the opportunity of choice."

And without any hesitation I had chosen the metropolis. Some told me I was foolish.

"If you would stay on here," they said, "old man Appleton would take you into the firm some day, no doubt."

But there was Will to become a partner, and besides I was tired of the narrowness of life in Bathurst. I wanted to brush against a larger number of my brother men. I think I read more of contemporary literature than most of my fellow townsmen. This had whetted my appetite for tasting some of the varied experiences that a man in our great cities is constantly having presented to him.

Perhaps if, like Will Appleton, I had a sweetheart in my native town, I should have not been so willing to leave it. At any rate, here I was, and when I woke up that Monday morning I felt somewhat as I did the day I went to school for the first time. It seemed as though I was about to begin all over again.

As I have already mentioned, I had no personal acquaintance with any of the bank's people. Mr. Drew had heard of me frequently from Mrs. Appleton during her visits to New York, and had seen my photograph. He received me most kindly when I presented myself in his private office. He was an older man than I had expected to find; with white hair that he allowed to grow rather long, and a pair of keen hazel eyes behind the gold rimmed glasses which, while they appeared to read a man's face at a glance, yet impressed one with

the fact that it was the good and not the evil in him they were looking for.

He took me out and introduced me to the other clerks, all nice fellows, most of them young like myself. I was put in the special charge of Burke Cartwright, and under his effective coaching I soon settled into the Gotham grooves and began to feel at home with my work.

My salary for the first year was to be the same as I had been getting in Bathurst. Whether it would go as far would of course depend on my ability to resist the temptations to spend it which here in New York would beset me on every hand. However, I considered that I was making a commendable beginning when I passed that Monday evening quietly reading in my room instead of using it to visit one of the twenty or thirty theaters whose alluring programmes stared out at me from the columns of the daily papers.

I had tried hard to think as little as possible of Miss Livingston. Even should I see her again, even should I have the privilege of seeing her every Sunday, I felt that she would be as far beyond my reach as ever. Still I knew that when Sunday came, nothing would keep me away from that church. My friends in Bathurst had chaffed me frequently about being so unsusceptible to feminine charms. I was evidently making up for lost time with a vengeance.

I had thrown my paper aside and was thinking about this, that Monday evening, when the servant appeared at my door with the ice water and a note for me. It was from Morton. It was dated that afternoon at the Stylus Club, and had evidently been written in great haste. Here it is:

MY DEAR DAVIDSON—"Man proposes and"—the girl refuses him. In this case I am both the man and the girl. A matter of a tangle in some proofs calls me to Boston tonight, and hence compels a deferment of our appointment for tomorrow. I shall hope to see you soon after my return.

Thine old friend

S. NEWBOLD MORTON.

"I fancy he's too busy a man to bother with a provincial like me," I

muttered, as I crumpled the note into a ball and tossed it into my scrap basket. And yet I did not feel hurt at having the engagement broken. Since Sunday I had not been particularly anxious to go.

The week went by rapidly. My work at the bank kept me very busy during the day, so that there was no chance for the hours to drag, and in the evening I generally made exploring trips through the city, sometimes by the Elevated Roads, or on foot. When Saturday came I felt a sense of elation which I knew was not due to the fact that the next day was to be one of rest. While acknowledging to myself the boyish foolishness of the emotion, I was conscious that I was looking forward to the forenoon of Sunday as to some pleasure whose definiteness entitled me to expect much from it.

In order to hasten the approach of the longed for date I spent Saturday evening at the theater.

"I wonder if there are any Livingstons among the audience?" I asked myself during an *entr'acte* of the rather stupid play I had chosen. This put an idea into my head. At the next fall of the curtain I went out to a neighboring drug store and hunted up Livingston in the directory. I started back, appalled by the length of the list that faced me. Then I shut the book with a smile.

"What matters it?" I reflected. "Even if there had been but one family of the name, she would still be as far off from me as ever. For the present I must be content with looking at her in church."

But I did not look at her in church, for she was not there when I presented myself in St. Thomas's the following morning, and secured a seat on the right aisle. Nor was she there the next Sunday. I knew the pew—I could not be mistaken in that—and on each occasion it was filled by the same people—two middle aged ladies and an elderly gentleman. Even the small boy did not appear.

I felt as much disappointed as though I had missed a regular meet-

ing that had been arranged, at which some good friend was to introduce me. Now that there seemed no hope of my ever seeing the girl again, her attractiveness was heightened in my mind, if that were possible. I recalled her walk, the way she held herself, the tones of her voice as I had heard them when she had whispered some admonitory caution to her brother. The sight of no other woman had ever affected me in this way. I had seen scores of pretty girls since my arrival in New York, but not one of them had appealed to me as did Miss Livingston.

By this time, though, I had almost concluded that this could not be her name after all. She must have been a stranger at the church that morning, just as I was myself. I thought, now, that she might have been only a chance resident in the city. Of late I had walked up and down Fifth Avenue on Sunday at noon, watching for one face, but I had not seen it.

It seemed that everything was tending to turn all my attention to my business, as far as the distractions of outside interests were concerned. I had had another note from Morton, apprising me of the fact that his health had broken down, and that in consequence he was going with a party to the Bermudas, to be away a month or so.

Cartwright and I became very good friends, although we did not meet very often away from the bank. One strong tie between us was the fact that he had come as a stranger to the city, like myself. He had been there four years, and was now engaged to a girl in Brooklyn. He told me of this at the end of the first month.

I knew that he had quite a large list of acquaintances, and one day, not long after he had made a confidant of me, I asked him if he knew any Livingstons. He did, he told me, but they lived in Brooklyn, and from some cautious inquiries I made of him, I soon concluded that they would know nobody that interested me.

It was soon after this that I was

invited by Mr. Drew to dine at his house.

"My daughters," he said, "are to have a few friends in for an informal evening of card playing—the Miss Tellingfords, Miss Livingston, and Miss Bessie Trask."

I accepted—I hope not too eagerly. The mention of Miss Livingston's name had set my heart beating so perceptibly to myself that I was afraid Mr. Drew would hear it too. The date of the dinner was three days off; to my impatience it seemed three weeks. Vainly I argued to myself that it was idiotic for me to become too excited over the matter. The name of the one girl of my thoughts was as likely to be Jane-way or Hopkins as Livingston. That pew evidently was not her own, for all I had found her in it.

Yet in spite of everything, the name Livingston inspired me with hope. The Misses Drew were both charming girls, but Miss Livingston! She was neither my Miss Livingston, nor was she pretty. But she was very learned, and had been to Bayreuth, where she had heard Wagner's operas done as the great master himself had wished them done. She was full of it, and she tried to fill me full of it too, during the dinner, at which she was my companion. When at last I saw an opportunity to change the subject I inquired if she attended St. Thomas's.

"Why yes," she replied. "How did you know that?"

"Oh, intuition, I suppose," I answered vaguely. I wondered that I could collect my ideas sufficiently to answer at all. I wanted to plunge into the subject at once and ask her to tell me what she knew of a very pretty girl with a small brother who had sat in their pew one morning in February.

"Yes," she went on, "we have had a pew in St. Thomas's ever since the church was built. It is on the left hand side, next to Fifty Third Street. We should be glad to have you ask for it when you come to the church."

The left hand side! There must be two families of Livingstons wor-

shipping there. I thanked her for her courtesy and then made one more attempt.

"I think there are some other Livingstons who go to St. Thomas's, are there not?" I remarked as carelessly as if the observation was merely a conversational stop gap.

"Yes, Richard M.'s family," she replied.

I wondered if I might safely ask any more questions. I decided to risk it.

"I think I sat in their pew once," I went on. "Mr. Livingston has iron gray hair, has he not, and a gray chin beard? But yet he looks scarcely old enough to have a granddaughter of twenty."

I considered this a triumph of diplomatic approach, and waited almost breathlessly for the result.

"Granddaughter!" exclaimed my neighbor in surprised tones. "Why, he isn't married. The two ladies who come with him are his sisters."

"Oh!" I said lamely. Another clew discovered to be a blind trail! I began to wish that I might never meet another Livingston, or fall in with any one who went to St. Thomas's. Perhaps then I might be able to forget her who had so singularly bewitched me.

For the rest of the evening I tried to devote myself with undivided mind to the young ladies whom I did know, but when I came away, after what ought to have been an enjoyable diversion for me, I was obliged to confess that there had been a very important something lacking.

"Here, Morris Davidson," I said to myself that night as I got into bed, "this won't do at all. You must get that girl out of your head once for all. She is probably in Europe or San Francisco by this time. It is utter nonsense for you to keep thinking of her still."

With this commendable resolution to turn over a new leaf at once, I went to sleep. When I came down to the breakfast table next morning, I found a note from Morton beside my plate.

As soon as I recognized the handwriting and saw the postmark "New York," my first thought was: "He knows everybody. I'll take him into my confidence. Perhaps he can find out who she is."

Of such frail stuff are lovers' determinations made.

V.

MORTON'S note invited me to come to his rooms the following Tuesday, to carry out the programme arranged for that other Tuesday two months before.

"I've just got back," he wrote. "Am all right, but have a new novel on the stocks. Am anxious to hear how you've got on in New York. Don't forget to bring your claw-hammer, and remember that you're to spend the night with me. Remember these two things, and forget that eight weeks have elapsed since I first gave you this invitation. I really hope to see a good deal of you from now on."

This was certainly very cordial, and I looked forward to the outing with more pleasure than I had experienced when I had expected to go in the first instance. Besides, there was the vague hope that in some way he would help me in that St. Thomas matter. He was really the oldest friend I had in New York, and he seemed to take a living interest in me. I felt that it would not be amiss for me to confide in him.

The belief that his wide acquaintance in the city would be of service to me was strengthened by something Cartwright said when he saw me bring my valise into the bank Tuesday morning.

"Going out of town?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "only going to spend the night with my friend Morton. He lives on the other side of the avenue, not far from here. Perhaps you know him—Newbold Morton, the novelist?"

"Great Scott, is he a friend of yours?" exclaimed Cartwright. "You're in luck. I tell you he's right in the swim. He's quite the fad just

now. I know a girl who'd give up a new bonnet to meet him, and that's saying a good deal."

When I walked down to Morton's apartment that afternoon I caught myself thinking more of the forbidden topic than I had for some weeks. Something seemed to tell me that Morton was to be my "lucky penny" in the affair. I felt sure that he would take an interest in it. How he could find her for me I could not conjecture, but I felt so certain that he would find her that when I entered the building where his rooms were situated my pulse quickened and all the "fairyland fancies" that I had rigidly pent up and repressed for the past few weeks broke loose and began to run riot in my brain. Morton's plain face seemed actually handsome when he came out to meet and shake hands heartily with me.

"Right down glad I am to see you here, my boy," he said. "Now make yourself perfectly at home. You know it is your home till tomorrow morning."

What charming quarters they were! Daghestan rugs on the floor, the walls crowded with pictures—engravings, mostly, or portraits of authors and musicians; hangings of rich stuffs from the Orient, rare or costly pieces of bricabrac—all this served to set off and not to kill the rows upon rows of books. These, in beautifully finished cases reaching to a height of four feet from the floor, ran around all sides of the two rooms, which opened into each other through a wide archway hung with curtains of bizarre pattern, from the meeting point of which depended a superb Chinese lamp. Wide cushioned window seats in the further room gave outlook on Fifth Avenue. Seated here, and looking back into the apartments, I saw the realization of dreams of my own concerning "chambers in town."

"It's beautiful, Morton," I told him.

The owner had come forward to throw himself on a divan covered with leopard skin just in front of me. When I say he threw himself down, I do not mean in the conventional

way—on his back. His position was quite the reverse of that. Claspings the cushion in his arms, he sank forward until it touched the couch; then, resting his chin upon it, he interlocked his fingers in front of him and gazed at me steadily, unflinchingly, with his deep set eyes.

"Yes, it's very cozy," he assented, "and I have the felicity of thinking that I've earned every penny of it myself. There's a great deal in that, Davidson."

I was reminded suddenly that I had not yet told him of my surprise to learn he was the novelist whose books I had read with so much pleasure. I did so now. I added that I felt duly honored that a man who must have so many engagements on his hands should take the time to entertain a green countryman like myself.

"Don't talk that way of yourself, Davidson," he said, still with that same fixed gaze resting on me. "I wonder if you realize how very, very glad I was to meet you that night. I'll be very frank and give you a hint of the reason for it. You will believe it then, perhaps."

He raised himself to turn on his side, and with his head propped on his elbows, and his eyes still looking at me in that persisting way, he went on:

"I don't often talk shop, although most of the people I meet try to lure me into it. But you are an old friend, you know; besides, I owe you something for the gratification you are constantly giving me. 'Know then,' as the genii of the fairy tales phrase it, that when I realized the other night that in the handsome young man on the car platform I beheld the boy in knickerbockers of the Bathurst playground, it seemed to me that the transformation had been effected with the same ease and suddenness as is possible with one of the creations of the novelist. In fact the story on which I am at present engaged takes the hero, in the space separating two chapters, from boyhood to his majority. You seem to be that character to me; in

you I appear to have before me the embodiment in flesh and blood of the figments of the imagination. Now do you comprehend, my dear fellow, why I am thoroughly delighted to have you around, and that it is I who am in your debt, not you in mine?"

As he spoke these last words he rose, and, coming over to the window seat, put his hand on my shoulder with a gentle, almost a caressing touch.

I was deeply impressed. There was that in his tones, in his manner, in the surroundings, that stamped the experience as almost weird.

"It certainly was an odd coincidence," I said, "that I should cross your path just as you had reached that stage in your story. When is it coming out? Of course you can imagine that in me you will have a deeply interested reader."

"Oh, it is next fall's book," he said, almost languidly. "Or perhaps I shall not let them have it until the following spring. I want to take my time on it. But come, we can't be as dilatory as that. It is after six now. You should dress at once."

He held aside the portière leading to a room on the right, and left me here with my valise to get into my dress suit. As a bedroom, the chamber was in keeping with the rest of the apartment. Everything was in the most exquisite taste. "And all this," I told myself, "has been won by the chap two classes above me, whom I used to help with his arithmetic. Verily the pen is mightier than—the calculus."

But what a strange fellow he was! How very odd! His fashion of looking at me in that fixed way had made me rather uncomfortable. Now that I knew the reason for it, I did not know that I felt any easier. I was not sure whether I considered it a compliment or not to be regarded as a character in a book.

"I wonder what sort of a man he is to be," I mused.

Then came the recurring thought of the girl in St. Thomas's. Morton's

queer way had put out of my mind, for the time, my determination to tell him the whole story and seek his aid in finding out who she was. Now the desire to do this returned with increased intensity. I hurried with my dressing that I might the sooner carry it into effect.

When I re-entered the adjoining apartment, Morton, who was there awaiting me, came forward swiftly with both hands outstretched. I could not imagine what he was going to do. What he did do was to take me by both shoulders with a grasp that was so firm as to be almost painful. My amazement must have shown in my face, for he dropped his hands instantly and said: "I beg your pardon, Davidson, but after the elusiveness of our brain images, we do enjoy the tangibility of their actual embodiments. Allow me," he added, and held my overcoat for me to put on.

I asked myself if he was more singular than novelists in their personalities generally were. I remembered reading that somebody claimed that all men of genius were more or less insane. Perhaps I had better beware of Morton.

But then, viewed from another standpoint, Morton's own, his actions were perfectly explainable, and surely I ought not to complain because he liked me, and frankly told me of the fact. So I resolved to accept the goods the gods provided, asking no questions, for had not a reason already been given to me?

On our way down in the elevator Morton gave me a choice of three clubs at which to dine. I chose the one most literary in its tendencies. I was anxious to see other members of the writers' guild.

The clubhouse was close at hand, and we were soon seated at table. There were not many present, but two or three men had come up to shake hands with Morton while he was showing me the reading room and parlors. Morton introduced me, but the names were not such as I recognized. I inquired afterward what their particular line was, and

found out that one was a doctor, another a lawyer, while a third was a man about town.

"But where are the literary men?" I wanted to know.

"These fellows are literary," he replied with a smile. "That is, books are a fad with them, and they take a deep interest in all that pertains to the craft."

"But they don't write, do they?" I persisted.

"No," he was compelled to admit. "Most of the fellows that do," he added in a confidentially lowered tone, "can't afford to belong to the Stylus. But yonder is a fellow who is one of us," he added, nodding to a youngish man with a pleasant face who had just come in and seated himself at a table half way down the room.

"And who is he?" I demanded eagerly.

"Well, which do you want to know, his real name or his *nom de plume*?" asked Morton with a smile.

"Why can't I know both?" I exclaimed.

"Well, I'm afraid it wouldn't be just fair to —" he checked himself suddenly, then went on with a laugh. "You see, Burton has chosen the loaves and fishes. He might have made a mediocre success by sticking to the legitimate, to borrow a term from our brothers of the profession, but the filthy lucre flows more generously for him when he signs himself—well, I can't tell you now, but it's a very grandiloquent name, and the stories to which it is appended have a great many short paragraphs in them, a full supply of exclamation points, and the servant girls who read them no doubt imagine the writer lives across the water among the lords and princesses she describes—"

"She!" I interposed in corrective fashion.

"Good Lord, I've almost let out Burton's secret," exclaimed Morton. "Let's change the subject. Tell me, old fellow, where do you want me to take you tonight?"

"I want you to wave your magic

wand and present me to a young lady whose whereabouts I do not know."

Then, not giving him a chance to ask any questions, I went on to make my confession.

"By the beard of Shakspeare, but this is interesting!" he commented, when I had finished. "It is immense, it ——" he ceased speaking suddenly, and his eyes, which were fixed on me again with that same intentness of gaze I had remarked in his rooms, seemed now to pierce with their vision straight through me and look into something that lay far beyond.

He remained silent so long, and his expression was such a strange one, even for him, that a fear suddenly possessed me that he might not only know this girl, but know her well, so well that he would take pains that I should not meet her until she was Mrs. Morton. How greatly I was mistaken in this his first words proved when I put to him the question: "Morton, do you know these people? This girl and her brother?"

"I wish I did know them, Davidson," he answered gravely, "I wish I did. And I will. By heavens, you shall know that girl before you are twenty four hours older."

He dropped his knife and fork and took a small memorandum book from his pocket. Turning the leaves hastily, he ran his eye rapidly up and down each page.

"St. Thomas—small brother—Livingston," he kept repeating.

I watched him now almost as intently as he had watched me. Was it possible that the thing for which I had refused to allow myself to hope was about to become an actuality? I could not eat; could only sit there and look at the man who, I began to imagine, held my destiny between the covers of that tiny address book.

"Do you dance, Davidson?" he asked suddenly, looking over at me.

"Yes, I am very fond of it," I answered, adding, as I saw him close the book, "but do you give it up?"

"No, I think I am on the right track at last," he answered.

He called the waiter to his side, asked him to ring for a messenger boy and to bring him back some writing paper when he had done so.

"Well?" I said interrogatively. I tried not to let my inward excitement betray itself, but I am afraid I did not succeed very well, for Morton smiled as he responded:

"It's all right, my dear fellow. Don't mind me. I shall be all the better pleased if you don't go to the trouble of trying to conceal your emotions."

How well I remembered these words of his afterwards! It seems strange to me now that I did not attach a deeper significance to their meaning at the time. But then my brain appeared to have room but for one thought—that there was a possibility I might meet that girl of St. Thomas's.

Morton then went on to explain that he was not a dancing man, but had had a card sent him for an affair at Sherry's which, he had suddenly recollected, was to come off that evening—the last in a set of subscription dances got up by his friend Ferris Osborne.

"Mrs. Brierly is one of his patronesses," Morton explained. "It suddenly came over me that she attends St. Thomas's and was a Livingston before she was married. Now she may know this—this heroine of yours. There is even a possibility that the girl herself may be there. But don't set your hopes too high. Remember that you have given me very slender material to work on. I am going to send a note to Osborne now, asking him for an extra ticket for you. We'll go back to my rooms afterward and wait for his answer there."

The note was dispatched, and soon afterwards we left the club. Going back to the novelist's apartments, we made ourselves comfortable there for our after dinner smoke. I felt a strange exhilaration through all my veins. A sense of *camaraderie* for Morton took possession of me, and I

begged him to tell me more about himself.

"What set your mind to take up literature, old man?" I inquired. "You never wrote while you were at school, did you?"

"Not to amount to anything," he replied. "After I left Bathurst I went back home to Ohio, and father tried to make a merchant of me. But I got into a hopeless muddle over the books—you remember how I used to go to you for help in my examples, Davidson?—and the governor was glad to take me out of the place before I got the firm into difficulties. Well, I sat around the house for about a year, waiting for something to turn up. I felt pretty mean about it, too, for I was just twenty one, and all the fellows I knew of that age were either at work or studying for a profession. But my standing at school—you ought to recollect something of what that was—put college out of the question for me, and what to do with me the family did not know.

"Meantime, as much to occupy my leisure, of which, as you can imagine, I had an overabundance, as for any other reason, I began to scribble on a story. I remember mother would come up, and seeing me at work in my room would go away shaking her head mournfully. I verily believe she would have been better pleased if I had done nothing, or else consecrated all my endeavors to amusing myself in some harmless way. Well, the story was finished at last, and I unblushingly sent it to *All Round The Year*. It was promptly returned, and I as promptly remailed it to *Larper's*. They likewise allowed me the privilege of seeing the style of rejection form current in their establishment. It occurred to me that I might make a collection of these, so I once more launched my scorned child of fancy out into the cold world. This time I sent it to Boston, but the Hub was no kinder to me than New York had been. However, I had another blank to add to my stock."

"But weren't you beginning to be

discouraged by this time?" I inquired.

"How could I be," was the response, "when I hadn't hoped for anything in the first place? I had written the story for amusement, and now I was experimenting with it—seeing how big a record of refusals I could run up, if you please. I kept on till I had reached eleven. The last was from a magazine that required its contributors to put a price on their manuscripts when submitted. Noting this fact I had boldly set down \$25 in the corner of mine. It was a short story of about three thousand words. Well, when I was preparing it for its twelfth journey I thought it would be as well to erase these figures. 'Who knows,' I thought, 'but that the periodical that rounds out the dozen may take it and think it worth more than that?' And strangely enough, this paper *did* take it and gave me thirty dollars for the story. I think I was as dazed as the family were when the check arrived, but when the thing was printed and made quite a small sensation, I was paralyzed indeed. Letters came to me from publishers asking me to write for them—some of them the very ones who had declined my despised firstling; but that happens every day, and—*voilà*, here I am," he concluded with a little French gesture.

There was a ring at the door at the same instant, and the messenger boy appeared with the note. Morton took a card from the envelope which he handed to me, and then ran his eyes over a few lines written hastily on the sheet of paper in which the card had been folded.

"Osborne says there are to be two Livingston girls there tonight," he reported. "So you have a breathing chance of meeting your fate before midnight, Davidson."

"Don't call her my fate, Morton," I rejoined. "What business has a man in my position with thoughts of love and marriage?"

"Come, old man, you're not going to back out, now I'm arranging everything so beautifully? You can

have a long engagement, you know. Yes, a long engagement would be the very thing."

A sort of dreamy look came into his eyes as he spoke. He crossed over to his writing desk and sat down there for a minute. A clock with a music box attachment that stood in the anteroom chimed out ten strokes and then began to play a waltz.

"We must go, Morris," he said, getting up and coming over to lay a hand on my shoulder.

I shivered as his fingers touched me. It was very warm when we re-entered the room, and he had raised one of the windows. This was just behind me. It had grown cooler outside, and had begun to rain. A few drops blew in at the window.

"You are getting chilled, Morris," he said, noting the tremor that had passed over me. He stepped quickly to the window and closed it. "Get ready at once," he added. "I'll order a cab."

VI.

THE dance was well under way by the time we reached Sherry's. The magnificence of the ballroom, the rhythm of the music, the splendor of the gowns, the beauty of the women—all these things made their due impression on me, a stranger from a provincial town, but I felt that their effect would have been more marked had I not had on my mind that one absorbing thought.

Osborne, an exceedingly good looking and agreeable fellow, stood near the doorway and received us when we entered.

"Yes, there's one of them here," I heard him say in answer to a question of Morton's. "See, here she comes now, dancing with Calfort."

Morton stepped quickly to my side.

"Is that she?" he asked. "The girl coming this way? She is in pale blue, with streamers."

"Oh no," I replied in a way that young lady might have thought decidedly uncomplimentary had she heard it.

Morton went back to Osborne, and in a few minutes returned with the query: "I say, which one of these young ladies around the room do you want to meet? Ferris tells me that the other Miss Livingston hasn't arrived yet. She lives in one of the Oranges."

"I'd rather wait till she comes, and not meet any one," I replied. "You see I might be with somebody I couldn't leave when she came, and—and—"

"Oh yes, I understand," he laughed. "Come with me, then, to the other side of the room, opposite the doorway. I enjoy philosophizing over such assemblages as these."

As he spoke, Morton was leading the way around the edges of the room to the farther side, bowing to ladies every few steps, and finally coming to a halt for an instant in front of an older woman in lilac. I could see the powder in great rifts on her face, filling up the wrinkles it could not wholly hide. She must have been fully as old as my mother. The thought of this shocked me a little—not that she seemed out of place in a ballroom, but it was the way in which she was "got up" that grated on me—her aping of youth in age.

I spoke of this cautiously to Morton when we had taken seats a little apart from any one else.

"Bless you, my boy, that is not the only thing here to philosophize over," he returned. "Do you know I think a dance is a more severe test of character for a girl than any trial to which she can be subjected? See that girl over there in pearl color. She is bright, vivacious, and dresses in good taste, but alas, she is not pretty and does not dance well. As a consequence the men let her severely alone. Why she persists in coming to these affairs I cannot imagine. In her own home and in the set where she is fitted to shine, she reigns like a queen. Ah, there is an example I wanted to point out to you! See that blonde in white and gold slowly promenading toward us, a man on each side of her? Then see the

friendly smile and bow she gives to poor 'Pearly'? That is one of the triumphs these popular girls cannot resist. It feeds their vanity enormously to flaunt their two men in the faces of those who have none. When I get you settled with Miss Livingston I will go over and make myself pleasant to Miss Curtis. Ah, here are some arrivals! Do you see—"

He had no need to go further. The quick dropping of my hand on his arm apprised him of the fact that at last *she* had come. She was radiant in her beauty. Her gown was white, simply made, but there was a grace in it, a queenly style about the entire costume, that seemed fitting to the one whom it adored. No higher praise than this could be given it by my pen.

She was with a girl almost as pretty as herself, and two men were with them. Sterling, manly looking fellows they were, with nothing of the dude about them.

"Jove, she is a beauty," muttered Morton, when I had made him understand which was *the* one. "We'll go over to Osborne in a few minutes. She must give the first dance to her escort, and then for your innings, my boy."

I seemed to have stepped into a scene of intoxicating bliss. The whirling forms of the dancers, the sensuous charm of the music, above all the realization that I was actually in the same room with her whom I had despaired of ever seeing again—all this took my senses into a captivity that made me oblivious for the time to all else.

Morton told me afterward that he spoke to me once or twice, but that I gave no heed. I could scarcely comprehend it yet—that this girl whom I had seen but once, and thought of since a thousand times, I now actually saw again.

"If you will excuse me a minute, old fellow, I will go up and have Osborne ask her permission to have you presented."

I saw that Morton was standing in front of me, and knew that he was

speaking to me. I murmured a mechanical "All right," and then, as he walked away, it came over me with a strange sense of the inconsistency of the thing that Miss Livingston might decline to meet me. Until now, it had in some way seemed to me that she must be as anxious to know me as I was to know her. I suppose it was because the possibility of our ever being thrown together at all appeared so remote that I had evidently considered I might as well make my reveries about her as roseate as possible. There was small prospect, I might have thought, of their ever being more than visions. And in castle building it is as cheap to use one sort of material as another.

Now, when I realized that Morton had gone off to speak to her about me, a sudden sense of shyness began to overpower me.

Why should this girl wish to meet me, I asked myself? She had her own set of friends, with whom she could converse on matters of equal interest to both. And there was a peculiarity about New Yorkers I had already noted. In society the chief topic of talk seemed to be people—mutual friends. Gossip, I suppose some would call it, but it was not gossip in the ordinary, the disagreeable sense of the term. It was just chat about the acquaintances they had met at the last reception, dance, tea or dinner they had attended. The tone of the conversation was seldom critical. The burden of the talk was generally nothing but the coincidence of the meeting, the prospect of seeing each other again, the possibility of their both being present at another function, and so on. This sounds like a very slender thread on which to hang a conversation, but a New York society girl can spin it out to the fineness of a spider's web. This being the case, and as I was still a new comer in society's realm, I had thus far managed to bear a very halting part in *tête-à-têtes*.

This fact came up in my mind now, and when I saw Morton coming towards me again alone I conclud-

ed that Miss Livingston had said that she had no time to meet any more men that evening. For I had already seen her sitting across the room with three in front of her.

"Come on," said Morton, when he reached me; "I've been presented myself, and now Osborne is ready for you."

"She seems to be very popular," I remarked.

"Come, brace up, Morris," he retorted in a rallying tone. "You're as good as any of these fellows and better. And let me give you a pointer. Ask her for the Lancers. Osborne tells me they're going to have one soon. It isn't a popular dance here in New York, so she won't be so apt to be engaged for it. Besides, that will give you an opportunity to talk. Now good luck go with you, my boy."

This last was added at the moment when he delivered me over to Osborne in the doorway. As I went off with the latter the thought came to me, "I wonder if she will remember me!"

It struck me as odd that this query had not presented itself to me before. If she did recollect me it would give me some ground to stand on at the start.

Osborne had some little difficulty in making his way up to Miss Livingston. He explained that she did not come in to dances from her out of town home very often. "And the fellows want to make the most of her while she is here," he added.

The next minute I was standing in front of her and her eyes met mine. I saw at once in them the light of recognition. The fact gave me a peculiar sense of happiness. But there was no opportunity then for me to say more than enough to engage her for the next square dance, as the band at that instant struck up a caprice, and one of her cavaliers was demanding the fulfillment of her promise to give him the first half of it. I secured the coveted Lancers, and then went off to find Morton.

He was sitting next to Miss Curtis, the unpopular girl of whom he had

spoken to me. I was about to retreat in among the crowd of men grouped around the doorway, when Osborne laid his hand on my arm again and carried me off to present me to the girl who had come with Miss Livingston. Her name was Kingsley. I asked her to dance, and when we were promenading afterwards, I discovered that she and Miss Livingston were next door neighbors out at Montrose.

"But you don't go back there to-night," I exclaimed.

"Oh, no, I stay with Mrs. Brierley and Beatrice with her cousins."

Beatrice Livingston! What a euphonious name it was! She could not possibly change it for a prettier one. And then I felt that I must be blushing over the mental experiment I was making with the linking of Beatrice to Davidson.

But I must not linger over this part of my narrative. It is a temptation to do so, however. It seems to me now that I must have been blissfully happy then over the prospect that lay so close in front of me—so close that as yet not the faintest trace of the clouds that were presently to overshadow it had made themselves visible.

Miss Kingsley was soon claimed by another man, and the Lancers was next. As I took my place in a set with Miss Livingston's hand resting on my arm I would not have changed places with a prince. She had recalled that morning at St. Thomas's with almost her first words.

"I was wondering if I should ever meet you," she added, "so that I might apologize for the annoyance my small brother Alfred must have caused you. I will do it now."

And then she smiled—the smile that I had been so anxious to see! I was not disappointed in it—I was disappointed in nothing. I was in the seventh heaven of happiness all through that dance. Something—whether it was that encounter in the church two months before, I do not know—something, I say, appeared to have broken down the barrier of strangeness that usually stands be-

tween two people at their first meeting. We seemed to have known each other for weeks—ever since that February morning, in fact. Indeed, we found so much to talk about that at times we forgot to dance, and once or twice nearly put out the entire set. On these occasions we started to apologize to each other with such apparent realization of the fact that it was as much the fault of "her" as of "him," that we would perforce break down tamely in the middle, and then blush to think that we had found ourselves out so soon.

For why shall I not confess it? Some intuition seemed to tell me at once that Beatrice Livingston was pleased with me. There is such a thing as love at first sight, notwithstanding the cool, calculating age upon which we have come. Our two characters seemed exactly fitted one to complete the other. Although I met her at a dance, it did not take me long to find out that Miss Livingston was far from being the regulation society girl. She was fond of books, of painting, of music.

She spoke of Morton's latest novel, evidently without knowing that I was a friend of the author's.

"I was glad to meet him tonight," she said, "because I had formed an idea in my mind of what the author of such a story must be like, and he filled out my fancy picture in every respect."

"How do you like his stories?" I asked her.

"Well, they interest me," she replied, "but I cannot help thinking that it is not interest of a healthy sort. There is nothing breezy and inspiriting about 'At One Cast,' for instance. The influence of the story is depressing; after finishing it I felt as I did when I saw Mansfield in 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' I hope Mr. Morton won't ask me to dance," she added suddenly. "I am sure I shall shiver when he touches me."

"You need have no fear; Mr. Morton doesn't dance," I replied impulsively.

"Oh, do you know him? Is he a

friend of yours?" she exclaimed in sudden dismay. "I am so sorry."

"Sorry that he is a friend of mine?" I asked eagerly.

"No, that I might have hurt your feelings by speaking against him," she rejoined.

"Don't let that give you a moment's uneasiness," I told her. "Yes, he is a friend of mine, the man who brought me here tonight, in fact, but I feel sure that he would feel complimented rather than otherwise by what you have said. It would show him that the analytical nature of his books had made a deep impression on you."

"But I am afraid you still misunderstand," she went on. "I don't want you to go back to the man with the impression that I dislike him. That is not it at all. I enjoyed meeting him very much, and I really should like to know him better. I am not sure but he fascinates me in a certain way. There was just that feeling about his touching me. Perhaps it was wrong in me to speak of it at all, but it came to me on the spur of the moment as the clearest way in which I could express how closely he was associated, in my mind, with his works."

I begged her to say no more of the matter, and entreated her to dismiss it from her mind, as I intended to do. How vividly it recurred to me later these pages will bear record.

That Lancers and the promenade that followed it came to an end, as all things good—and bad, too—in this world must. Her escort came to claim Miss Livingston for supper, although not before I had gained her promise to give me the first dance after it.

I went off, wandering about the ballroom in a state of absent minded ecstasy, when some one called my name. There were Morton and Miss Curtis.

"Come and join us, Morris," he said, and after I had done so and we were both dodging about for a way of approach to the table, he whispered to me: "This is the kind of a good angel I like to make of myself some-

times. Here is plain, wallflower Miss Curtis, with two men to wait on her. Surely you and I shall have our reward for this cup of cold water, if it is carried in a lemonade glass."

I laughed at the simile, and glancing over in the corner caught Miss Livingston's eye. She smiled at me, and the man who at that instant knocked against me and spilled bouillon over my coat sleeve must have thought my "Thank you" excessively sarcastic. But I meant the words for Miss Livingston. Really it seemed as if we were old, old friends.

Is it necessary for me to describe the waltz I had with her? Or my state of mind when at its close she said good by and invited me, whenever I was in the Oranges, to call on her? When she had gone I went straight to Morton, who was chatting with Mrs. Brierley, and announced that I was ready to go. We made our adieux and departed at once, Morton not saying much till we were in the cab. Then,

"Well, Morris," he began, "are you happy now?"

"Thanks to you, old fellow, yes," I responded. "You have been the means of giving me more pleasure than I have experienced since coming to New York."

"She came up to your expectations, then, eh?" he asked.

"Went clear beyond them," was my enthusiastic reply. "How did you like her?"

"Exceedingly. Did she explain how she came to be in that pew that Sunday?"

"Yes; it seems that she and her brother were spending a few days with her cousins here in town. Mr. Livingston was not feeling very well that day, so the two sisters remained at home to take care of him, and sent Miss Livingston and Alfred to church in the carriage."

"I suppose you did not tell her how you watched for her to reappear," Morton went on with a half laugh.

"Of course not," I returned.

"But I'll wager she more than half suspects it," he went on. "I watched you both in the Lancers, and I never saw two people who had just met, so oblivious of everybody else."

We reached his apartments just at this juncture, and fifteen minutes later, when I bade him good night, I thanked him again for his hospitality and all that it had led to.

"Haven't I told you, Morris," he responded gravely, "that no thanks need pass between us? You and I are quits now. Good night!" He rested his hand on my shoulder an instant as he spoke, and I felt that same involuntary desire to shudder that had possessed me earlier in the evening. But by a strong effort I repressed it, and then, when he had gone, I remembered what Miss Livingston had said about that touch of his, and the impression it gave her.

VII.

"WHERE are you going to spend the summer, Morris?"

It was Morton who asked the question. We were sitting on the little balcony that opened out from his apartments, our chairs tilted back comfortably, and the smoke from our after dinner cigars curling upward into the summer air. May had come and a number of the novelist's friends had already left town, but Morton still lingered on. I had seen a great deal of him since that memorable night when I had been presented to Beatrice Livingston. He had taken me to the theater, and had me down to his rooms to meet several literary notabilities.

These had been happy weeks for me, although most of my happiness came from memory. I had not seen Miss Livingston since the night of the dance, but I had felt that there was an affinity between us which some day was to find a fuller expression. Meanwhile I was content to wait.

Now, in answer to Morton's question, I replied that I had thought nothing about spending the summer anywhere else than in New York.

"You know I have promised to save up all my vacation till October for my sister's wedding," I added.

"Oh, I don't mean a vacation," he went on. "You don't want to stay in town through the stuffy nights of midsummer. Here's a scheme for you. I'm tired of club and hotel life. There's a house out at Orange—Montrose—Mountain Station, they call it now—I can hire for the season, and get my man Pierre to run it for me. Now why won't you come out and stay with me—sharing the expense, if you please, so as to feel perfectly independent? Montrose is a lovely spot, I'm interested in the Orange Tennis Club, whose grounds are there, and there are some nice people who live in the neighborhood to whom I can introduce you. And by the way, I think you told me that that Miss Livingston of yours resided there. By Jove, Morris, you must come! It's the chance of a lifetime, man."

It certainly seemed an odd coincidence to me. I felt that I ought to regard it as the finger of destiny, and accept with alacrity. And yet, with the idea of its being too good to be true in my mind, I hinted that the terms would probably be far beyond my reach.

"Not a bit of it," retorted Morton. "I get the place for a mere song—family going to Europe—friends of mine—would rather have it occupied by responsible party than stand idle—and all that sort of thing. You can pay what you're paying now at Brimmer's, minus the cost of your commutation ticket. Come now, that's liberal, isn't it?"

I assured him that I feared it was too much so, but he declared if he couldn't have me he would stick it out alone and bear the entire expense himself. So it was settled we take the cottage—he insisted on putting it that way—from the first of June. He suggested that I might go out and look at it before deciding, but I felt that this was not necessary. The fact that it was located in Montrose invested the place with all the charms of Arcadia to my mind.

With a delicacy which I appreciated greatly at the time, Morris did not chaff me about Miss Livingston. He seemed rather quiet these days; a little nervous at times, I thought. He still had that habit of looking at me with a steady gaze. I had asked him several times about the progress he was making on the novel in which I was to figure, but his replies to my questions were very brief. I imagined that he did not care to discuss the subject, so finally ceased to refer to it.

When I announced to Mrs. Brimmer that I was going away for the summer, she did not seem to be surprised. She merely asked me if I thought I should care to come back to her in the fall. I told her that I hoped to do so. I think I was not popular with the boarders. I kept very much to myself. With what I had to recall, and now with that to which I could look forward, I did not feel the need of making many social ties.

On the first day of June, which chanced to be a charmingly cool one, we moved out to our summer cottage. I was stunned, almost, when I saw it. It was a large sized house—a mansion, I felt sure Bathurst people would call it. It was beautifully furnished, and when I considered the paltry sum I was paying for the privilege of occupying it with Morton, I realized that he was doing more for me than I should perhaps have consented to had I known it in the first place. It was too late to protest now; besides, I knew that Morton could easily afford it. His books were selling splendidly, his arrangements with his publishers were most advantageous, and he could make an extra hundred or two any day he chose to shut himself up and fill the orders for magazine contributions which were continually pouring in upon him.

He went about showing me the beauties of the place with undisguised delight in my admiration of it.

"Here are our two rooms," he said, when we had mounted to the second story.

He led the way to two adjoining

apartments on the front — great, roomy chambers, connecting by a curtained archway.

"This is my friend Nesbit's quarters," he explained; "the other, which is just as large, his wife uses for her dressing room and boudoir. You can take that," and he lifted the portières for me to inspect it. "See what a view we shall have of the mountain!" and he threw open the shutters.

It was indeed a picture, which the casement framed. I felt that I was walking on beds of roses. You see the petals were so plentiful that as yet I had not trodden them down to the thorns that lay underneath.

That night, as we two sat on the veranda talking about the tennis ground, the athletic club, and various affairs to which Morton proposed to take me, my lively imagination pictured him as I would have done in my early boyhood—as a fairy prince whose pen was a magic wand that produced at his simple bidding every sort of beautiful thing. As I could not see his face in the darkness, and as his voice was a soft and rather melodious one, I fancied him now as far other in appearance than he was, and wondered that I had shivered at his touch.

It was on Sunday that I first saw Beatrice Livingston again. And it was at church, just as I had seen her first. Morton did not go.

"You can tell me all about it when you get back, you know," he said.

He smiled, and I blushed a little. I knew that he was thinking I hoped to see Miss Livingston at the church, and so I was. She did not know I was there until we met in the aisle after service. Her brother was with her, and a middle aged gentleman—her father, as I afterwards found out.

She seemed unfeignedly glad to see me. As for myself, I forgot everything else but that I was at her side again. I kept walking on and on until finally she stopped and exclaimed that we must have left her father far behind.

"Oh well, never mind, he is with

the Haleys," she added the next minute, and then we went on again.

I told her where I was living and how. She thought it a fascinating idea. She knew the Nesbits, and laughingly declared that Morton and I must not smoke in our rooms for a whole week before we gave up the house in the fall.

"Think of it," she cried, "cigar ashes in Clara's boudoir!"

I vowed that I would give up smoking that very day if she thought it safest, and all the while I was hoping that her home was a long distance from the church. When she halted at a gateway not one eighth of a mile from our own, I felt that if I was a boy I should have flung up my hat and shouted for joy on the spot. But then I suppose if I had been a boy I should not have been in love.

"Won't you come in?" she said. "We have a fine view of the mountain from our piazza."

But I think we both forgot about the mountain when we had taken seats on the veranda, I on the topmost step, where I could look up into her face as we talked and make myself realize that I was living all this happiness—that it was not some blissful dream.

Presently Mr. Livingston and the boy Alfred arrived. I was presented to them, and when I rose to go received a cordial invitation from both father and daughter to call again.

"Well," said Morton, when I reached home, "how did you enjoy the service?"

Then I told him. I felt that I owed the privileges I was now enjoying to him, so I decided that the least I could do in return was to take him into my confidence. He listened raptly while I described the walk from the church, and a smile, seemingly of personal gratification, broke out over his face when I announced how close at hand the home of the Livingstons was.

"That will be delightful for you, Morris, my boy," he said. "But you don't know how strange it seems, old

fellow, to hear you talk of love in this way and then reflect that you are the little chap in knickerbockers whose one joy in life seemed to be football and——"

"But I am not talking of love, am I, Morton?" I interposed to ask him.

"No," he replied, "but you are thinking, feeling, dreaming it. Ah, my boy, don't mind an 'old'un' like myself. I shall respect your confidence."

It was true—I was thinking, feeling, dreaming love. My chief pleasure and satisfaction in life came from that which was in some way or other connected with Beatrice Livingston. Even the glimpses I sometimes caught of her father on the train or on the ferryboat stirred afresh in me the joys of memory, and when one night he rode out in the seat next to me I felt that the only better thing I could ask for would have been the presence of Beatrice herself.

I wondered how long I ought to wait before calling. As I should see her on Sunday again, I thought Wednesday would be a good time, and would help to carry me through the week. Then I became possessed with the fear that she might be out on Wednesday. This idea took such firm hold of me that I decided to put off my call till the following day. On Thursday morning I dubbed myself a fool for my silliness, and when I arrived there that evening and learned that she and her father had gone to Montclair, I felt that I was properly punished.

It was Alfred who received me, and as he was alone and was very polite, I accepted his invitation to sit down for a little while. I stayed an hour with the boy. He was certainly very like his sister, and was moreover an exceedingly manly little fellow. We got talking baseball, and I found that he knew as much about the standing of the various professional clubs as I did.

"And just think, Mr. Davidson," he said, "I never saw one of them play in my life. Papa doesn't care for the game at all, and of course sister can't take me, and they won't let me go

alone, or with any of the fellows I know."

"Do you think they will let you go with me some Saturday?" I asked.

"Oh, I guess so. I'm sure they will. When can we go—next Saturday?"

The boy was quite beside himself with delight.

"Yes; next Saturday, if you wish," I told him.

"Then come around tomorrow night—they'll be home then—and ask papa yourself. Will you mind?"

He looked up at me doubtfully.

Would I mind the opportunity to come to the cottage the very next night, when she would be there? I inwardly called down blessings on the head of the man who invented baseball, and gave the promise to come with almost as much eagerness as Alfred had displayed in asking for it.

And what a reward I had that next evening! My interest in her young brother seemed to have put me many degrees forward in the estimation of the sister. Alfred was told that he could go with me to the match, and then I was invited to return with him to dinner.

I really felt sorry for Morton when I got back and told him of this. Poor fellow, he had nothing to look forward to. But notwithstanding he took a most active interest in my pleasure, and said that he would think of me often on Saturday night while he was up at the club on the mountain.

I think I never enjoyed a baseball game as much as that one, even though my favorite Giants were badly beaten. And yet I knew all the while it was not really the game that was giving me so much pleasure, but that which was to come after it. And then the sense that I was responsible for the welfare of one whom Beatrice Livingston dearly loved—this gave me deep joy.

But if anticipation was delight, what shall I say of realization? My interest in Alfred—and I want to say here that this was a genuine feeling on my part—appeared to draw me very much nearer to both the father

and sister. It seemed almost like a coming home for both of us.

After dinner Alfred, being worn out, was sent to bed, Mr. Livingston retired into the library to read his paper, and Beatrice and I sat on the piazza till ten. I felt as though I had known her for years. And she—well, I knew that she was not indifferent to me. When I walked home that night along Scotland Street, under the overarching trees, I found myself debating on how small a salary it would be safe for a man to marry. I had some money of my own—a legacy left me by the uncle after whom I was named. The interest on this, added to an income a little larger than that which I was at present receiving, would enable two to live out of town comfortably, I thought, with no luxuries.

I went to bed almost deliriously happy—and the next morning was plunged into the depths of gloom on beholding a man by *her* side in church—the young man who had come with her that night to the dance.

I might have known, I told myself, that so attractive a girl would have other admirers besides myself. Nevertheless, I felt deeply aggrieved, and after service turned away at once, to walk home without speaking to the Livingstons. But I had not yet got clear of the churchyard when a hand touched my arm, and Alfred's voice wanted to know if I was in very much of a hurry. I said "No indeed," and then he inquired if he might walk along with me while he asked me some questions about the newspaper report of the ball game we had seen. And I had not finished explaining this when I reached their gate and we were still standing there when the others came up. The smile and the handclasp Beatrice gave me made me straightway forget "the other fellow," and I am afraid I forgot to look at him at all when I was introduced to "Mr. Dickson."

He proved to be as pleasant a fellow as he had looked that night at Sherry's, and our way lying in the same direction, we presently walked

off together, talking about Montrose and the people there.

"I think I never saw a finer girl than Beatrice Livingston," he began rather abruptly, when we were out of sight of the house. "She is pretty, talented, fond of society, and yet with so much domesticity about her. She was only fourteen when her mother died, and since then she has managed the house as admirably as an experienced matron could."

"You have known her a long time, then?" I said.

"Yes, ever since we were both youngsters. I tell you the man that gets her for a wife is to be envied."

I experienced a sense of relief in hearing Dickson speak in this way. It seemed to assure me that he had no intention of striving to become that envied man himself.

And thus began the friendship which was to be such a brief one—cut short to be replaced by a closer bond. During the latter part of June Morton was away a good deal. Beatrice had asked me to bring him to call, and one or two nights had been set, but each time something on Morton's side had interfered. Now that he was absent, and I was alone at the house, almost every night found me on the Livingstons' piazza.

Alfred and I had become great chums by this time. I had taken him to Coney Island, and one Saturday afternoon he "chaperoned" his sister and myself to a comic opera matinée in town. I could see that the boy thought the world of me, and I never tried to get him out of the way, as most sister's lovers would. Indeed, there was about the entire Livingston household that air of refinement which would seem to frown on all the hackneyed jokes on heart affairs. Not that there wasn't plenty of fun. But it was fun of the pure, honest sort, bringing to a man's eyes the mirth that would not cause him to turn them aside while he showed his appreciation of it.

It was the evening preceding Morton's expected return. I was sitting on the Livingstons' veranda with

Beatrice. From this use of her name it must not be supposed that I called her by it at that time. But in my thoughts she was always "Beatrice."

We had been talking more than usual about Morton. I had promised to try and get him to come to the cottage with me some evening, without planning it out beforehand. I told her I thought he had lived alone so much that he had got out of the habit of doing anything except by impulse.

"Living by one's self has a tendency to make one selfish," I added. "You have no one to consult but your own desires when you wish to form plans or make an engagement. I have found this out in my limited experience of it."

"Then you always lived at home, until you came to New York?" inquired Miss Livingston.

On my answering in the affirmative she began to question me about my family, and pretty soon I found myself telling her all about my sister Jessie's engagement to Will Appleton.

"She must be very happy," she remarked in a low tone when I had described what a noble fellow Will was, and how pleased both families were at the match.

"Happy! Yes," I responded, "they are both as happy as the day is long."

I was going to say more, but checked myself with the recollection that it was not to be expected that Miss Livingston would feel as deeply interested in the affair as I was. There was silence for an instant or two. It was very still. There was scarcely a cricket to be heard, and the katydids had not come yet.

The night was a magnificent one. Although there was no moon, the light of the stars was wonderfully brilliant. From a field across the lane came the odor of new mown hay, mingling with the fragrance of some roses that Beatrice wore at her belt. The thought of Jessie and Will, the overpowering sweetness of the air about me, the sight of Beatrice sitting there beside me, still thoughtful over my last words—all this combined to impel me to that

which two minutes previous I should have had no more thought of doing than of taking my own life.

"Can you think of any happiness more complete, Miss Livingston," I went on, in continuation of the theme I had already decided to abandon, "can you think of any happiness more sacred than that which owes its being to the discovery that she whom a man loves also loves him? Sometimes I think of it as such a strange coincidence that this reciprocity should exist that I can account for it in no other way than by ascribing it to the influence of divinity."

I paused for an instant. The moon was just rising, and in the dim radiance it sent forth as heralds of its birth, I could see that Beatrice had dropped her eyes, while her fingers were toying with the roses, one of which she had already plucked to pieces. This gave me the courage to go on, which I might otherwise have lacked.

"This mystery," I continued, "if such I may call it, has been much in my thoughts of late; more than ever since I came out to the country, since—since—"

I was beginning to stammer now at the crucial moment. It seemed as if before I had been borne along by an irresistible impulse, the purport of which had not been fully revealed till I reached this point.

Morton's last novel lay on the wicker table by my side. I picked it up and ran the leaves nervously through my fingers. But I could not stop where I was. Beatrice had raised her eyes and was looking at me now with a strange light in them. I doubled up the paper bound book, crushed it tightly between my fingers, and continued:

"Since I have known you, Miss Livingston, I have thought, aspired, and I hope lived differently. Perhaps I should not say this now. It may be that I have no right to say it at any time, but it is in my heart. Have I not already unconsciously revealed it to you? I love you very dearly."

Perhaps I would have said more,

but if more had been in my mind to say, my voice would not have obeyed me in giving it utterance. Beatrice seemed bewildered at first, but the look soon changed to one of joy as she gave me her hand; and clasping her in my arms I prayed God that He would make me worthy of His goodness.

VIII.

THAT I can write intelligently of that which followed my declaration, knowing, as I do now, what was to come so closely upon it, seems a marvel to me. This will explain my apparent omission of links in the connected order of events.

Of course it is not my intention to dwell on the happiness that possessed me when I became assured that our love was mutual. I had felt before that my affection for Beatrice Livingston could not by any possibility be deepened, but when I realized that she thought of me as I did of her, my regard seemed in some mysterious way to double in its intensity.

As to Beatrice herself, she seemed almost frightened at the rapid development of the affair.

"Just think, Morris," she would say, "six months ago I did not know that such a person as yourself existed. And yet you were living all the time, and this was to be, and what will papa say? We can't become really engaged, you know, until you speak to him."

Finally I tore myself away, promising to see Mr. Livingston the next day. I think I must have walked four miles before I could quiet my nerves sufficiently to turn in at the gate of our cottage and go up to bed. If Morton had been at home I feel sure that I should have told him before waiting for Mr. Livingston's ratification.

The next day, when I went to the bank, I wondered why Cartwright and the others did not at once discover my secret. I put a strong curb on myself, to be sure, but then the joy within was so great that it

seemed impossible but that some of it should be apparent without.

Then there were times when I could not realize the thing myself. We had known each other so short a period! In dwelling on this fact I became sensible of a fear that it might weigh seriously with Mr. Livingston. As yet he knew nothing about me but what I had told him. What if he—

But I refused to think that he would veto the affair. It was preposterous that anything could come between us after I knew that Beatrice cared for me.

Morton was at the cottage when I arrived in the evening. He seemed glad to get back, and took no pains to conceal that he was delighted to see me again. It was all I could do to keep from telling him of my great happiness. He had an engagement in Short Hills for the evening, and I walked down to the railroad station with him.

"What train are you coming back on?" I inquired as we parted.

When he told me I said that I might walk down and meet him. I thought that then I could tell him.

I turned back and walked slowly up the hill to Scotland Street, for it was early yet. The Livingstons had just come out on the piazza after tea when I arrived there. Beatrice's friend, Miss Kingley, was with her. I stayed with them, chatting on tennis and the weather, till Mr. Livingston arose to go into the library as was his custom.

"I should like to see you for a moment if you can spare the time, Mr. Livingston," I said, rising with him.

When we were alone together I made my request as briefly as possible, without any preface in the way of leading up to the subject. My heart was so full of it that I could not stop to think of what effect the unexpected nature of what I had to say might have on my hearer. But when I saw the color leave Mr. Livingston's face, saw him put up one hand as if to ward off some impending evil—then I realized that his

love for his daughter must be strong indeed.

We had a long talk. I could see that he was weighing me carefully, watching me closely, during the whole of it. But I was successful in passing the ordeal, and when I left the Livingston cottage that night it was as the accepted fiancé of Beatrice.

I reached the station at the foot of the hill just as Morton's train drew up to the platform.

"Ah, my boy," he exclaimed as he grasped my hand, "you don't know how good it seems to be met in this way. Well, you have had an enjoyable evening, no doubt."

Then I told him in very few words; I did not trust myself to make it many. "Beatrice Livingston and I are engaged to be married, Morton."

He said not a word; just turned his head to look at me in the starlight. Then he reached over his right hand and grasped mine, to press it for one instant with almost painful warmth. But the next he dropped it with a suddenness that was startling, and thrust his own hand deep into his pocket. And still he spoke no word.

All this I might have thought extremely odd in another man, but I set it down for one of Morton's idiosyncrasies, and when we reached our own gate and he turned to me with, "Morris, my dear fellow, you deserve it all," I forgot all that had gone before and reveled in the happiness he had recalled to me.

We did not go to bed that night until nearly two. I sat and talked with Morton of the past and of the future—mostly of the latter. It was not to be a very long engagement. I remembered what he had said in approval of such once, but he was quick to admit that in my case, where there was such an unusual compatibility of natures, there was no necessity for taking time to test the durability of the affection. And yet he seemed disappointed. At the time I set it down, in my self conceit, to his disinclination to lose my society. Afterwards I realized that it

left him all too little time in which to carry out his plans.

Ah, what golden days were those that followed! Every evening found me at the Livingstons'. But there seemed to be some fatality about Morton's meeting Beatrice. Something always turned up at the last moment to prevent his going there with me.

Of course by this time I had told Beatrice how mine had been a case of "love at first sight," and that it was through Morton's kindly offices that I had been enabled to meet her. She wanted now to thank him personally for the favor he had done us both.

At last he fixed on a Thursday evening when I was to take him to the cottage. The day would mark the completion of the first month of our engagement. We spoke of this the night before, when I stayed later than usual, knowing that I should not have any time alone with Beatrice on the following day.

"You won't shrink from Morton's touch now, will you, dear?" I asked her.

"Oh no," she replied with a smile. "I think of him no longer as the novelist, but as your friend—our friend."

It seemed to me that that night Beatrice was more precious to me than ever before. My mind kept going back to those days in February when I was hungering for the sight of her face—and contrasting that period with the present, when she was mine—all mine. I don't know whether her thoughts ran in a similar vein, but I do know that our parting took longer to effect even than usual.

When I came home to dinner the next evening, I fully expected to find a note from Morton announcing that he had been detained in town and would again be obliged to defer his call on the Livingstons. But he was there himself, declaring that I ought to be jealous of him, as he was really growing impatient for eight o'clock to come around.

How proud I felt when I intro-

duced him to Beatrice all over, again for though he had met her before I laughingly declared that so much time had elapsed since that event that another presentation was necessary. He made himself particularly agreeable. He was full of witticisms, and opened for us a fund of droll stories acquired in his varied experiences with many men of well stored minds. Hearing our appreciative laughter, Mr. Livingston came out from his den to join us on the piazza, and remained for some time. Beatrice seemed to be favorably impressed with Morton, and as for his opinion of her, when we came away he rested his hand for an instant on my shoulder and said in his soft, winning voice:

"Morris, you are the luckiest man I know."

I thanked him and grasped his hand in my excess of happiness. But I must stop here. That which followed, slowly as it came to maturity, cut me too deeply for me to review even in memory.

VIII.

(S. Newbold Morton's Notes on "*The Affair of Morris Davidson.*")

AUGUST 3. I have just returned from the Livingstons'. It is the first time I have seen them together since Morris's engagement. She is indeed charming, and so fond of him! I was glad we sat on the piazza, where the fancied security of the darkness gave her courage to turn and look at him—gloatingly, it seemed to me it was. And he worships her! How idyllic it seems—this coming together of these two souls after so brief an acquaintance! And they are both so grateful to me for my share in bringing it about! This feeling seemed so very strong in them tonight that I could not start upon the course mapped out. I must first accustom myself to this implicit trust in me.

Sometimes I despise myself for what I have in mind. But then I reflect that the opportunity is so unprecedented. Besides, I mean to

smooth things over for them afterwards. And the prospect fascinates me. My moments of most enthusiastic inspiration never gave me the unalloyed joy that was mine tonight when I saw those two together and realized that it was I who had brought this about and that with me rested the power to do with them what I would.

It has been difficult for me to remain away from the cottage so long as I have; but I have felt that it was necessary. I did not want either of them to suppose that I was too eager. I have by my course succeeded in accomplishing just what I set out to bring about; they believe me to be quite indifferent to the charms of the fair sex (true enough) and therefore will be slow to imagine that by any possible frequency of calls in the future I may be endeavoring to win Beatrice from Morris, for myself. Faugh! that is so low, so commonplace! My object is art alone, the study from the life, a mental vivisection as it were, painful to the victim for the moment, perhaps, but then when the wound is healed, as I must heal it to make my work complete—the sorrow will no more be remembered for the deepness of the joy.

AUG. 10. I have succeeded in keeping away for just one week. After this I think I can allow myself to call oftener. I told Morris that I would go with him, but would not stay out the entire evening; that I did not think it fair to him to do so. It is raining, so we sat inside. In fact that is one reason why I chose this evening. I wanted to break ground, and wished to have the full play of features open to me. I led the conversation back to our school-days at The Oaks. Beatrice listened breathlessly. I could understand how eager she was to drink in every detail of her lover's early life. This of course makes it much easier for me. The hard part of it is Morris's exemplariness. Still I ought not to complain at this. It only puts me on my mettle to make something out of nothing, as it were.

Well, I began to talk about Philip

Dunbar, a fellow in my form whom Morris did not know very well, but still he was at The Oaks, so that made his introduction into the talk quite natural. Dunbar was one of those fascinating fellows whose good looks, easy going nature, and smooth words carry them with flying colors into ports where those of much more force of character cannot pass beyond the outer bar of mere acquaintanceship. I heard the other day that some three years ago he married one of Baltimore's prettiest girls. The family thought it a brilliant match, but after the honeymoon it came out that he had nothing but his salary. His wife was ill fitted for life's ruder blasts, he had not looked ahead, imagined he would get on somehow, and the result is that she has gone back to live with her parents, while he is knocking about Washington living as best he can.

This was the story I told tonight, not straightaway, as I have set it down here, but bit by bit as Beatrice and Morris, principally the former, drew it out of me by questions. It evidently made a strong impression on her.

"Poor thing," she began, then suddenly changed her tone and added: "Or no, I am not so sure that I pity her after all. She should have known more about the man before she married him."

Morris stirred uneasily. I could see his fingers beating a little tattoo under the edge of his chair. I knew I must proceed carefully.

"But Dunbar was different from most men," I hastened to interpose. "Now Morris here has a very unbusinesslike habit of putting all his speckled apples on the top of the barrel. He is too modest by far. I have often told him so. I verily believe, Miss Livingston, if his second cousin had died in a lunatic asylum, he would have already told you about it in order to have everything open and above board between you."

Of course they laughed, and I could see that Morris looked relieved. I felt, however, that the first seed had been planted in Beatrice's mind.

AUG. 13. Went to the Livingstons' to dinner tonight. Dickson and Miss Kingsley were there; Morris of course. My seat at the table was between Beatrice and Miss Kingsley, whose neighbor on the other side was Morris, Dickson being to the left of the hostess. Whenever old man Livingston engaged Morris in conversation—which he frequently does nowadays, having transferred one of his bank accounts to the Gotham Trust Company—I seized the opportunity to talk up Morris with Miss Kingsley. I could see that she was immensely interested in the match.

"Isn't it the most romantic affair, Mr. Morton?" she would exclaim. "To think that he should fall in love with her at first sight in church! And how much in love they both are! Not the sickening sort, you know, but in a whole souled way that makes the thing quite ideal to my mind. I suppose Mr. Davidson just raves over Beatrice to you!"

"Well, he certainly talks of her with enthusiasm," I admitted, adding, as if the thought had just struck me: "But why do you not get him to talk on the matter with you? You can then hear his opinion at first hand."

"Oh, do you suppose he would tell?" she cried. "Do you know I have never heard a real lover talk about his love outside of books, some of them yours, Mr. Morton; but I am afraid Mr. Davidson would not gratify me, close friend of Beatrice's as he knows me to be."

"Well, perhaps not," I assented, "not here at any rate; but after dinner if you can manage to get away from the rest with him for a little while and suggest the theme yourself, perhaps you can induce him to indulge in a little rhapsodizing."

"That is a charming little scheme," she exclaimed. "I'll propose a walk up and down the front path after dinner."

I now turned my attention to Dickson.

"I hope you brought your guitar

with you, Arthur," I began, talking across the table to him, while Beatrice was giving some orders to the servant.

"Of course I didn't," he replied. "I don't carry it about with me as one does a watch or a match safe."

"Well, then, slip in through the hedge and get it after dinner, there's a good fellow," I went on, adding, as Beatrice turned to us again, "Come, Miss Livingston, use your influence in getting Arthur to bring his guitar in."

"I've nobody to play my accompaniments," he objected.

"If you won't select very difficult pieces, I'll do that," Beatrice volunteered just as I expected she would. "Why, Arthur," she added, "I didn't know you played the guitar. When did you take it up?"

"Last winter in town. I play there a good deal with Alice Banks, who has a mandolin," and Dickson began to dilate on Miss Banks's various accomplishments.

But I returned to the charge, ably seconded by Beatrice, and after dessert was over Dickson went in next door where he lived, and soon returned with his guitar. Morris, meanwhile, was promenading up and down the path in front of the house with Miss Kingsley. I saw that Beatrice noticed this, and was in consequence more ready than she might otherwise have been to play with Arthur when he came back. The first notes of the music brought Morris and his companion into the house. Morris looked extremely surprised.

"Why don't you learn the banjo, my boy?" I whispered to him as he took his seat near me.

"I think I will," he answered with a great deal more gravity than the occasion demanded.

AUG. 21. I did not expect fruit so soon. This afternoon I met Mr. Livingston on the ferryboat. He came and sat beside me, and after a few preliminaries inquired if I knew Morris's family in Bathurst. I replied that I had never met them personally to my knowledge, but

had always understood that they were among the foremost families of the town.

"As for Morris himself," I added warmly, "I know no man for whom I have a higher respect."

"Certainly, certainly," he returned a little irrelevantly, and as though his mind was on another matter. Then he hurried off forward.

"I wonder what's up?" I asked myself. "It looks as if things were progressing faster than I had imagined they would. I must take another glance at my patients."

I decided I would call at the Livingstons'. Of late Morris has not asked me to go with him. I had attached no special significance to this fact, supposing that by this time he imagined that I ought to be a good enough friend of the family's to set my own time for visits.

Before I reached the cottage I heard the sound of the guitar and piano. Dickson was there, with Beatrice in the parlor. Morris and Mr. Livingston were smoking on the piazza.

"Ah ha!" I thought, "this is how sits the wind. Poor Morris, no wonder he has been grumpy of late!"

I stopped to speak to the gentlemen a moment and then stepped inside through the open window. I praised the music, and then added that Morris had talked of learning the banjo.

"You might get up a very pretty trio," I went on, adding, after an instant: "I think Miss Kingsley spoke to me once about zither playing. Get her to join you, and you will furnish Montrose with a most charming little orchestra."

I stood leaning over the piano as I spoke, looking straight down at Beatrice. When Miss Kingsley's name passed my lips an instantaneous change came over her features. It was the slightest possible; perhaps one who had not been watching for it would not have noticed it at all, but I had seen it, and thought it safest to change the subject instantly. We adjourned to the piazza, and

while no man could have been more attentive than was Morris in placing a chair, securing a wrap, and then a footstool, my quick eye could detect that there was a difference. They loved each other as deeply as ever; I knew that. The fact was betrayed in the way his hand lingered for a second about her form as he placed the shawl around her shoulders; in the frequency with which she glanced over at him when he was not looking. But there was now no longer that interchanging of glances, expressing the perfect trust and confidence the one had in the other.

When we walked home together afterwards Morris was unwontedly silent. I pitied the fellow, for I honestly care much for him. He seems in some sort like my own creation. And yet with all my compassion for him, the sense of the power I have over these two so thrills my entire being with satisfaction that I cannot stay my hand.

AUG. 29. Was in town today, and on the cars, coming out, met Dickson, who told me with a rapturous face that his Miss Banks was going to make a long visit in Brick Church. Of course this will draw him away from the Livingstons. I must see if I can replace him in some way. Morris still inclined to be moody and rather taciturn as to his heart affairs. He still goes to see Beatrice every night. A complete reconciliation may be effected presently—I think I see signs of it now—unless I devise some scheme whereby the breach can be widened.

IX.

SEPT. 1. I have found just what I want. At the Stylus this morning ran against Harry Tyler—the Henry Howard Tyler whose pictures in the magazines are attracting so much attention just now. Harry is only twenty two, but has made a big and quick success—leaping into favor even more suddenly than I did. And such a charming fellow as he is personally—even better looking than Morris, and with such genial manners

and winning ways about him! I have not seen him since he has grown his mustache—he was a mere boy still when the Larpers sent him over to Paris to do the Exposition for them. And his hit has not spoiled him in the least. His income must be easily ten thousand a year.

I am going to see if I cannot get him to illustrate a Christmas story I have promised to write for *All Round the Year*. Then I shall bring him out to Montrose to stay for a while—he's fond of tennis, I know—and then we shall see what we shall see.

SEPT. 8. Tyler has been here two days. He took to the idea amazingly when I broached it, and seems quite charmed with the place. I've invited him to stay as long as he likes. He and Morris have become quite chummy already, and last night we carried him off to the Livingstons'. I did not tell him of Beatrice's engagement, and I am sure Morris has not done so. Beatrice had seen his work in *Larper's*—Morris had of course prepared her for his coming—and I could perceive that he produced a very favorable impression on her. He, for his part, actually raved about her on the way home.

"By Jove, Morton," he said, "I never before saw a case in which hard common sense and such exquisite beauty were so deftly combined in one nature. I must congratulate you on your neighbors. That Miss Kingsley is very charming too, but Miss Livingston is quite peerless."

Morris seemed pleased with this praise of his fiancée. He has been so chipper since Dickson has hauled off, so to speak, that he evidently is not yet prepared to be jealous of Tyler. And then Harry is such a genuine, whole souled fellow that one would not think he could harm any one—even unconsciously.

SEPT. 9. Harry has done nothing all the morning but talk of Beatrice. I verily believe if I hadn't laughed him out of it he would have gone to the cottage this very day on some such lame pretext as having forgotten his gloves—when she must know he

wouldn't wear any at this season—on the chance of seeing her again. Finally I managed to get him settled down to making a layout for one of my pictures, and then set off for the post office myself. I knew that on clear, cool days Beatrice generally walked down there for the mail. I wanted to see her and say a few words for Tyler just at the time when they would do the most good.

I met her as she was leaving the office. I stepped in hastily, secured my own letters, and then hurried back to join her. I waited for her to mention Tyler's name first. I thought it better so, and I knew that she would speak of him. She did so very shortly.

"What a pleasant man your friend Mr. Tyler is," she began. "I cannot realize yet that he actually has drawn all those charming pictures. He seems almost like a boy."

"He is just twenty two," I told her. "We treat him like a boy, many of us. I have never seen him angry in my life, and yet he has plenty of backbone and grit. And I know few men with such a future before them. He works easily and can command almost any figure he pleases for his pictures. By the way, he is out here to illustrate a Christmas story of mine. We want some models. Can you tell me, Miss Livingston, where we can get some children to pose for him? Some choir boys, preferably. I thought from your connection with the church that perhaps—"

She broke in on me with great enthusiasm.

"Oh yes; I think I can help you!" she exclaimed. "You pay them, or the artist does, doesn't he, so much an hour?"

"Yes; fifty cents is the regular price for trained models in town," I answered.

"Then I know of two boys," she went on, "who would be so glad of the chance. Do they have to be very good looking?" she added, looking up at me with a thoughtful expression.

"That all depends," I rejoined. "I should like in this case to have

them well formed fellows of from eight to thirteen. The face doesn't matter so much. Tyler can idealize that."

"Oh, then the freckles needn't count," she exclaimed, with a funny little sigh of relief. "The two boys I have in mind would be quite cherubic if it wasn't for this. They are nine and eleven, and both sing in the choir. Their father was killed on the railroad in the early part of the summer. Their mother has such a struggle to get along; and I should like to help them so much. Do you think they would suit Mr. Tyler?"

"He will have to see them first," I replied, with some assumed hesitation. "Let me think. I am going to town tomorrow. Where do these people live?"

"Down by Highland Avenue," she replied. "The mother takes in sewing."

"If Harry—Mr. Tyler should call around for you in the morning, would it at all inconvenience you to pilot him down to—what did you say the name was?"

"Trippet—Charlie and Max Trippet," she responded. "Yes, indeed, I should be only too glad to introduce him to the boys. And I wonder if some day he would let me see him at work on the pictures. You know I took lessons at one time, but I did not seem to make any progress, and I grew discouraged."

"Certainly," I told her. "You know black and white work is much handier than oils. You can have the boys come up to your house if Harry approves of them, and he can make his sketches there."

"That would be delightful," she cried, and I left her as enthusiastic over the scheme as I was.

As for Harry, when I told him about it, "I'll approve of those Trippet youngsters," he declared, "if they're bandy legged, have round shoulders, and ruin your pictures."

He wanted to rush straight around to the Livingstons' and go off with Beatrice at once. The only thing I could head him off with was tennis up at the club courts.

SEPT. 10. I am afraid Harry is overdoing it. He went off with Beatrice this morning, brought the boys back with him to her house, stayed there to lunch, and did not show up here again till 4.30. I took him to task, and then decided that I would tell him of Beatrice's engagement. He seemed surprised, but not disconcerted in the least.

"Well, what difference does that make?" he remarked coolly. "We're only chummy for art's sake. Positively, Morton, I never saw a girl so quick of comprehension in my life. And the patience she had with those little scamps! Oh, we certainly had a glorious time, and I'm to go again tomorrow. You can trust me for prolonging the job as far as I decently dare."

"Don't be rash, Harry," I warned him. "Remember that Morris is a friend of mine, and——"

"Remember that I'm a mere boy, Morton," he broke in. "At least that's the way everybody seems to look upon me. Did you ever know me to get into a scrape with a woman?"

"No, but——"

"Well, then, I'm certainly not going to begin with a woman who is engaged to be married to a man I think as much of as Morris Davidson."

And what does the boy do tonight when Morris comes home but up and congratulate him, and on top of that tell him what a glorious time he had with the young lady during her lover's absence in town! But Morris seemed to find nothing amiss in it; Harry has a way of fascinating everybody with whom he comes in contact, although I cannot say that he attracted me in just the way that Davidson has. It is this fascination that I must rely on to accomplish with Beatrice what Harry's presence with her fails to do with Morris—something that will serve the ends I have in view. But I must plan something in which we can all be brought together. I think I shall have to get Mrs. Brierley out here to chaperone a lawn party for me before it gets too cool.

SEPT. 13. Called at the Livingstons' tonight to invite them to my lawn party on the 16th. Have succeeded in keeping Harry at home for the past two days to do the finishing touches on the pictures. This naturally gave him much to tell Beatrice when they met. Morris's face was a study as we stood aside and listened to their animated talk about color, form, perspective, and the Trippets. It seems that Beatrice, inspired by association with Tyler, has taken up her brush again. She was anxious to show him what she had done, and during the evening took him off to her painting room. I never saw an amateur so enthusiastic over her art. She seems to forget all else while she is talking of it.

Late tonight, after we had reached home, Harry came down to my room, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and an unusually grave look on his face.

"Morton," he began, "Miss Livingston wants me to give her painting lessons. What would you do about it? You know of course there's no necessity for me to go into things of that sort, but I should hate awfully to give up the opportunity of seeing this girl twice a week after I leave here. By Jove, I won't give it up. I'm interested in her work now, and I guess I can manage to give up my Tuesday and Thursday afternoons to something that is certain to yield me so much pleasure. She is to come in to my studio, you know, and Davidson is to come over from the bank after her and bring her home," and Harry went off up to his room again whistling "Sister Sue" under his breath.

Strange chap he is! Came down for my advice and then never gave me a chance to give it.

SEPT. 17. My garden party yesterday passed off very pleasantly. As I had expected, Tyler and Beatrice were constantly together, talking art. This is really all they were talking, so far as I could make out, but I can see that Morris is beginning to grow restive under it. He realizes his shortcomings. Without one of the

so called accomplishments, there is no one absorbing theme on which he can discourse with his fiancée; except their own happiness in possessing each other, and this of course is not a subject that can be discussed in the presence of others. Lately he has revived that idea of getting a banjo and learning to play it, but nothing has as yet come of it.

As for Beatrice, I feel sure that her interest in Tyler, at any rate, up to date, is an entirely unsentimental one. She admires him for what he has done and can do, nothing more. That he happens to be young and attractive is to her mind an accident; if he were old and homely his art would still possess the same fascination for her—perhaps.

SEPT. 20. Tyler has gone back to town, but I have given him a standing invitation to come out here whenever he feels like it. Morris is really quite blue. I presume the painting lessons weigh upon his soul. He cannot seem to sit still for five minutes at a time. He will take a paper and begin to read, only to throw it down presently and sit staring into the fire, pulling at his mustache nervously. Poor fellow! I pity him so sometimes that I feel like taking him into my confidence and telling him that it is all a farce, that before long I shall ring down the curtain on the grand denouement, after which the actors can resume their ordinary relations to one another.

My novel is progressing gloriously. Never before has writer had models such as I have given myself in this case. Indeed, I am enabled to write so rapidly that I am now approaching the limits of the story. I must do all that I can to hasten the climax in the drama being played by my life puppets.

X.

SEPT. 28. I have so much to tell that it seems as if the pen could not keep pace with it. Yet to carry out my determination to set down in these pages everything per-

taining to the Morris Davidson affair that comes under my observation, I must faithfully chronicle this afternoon's happenings, although it would seem that they could never be erased from my memory. And yet these things that I am about to set down did not really come *under my observation*. However, as I never hoped to learn as much as I did, I suppose I ought to be content. Content! I never—but I must tell the events in order.

I went into town in the morning to look up a description of some Oriental drapery in a book I thought I had at my rooms. I found that I must have loaned it to some one, and in speaking about it afterwards to Tyler, with whom I lunched at the club, I learned that he had a copy of the work at his studio. He had an appointment for the early afternoon with the Larpers, so he gave me his key and told me to go over to the studio, copy what I wanted from the book, make myself at home, and wait till he came back; or, if I got tired of waiting, to put the key under the mat. So I betook myself to the Raphael Building, and after searching for some time among the litter in Harry's place, I found what I wanted on the floor behind the screen. There was a rug and ottoman here, inviting me so hospitably to make myself comfortable, that, stretching myself out on the former, and placing the book on the latter, I proceeded to copy out what I wanted there and then. This task done, I picked up a book of Stevenson's that lay within reach, and soon read myself into a delicious state of drowsiness, which no doubt the sultry afternoon helped to produce.

I think, however, that I could not have fallen fully asleep. At any rate, I was presently sensible of the fact that there was some one in the room besides myself.

"I suppose Harry has returned," I reflected. "I wonder if he thinks I have gone and left the door open!"

I was about to raise myself and investigate when I heard a knock, and then a woman's voice exclaimed, "Why, Morris!"

It was Beatrice. I was wide awake in an instant. But I was careful to make not the slightest noise. It seemed as if some intuition warned me of what was coming.

"Yes, it is I!" Morris replied. His voice was sterner than I had ever heard it. "How comes it you are here?" he went on. "It is neither Tuesday nor Thursday."

"I just stopped in to tell Mr. Tyler that I couldn't come tomorrow. Surely you haven't forgotten the wedding we are going to, Morris?"

Beatrice's tone was reproachful. I would have given worlds to have seen her face and his; but there was no way in which I could do this without the risk of being discovered. Indeed, I felt that there was danger of this every instant, as it was. And yet I could not make my presence known and lose the chance of hearing what these two might have to say to each other when they fancied they were alone. Besides, for Beatrice's sake I *must* keep Morris from knowing that I was there.

"No; I have not forgotten it, Beatrice," he answered, and his tones were still cold and hard. "Where is Tyler?" he went on.

"He is not in," she replied. "I found the door open, so I stepped inside and was just looking about for a scrap of paper on which to leave a note for him when you came."

"I should think you might have written a note to him in the first place," was Morris's response to this.

"But I wanted to ask him if the next day would be convenient for me to take my lesson instead, and I wanted to know at once, so that I could give May Kingsley an answer about the ride she wants me to take with her."

Beatrice's voice was not quite so meek as it had been. I almost held my breath as I waited for what would come next.

"Well, you might have asked me to do this for you," Morris rejoined.

"I didn't know you ever came over here at all except when you called for me. What did you come for now?"

Beatrice put the question bluntly. My nerves thrilled as I asked myself what reply Morris would make to it. I recollected that the Gotham Trust Company was on the corner of the same street on which Tyler's studio was located. Could it be that Morris had seen Beatrice pass by in that direction and came to investigate? It certainly looked very much like it.

There was half a moment's silence in the room. Then I heard Morris step to the door and close it.

"Beatrice," he said, "can you not guess why I came here?"

His voice was quieter than it had been yet, but oh, the significance in the intonation! It was all I could do to keep from stepping out in front of that screen to obtain a view of his face—and hers.

"Morris!"

There was a volume of meaning in the utterance of this one word. The sense of love wounded, dignity outraged, confidence destroyed—all these and more were conveyed in the speaking by this woman of her lover's name.

"Yes, Beatrice," he went on, "I have felt that this had to come. It is as well to have it gone through with now as ever. Aye, there is even a peculiar appropriateness in bringing the matter to a head here—in his room."

I found myself actually trembling now. I had never, in my most ambitious plannings, anticipated this. Oh, if I could but see! But I dared not move a muscle—just lay there stretched out on the rug, with both hands pressed hard against the floor for fear lest in my excitement I might fling them about and hit something.

There was again a silence, and then Beatrice's voice:

"Morris, are you in your right senses? Surely not, or you would not speak to me in that manner. Utter and entire trust is the basis of all true love, and——"

"Beatrice, listen to me," broke in the other. "Put yourself in my place. You know—or you knew once—how deeply, passionately I

love you. Can you not conceive, then, that I feel it when I know that you delight to come here to this man's studio—for rightful, legitimate purposes, I admit all that. But is it fair to me for you to do it? I saw you pass the bank this afternoon. I felt that you were coming here. I could no more have remained at my desk after that than if the building had been on fire."

"So you followed me, tracked me here?"

Ah, what an actress she would make if she could call up these accents at will! I told myself this as Beatrice responded in these words. Then after an instant she went on; "But I scorn to defend myself. I shall not stoop to do it. If you have no confidence in me before marriage, no reliance on my good judgment, then the sooner all is over between us the better."

"Beatrice——"

Morris had got so far in a voice that had assumed the plaintive key, when a new speaker appeared on the scene.

"Ah, good afternoon, Miss Livingston! Davidson, how do you do? Have you been waiting long?"

It was Tyler. My blood ran cold through my veins for an instant. He would expect to find me in the studio, would look around for me. I should be brought forth from behind the screen. What would be the result of that, I, who had planned misery for these two, Beatrice and Morris, shuddered to imagine.

An unaccountable revulsion of feeling seemed suddenly born within me. All at once, finding myself an actor in the drama I had prepared for others, a horror of the whole thing took possession of my heart. In the very midst of this I heard my name.

"I expected to find Morton here," Tyler was saying. "Didn't he let you in?"

"No, I found the door open," answered Beatrice.

"I suppose the fellow went off in his absent minded way and left it so," remarked Tyler.

I breathed a deep sigh of relief. Perhaps I should escape after all.

Then I heard Beatrice make arrangements with Harry for her next lesson, during which Morris spoke no word, but I heard some one moving restlessly about the studio, and I knew that it must be he. Each instant I expected him to come behind the screen and discover me. I looked around for something to throw over myself. I saw an afghan lying near, and, feeling like the veriest sneak thief, I pulled it over me and groveled on the floor.

The talk between Beatrice and Harry still went on. Her voice was perfectly calm. Would they never go? But what would become of me when they did? Tyler would remain, and must surely discover me. I must simulate sleep. Even then he would tell Beatrice about it afterwards, as a good joke, and Morris. Yes, what would Morris say to it, recollecting all that had taken place in the room just previous to Tyler's return? I seemed to be hemmed in on every side.

With my head covered up I had no means of knowing whether any one looked at my hiding place or not. And yet there were times when I wished that they would, that I might have something to cause me active disquiet, something that would, for the time at any rate, overpower the remorse that was now dragging me down, down.

For my great experiment had in one sense been crowned with success. Beatrice had given Morris his freedom, I had been present at the time, and what had it advantaged me?

Perhaps it is an unworthy, an ignoble repentance that is brought about by a partial failure of our schemes for evil. If I had been permitted to see as well as hear my victims in that supreme moment, it may be that I should not despise myself as I do now. You see, I am perfectly honest about my own attitude in this matter. This record would be a useless one were I not so. But to resume.

After what seemed to me an age,

Beatrice and Morris took their departure, I presume together. Tyler remained behind. He began to whistle an air from "The Gondoliers" as he settled himself to his work. I then threw the afghan off and sat up to debate what I had better do. Should I remain where I was, and run the risk of Harry's going off and not finding out that I was there? This I decided to be by all odds the best policy, so I settled myself in the attitude of sleep, closed my eyes and prepared to outstay him.

But my thoughts! In this enforced inactivity how tumultuously they hurried, crushed, and crowded their way through my mind! They took me back, first, over a dozen years to the playground at The Oaks, and showed me Morris Davidson, a whole souled, happy hearted boy, a handsome fellow even then. He had been kind to me though he was a little chap. I never associated much with my schoolmates. I suppose I was too widely different from them. I imagined he used to pity me in my seeming loneliness. Then when I met him again here in town, my heart went out to him at once. He seemed to possess all that I lacked. I made myself his friend, he trusted, still trusts me fully, and now how have I treated him?

Not content with dwelling miserably on the past, my thoughts pushed their forlorn way into the future. I saw Morris, a broken man at twenty four, clinging to me as the one friend to whom he could pour out his soul, and wringing mine with its sense of unworthiness. Ah, here is a theme for the novelist! But I recoil from it myself; "The Modern Alcibiades" shall remain forever unfinished.

For a long, long time, it seemed to me, all was quiet in the studio. I wondered if I had actually fallen asleep during my simulation of that condition, and dreamed my horrible pictures of prophecy. It was so still that I fancied Tyler must have gone. But the next instant I heard him cough, and knew that I was yet a prisoner. Almost at the same moment there was a knock at the door,

and Mr. Pearlmoor's voice was heard in greeting. He had come to carry Harry off to look at a painting he had finished in his studio overhead. I waited until I heard their footsteps above me, and then made good my escape.

I drew in deep breaths of the summer air when I reached the street; somewhat in the same way, I imagine, as does the prisoner when his sentence has expired. But like the prisoner again, perhaps, the remembrance of my crime was still with me. It seemed to stare out at me from the face of every young man I met.

"Here is another victim for you," each appeared to say. "Don't you want to study me? Don't you want to destroy my happiness as you have destroyed Morris Davidson's?"

Although I was hastening with all speed toward the ferry, I dreaded to reach home to confront my victim. Once a wild hope filled me that the lovers might have become reconciled; but when I recollected how calmly Beatrice had made her arrangements with Tyler afterwards, I knew that this hope was an idle one. Then came the remembrance of my plans to heal the breach as easily as I had made it. But I had not made it; I had merely set the scenes, as it were, and then the action—of my own inspiring, to be sure—had gone on in spite of me. I realized too late that human beings cannot be treated as the puppets of our fancy.

Morris was not at home when I arrived. Nor has he appeared yet, although it is close on midnight. I have spent almost the entire evening writing this; it seems as though it were in some sort an expiation. I am listening yet for Morris to come.

A few minutes ago I rose from my desk and went into his room. I turned on the light and gazed at the things on which he had looked last with such different sensations from those with which he will see them again. There was a stick pin of Beatrice's in the cushion. I had seen it in the ribbons of her bonnet, and Morris had worn it several times in his scarf. A daisy, long since faded

and ready to fall to pieces, peeped out from a little vase on one of the shelves of the bureau. I remembered the Sunday night in June when Morris brought it home. He had been walking with Beatrice, and said that she had given it to him in playful mood.

Then there was her picture, carefully covered with glass, to keep the dust from it. It was placed just where he could see it first of all when he awoke in the morning.

But I could not bear to look at it. I quickly turned down the light, and came back to pen these lines. Now I am going to try and find forgetfulness for a little while in sleep.

XI.

SEPT. 30. It is all out. I went to town this morning, and Dickson slipped into the seat beside me on the cars.

"I hear that it is all off between Beatrice and Davidson," he began.

"Who told you?" I turned on him with the question almost fiercely, I imagine.

"Why, I didn't need to have anybody tell me," he replied. "I called there night before last. Davidson didn't turn up. I asked where he was, and Beatrice manifested a supreme indifference. Jove, I'm really sorry, for I thought they were an excellently matched couple."

He tried to pump me as to the cause, but I was as dumb as an oyster.

Morris came home last night looking terribly haggard and worn. He had not even shaved himself that morning. I suppose he stayed in town over night at some hotel. He gave me no explanation for his absence. He went up stairs immediately after dinner. Tonight he has done the same thing. He is there now, with only the curtains between us. He tells me he is not feeling well. The unutterable misery in his face seems almost more than I can bear.

This forenoon, after he had gone, I went into his room, and, feeling like a burglar, looked over at the

bureau. All reminders of Beatrice had been stripped away. And yet that he still loves her with his whole heart, I have no manner of doubt. He has——

OCT. 1, 1:30 A. M. My entry last night was broken off suddenly by having my name called. Morris was standing between the curtains, looking at me.

"Are you too busy to have me come in and talk to you?" he said when I glanced up.

"Never too busy for you, old fellow," I replied.

I shoved these pages into a pigeon hole and advanced to meet him. He was still fully dressed. His eyes had dark lines under them. The necktie that he had on was the same one he has been wearing for three days.

"You have heard, Morton," he began when we had both dropped into seats near the fireplace—Morris looking at me over the back of a chair, across which he had placed one arm as though to have all in readiness to drop his head upon it.

Each word cut me like a knife. I longed to put my arm around his shoulder and offer to do all that man could do to ease his pain. And yet I felt as though I were held back by bonds of steel. For what right had I even to attempt to console? It seemed criminal in me to permit him even to confide in me.

Fortunately he did not appear to expect a reply. Perhaps the acute anguish I felt on my own account showed itself in my face, and was taken by him for sympathy. I trust so.

He told me everything, prefacing it by saying that as I had helped him to an acquaintance with Beatrice he felt that it was in some sense a comfort to him to talk over with me the end of all. He had parted with her at once, on the sidewalk in front of the studio, it seemed. They had not seen each other since. He had stayed that night at some hotel in the city, the name of which he did not even take the pains to notice. He felt that everything had ceased for him. He did not suspect Beatrice of any wrong; he only thought that

she was not treating him fairly; he thought so still. But he loved her; he had felt that he could attempt to make her see things in the light in which they struck him, and now they two were as widely sundered as the poles.

"And next week I am to go home to my sister's wedding," he groaned. "They have been so anxious to see me and hear from my own lips about the charming girl who was to become my wife. And now what have I to tell them?"

Down went the poor fellow's head upon his arm, and his strong frame shook from the agony that raged within. And I? It seemed to me that the surgeon's knife could not inflict keener pain than I suffered then, than I am suffering now. How is it that I could become such a monster, I asked myself? Then, where is the joy that I had fancied would be mine, the triumph when my scheme succeeded?

Feeling almost as if there was profanation in the touch, I put out my hand and softly stroked Morris's bowed head. I could not speak, and yet I felt I must go mad if I did not in some way express my sympathy for this man whom I have afflicted.

He looked up after a few moments, said, "Thank you, old man!" and then went back into his own room. He seems never to have had such implicit trust in me. What a vile scoundrel I am! Sometimes it seems as if the only thing that would relieve me of the load upon my soul would be to tell to all the world my crime, and let them execrate me as I deserve.

OCT. 1, 11 A. M. I could not sleep. I lay awake all night, and thought.

Is it not possible for me to save Beatrice and Morris from themselves, from my work? Perhaps if I can do that, I may gain some relief from the weight of remorse that seems as if it must smother me at times, so heavy does it grow.

Morris looked a little better this morning at breakfast. He had shaved himself, and spoke about one or two items of news in the paper.

But I could see all the while that he was making an effort to keep up. I yearned over him as if he had been my brother, and he seems to feel so grateful to me, and actually to take comfort in the fact that he has confided in me. What a guilty thing I feel myself to be when I recollect what he would think of me, how he would recoil from me, if he knew the truth!

My only relief is in trying to devise some means of repairing the evil I have brought about, at whatever cost to myself. I cannot work; can only walk up and down and think, think, and remember "what might have been," but for me, till my head seems splitting. The Nesbits return on the 15th, so I must give up this house. This leaves me but a short time in which to accomplish the task I have set myself. But if I cannot do it here, I must contrive somehow to carry it on elsewhere. And, God help me, I may not be able to bring it about at all.

OCT. 8. Morris has left me. He started today for Bathurst, to remain away two weeks. When he returns he goes back to his room in town. When I parted from him at the station this afternoon he looked as if he was bound on anything but a pleasure trip. And so much had been planned for this fortnight's vacation of his. He and Beatrice were to join Mr. and Mrs. Appleton in Washington, and have a regular holiday time of it all together. Now he is to spend all his time in Bathurst.

This evening on my return I felt impelled to go around to the Livingstons'. When I handed in my card the maid glanced at it and then told me that Miss Livingston was not feeling well enough to receive any one. I could see that the servant had had her instructions. Beatrice evidently intends to cut off all communication with everything pertaining to Morris. I seem to have reached a deadlock at the start.

OCT. 9. Saw Alfred Livingston on the train this morning. He goes into town to school every day. I got into conversation with him, and

learned that his sister was going to Quebec for an extended stay. She leaves tomorrow.

OCT. 15. Moved back to my room in town. Received such a dreary letter from Morris. His sister's wedding and the festivities connected with it only made the poor fellow feel his own sorrow the more heavily. He writes as if he had no future to look forward to. He says, however, that he will be glad to get back, so that he may have the opportunity of talking over the past with me. This I feel I shall not be able to bear. I must do something. I have about made up my mind to go to Quebec.

OCT. 16. Tyler was in to see me today, lamenting the fact that he had lost his pupil. He had evidently not heard of the broken engagement. Morris will be back on Monday. I have fully decided to go to Quebec. I start tomorrow. To do this I am obliged to break various appointments, and throw up not a few contracts. This will mean loss, but I can stand this better than I can stand the remorse that is sapping away my very life. Tyler remarked how badly I was looking.

OCT. 18. QUEBEC. Here I am settled at the St. Louis. Have promised to try and write a story for *Larper's* while I am here. This will give me occupation for my nights. My days must be spent in wandering up and down the streets on a chance of meeting Beatrice. I have a fancy that in her surprise at seeing me in this far away place she will consent to talk with me; after that I must trust to the inspiration of the moment.

OCT. 22. Have been very ill. Not able to leave my room. I suppose the attack, which was one principally of exhaustion, has been brought on by my worry of mind. There seems small prospect now of my seeing Beatrice here, if she still remains. The doctor tells me that I shall not be able to go out for several days yet.

OCT. 30. Returned to New York today. Am still quite weak. The Canadian climate was growing too

rigorous for me. Managed to crawl down to Dickson's office in Broad Street this afternoon. I knew that I could glean information about Beatrice from him. He told me that the entire family sailed for Europe last week, to be gone a year or two. I was shocked, of course, but my determination remains firm. I shall go to Europe myself.

NOV. 4. Morris spent the evening with me. I do not know whether he is aware that the Livingstons have left the country or not. We did not speak of them. I told him of my intention of going abroad for a while, and asked if he did not wish to occupy my rooms for me while I was gone. I really want somebody here besides Pierre, somebody who can open my correspondence and decide what it is necessary to forward and what not. After I had put matters in this way to him, Morris consented to the arrangement.

He is very quiet these days. I catch myself now and then thinking it strange he does not wear mourning. It seems as if the loss he has sustained was by death.

NOV. 11. AT SEA, ON BOARD THE ELLIPTIC. We are in mid ocean. As we draw nearer to the other side, I feel somewhat easier in my mind. Through Dickson I learned before starting that the Livingstons were to spend the winter in Paris. I think I can find them there before long.

DEC. 1. PARIS. Have been here ten days. The beautiful city is as charming as ever. Find that I have several friends here, but as yet have heard nothing of the Livingstons.

DEC. 5. Met Beatrice in the street this morning under most exasperating circumstances. I was waiting at the Madeleine omnibus stand to get a place on a bus down the Boulevards to the Bastille. There was a great crowd, and it was not until this was partially thinned out that I caught sight of Beatrice and Alfred just entering the bus. She saw me and a look of what I am certain was pleased surprise passed over her face. I waited impatiently for my number to be called so that I might get into

the bus, have a chat with her, and find out where they are staying. But the man called out 25, and just as I stepped eagerly forward with my 26, he shouted out "*complet!*" and banged to the door.

I never was so disgusted with French customs in my life. I knew it was no good to rebel. The omnibus was full; that was all there was about it, and I must wait for the next one.

I suddenly lost all desire to go to the Bastille. For an instant, though, a wild impulse seized me to start off along the boulevard and try to keep up with the bus that held the object for which I had come all these three thousand miles. But a glance at the crowded state of the sidewalks soon banished this absurd notion from my mind.

It was excessively annoying, though. Who knows when I may run across her again? And then the idea of being balked by the red tape of the *Compagnie Generale des Omnibuses*. This was galling.

But there is nothing for me to do but make the best of it, and hope for better luck next time; and the best I can make of it is the recollection of Beatrice's smile when she saw me.

XII.

DEC. 18. Just a week from Christmas, and all Paris seems to have gone wild in preparing for Noel. While I was doing some holiday shopping at the Bon Marché this morning I came face to face with Beatrice. Her brother was with her, and we all had our arms full of bundles. I dropped two of mine in removing my hat, and as Alfred dropped all of his in trying to pick them up, it was quite out of the question for us not to laugh. Then we fell to talking in the way all Americans do when they meet here—how long have you been in Paris, where are you staying, and how long do you intend to remain? The Livingstons have an apartment on the Rue du Centre, where Beatrice invited me to call. She is looking thin,

I think, but appeared quite vivacious. None of us made any reference to Morris, of course, although Alfred, I think, started to inquire about him once, but checked himself just in time.

I shall have to proceed very, very cautiously, and may not succeed then. Still I feel that much has been gained already. I felt quite guilty in my letter to Morris today for not mentioning my meeting.

DEC. 25. I passed a much pleasanter Christmas day than I had anticipated, for I dined with the Livingstons. Called there on the 21st, and was invited then for today. I find I reasoned correctly in thinking that Beatrice would receive me here, although she would not do so at home. Morris's name has not yet been mentioned by any of us.

JAN. 1. Have seen quite a good deal of the Livingstons during the past week. We went to the Louvre together on Wednesday, and last night to the Opera on my invitation. Still no mention of Morris. I wonder if her love for him is dead.

JAN. 9. I called at the Livingstons' this afternoon. Her father and brother were both out, so I saw Beatrice alone. She has been talking to me a good deal about my work of late. She seems to have noticed a change in it. I do not wonder. The story to which she referred—in the January *Larper's*—was written since that eventful afternoon in September. Today I began to talk to her about a new story I have in mind; a tale of simple country life among the New England hills. The hero is a young Dane who has fallen in love with his partner's daughter. They become engaged, and then the Dane's sister comes from Denmark on the death of her parents there. She can speak no English, and her brother devotes himself to her attentively, out of the goodness of his heart. But his fiancée begins to find fault with him for neglecting her, as she thinks, and so a lovers' quarrel grows out of it.

The problem I brought to Beatrice was this, whose place was it to make up?

She did not flush, as I was half

afraid she might do, in the belief that the whole thing had been got up as an object lesson for herself. I had purposely made the circumstances as widely dissimilar as possible. She sat silently thoughtful for an instant or two; then, looking up at me in the frank, open manner that is such a distinguishing feature of her personality, she answered at once,

"Why, it is the woman's place to do the making up. She is the aggressor."

"But she can't go after the man, if she has driven him away from her, can she?" I objected. "That would seem unwomanly, would it not? I have thought out that side of the matter, and it seemed to me that the only consistent outcome was to have my heroine repent when it was too late. That would be an artistic ending, but would not be the popular one, for the grown up public is very like the juvenile world, to whom the fairy books cater; they like everybody to marry and live happy ever after."

Beatrice sat thoughtful for an instant, fingering a silver bracelet she wore. Then she smiled as she responded: "I can't write books as you can, Mr. Morton, but it seems to me if I was that girl and loved that man still, and knew that he loved me, I would find a way to tell him I had done wrong without violating any of the proprieties."

I feel now that a distinct step has been gained. I have broken the ice, as it were. She evidently believes now that she was not in the wrong in her case and Morris's. If I can only get her to understand that there was fault on neither side I think I can gain the victory. The next thing will be to introduce Morris's name.

JAN. 12. Beautiful weather for this time of year. The Livingstons and myself made a trip out to Versailles. While we were walking through the palace I said, "I wish Morris was here with me now. He used to talk so much about the beauties of this place, and long to see

it. But by the way, here is a view I do not want you to miss, Miss Livingston."

I think the slightest perceptible flush came into her face when I pronounced Davidson's name, but I purposely hurried on to something else. My aim now is to get her accustomed to hearing him spoken of.

JAN. 16. At the Livingstons' again tonight. Beatrice of her own accord spoke to me of the little story on which I consulted her a week ago. She wanted to know what progress I had made with it. She seems fond of talking with me about my work, and possesses such quick intuitions. And what a beautiful woman she is!

JAN. 25. Have I not been already sufficiently punished by my remorse? I have a fearful confession to make. Beatrice Livingston is beginning to interest me for other reasons than Morris's sake. As I have grown to know her better this winter, I find in her nature those depths of feeling, that quickness of perception, that appeal most strongly to my appreciative faculties. I catch myself looking forward to seeing her with an eagerness that cannot all be on Davidson's account. I must fight this thing to the death. Have I not done evil enough already, without capping all with this?

JAN. 27. During my call at the Livingstons' tonight I spoke of the heavy winter weather they were having in New York.

"Morris writes," I went on, "that they have had sleighing for a week."

Without appearing to do so I watched Beatrice closely while speaking this sentence. I cannot be mistaken. A gleam of what must have been pleasure came into her eyes. I tried to rejoice. It seemed to be a favorable augury for Morris. But what of myself? Each time I see this woman now my heart goes out to her hungering. This is growing to be a living death. I feel that if I could but go away I might conquer the passion, but then the work I have to do will not permit me to go. I have my expiation still to work out.

FEB. 12. Have not had the heart

to make any entries of late. Tried to keep away from the Livingstons' when I thought I could not advance Morris's cause. But last night I had a letter from him telling of his promotion to a much better position in the bank. I went around to the Rue du Centre to tell Beatrice this evening. She listened attentively, simply said that she was very glad he was getting along so well, and then turned the conversation to other topics.

Oh, what a fight I am having! Something tells me that were I to work in my own interest instead of that of my friend, I might win this woman for my wife, and with her I feel that my life would be rounded out as it never can be without her.

FEB. 22. I gave a little dinner at the Café Anglais in honor of the day. I had written to Morris of my plans for this, and he sent me a packet of silk American flags to be used as favors. I told Beatrice afterward where her souvenir came from. She looked at me as though she wanted to ask whether Morris knew she was to be one of the guests, but all she said was: "They are very pretty."

Sometimes I feel as if I must take her in my arms and cry: "Fall, ye heavens, if ye must. This moment of rapture ye cannot deny me."

MARCH 25. We have all been to Nice together. The trip was a combined dream of bliss and a nightmare of torment to me. Beatrice and I were constantly together. There are so many things that we enjoy equally in common. I have not yet dared to let Morris know that I am with the Livingstons. Beatrice has not mentioned his name of her own accord.

APRIL 23. The spring is beginning to be beautiful here. Today it is just a year since I first met Beatrice—since Morris first met her, too. I spoke of the first fact when I was there tonight, and then left her to think of the second.

MAY 10. Mr. Livingston's brother has died, and he has to go back to see to settling up the estate for

the widow. They are all to leave Liverpool by the Mystic on the 15th. I have decided to go back with them.

Have had a struggle all day to get myself to write to Morris of my coming, so that he will meet me at the steamer, which is due on Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning. I feel that when Morris sees Beatrice now, they will come together again, just as I have hoped they would. But if I still keep them apart, as it lies with me to do, I might win Beatrice for myself.

Finally this afternoon late I wrote the letter—I told him not to fail to meet the Mystic. I feel that in this lies my only hope. I carried the letter out and dropped it in the slit at the *tabac's* with my own hands. I wanted to have it beyond recall at once.

MAY 20, AT SEA. The Mystic is making a marvelously quick passage, as if she, too, were in league to keep me on the rack. It may be that we shall reach New York so soon that Morris will not be able to be at the pier to meet me. Thus the opportunity for him and Beatrice to see each other naturally will have been lost, and my old temptation will beset me again with renewed force.

MAY 21, NEW YORK. It is all over. The Mystic's nose touched her pier at noon. I looked eagerly in among the crowd gathered there. Yes, there was Morris—I did not dare point him out to Beatrice, who stood by my side. When we got down on the wharf I lost the Livingstons entirely for a time. Morris seemed so glad to see me. He is looking much better than he did when I went away, but I could see that he was not yet his old self. He seemed not to know that Beatrice was on board. He had a cab there, and wanted to bundle me right into it as soon as my trunks had been passed. I found that the battle was still on; I must still keep striking blows for honor and the right.

"Wait a minute," I said. "There's somebody I must say good by to first. You'd better keep right after me, or we'll lose each other."

I led the way to another part of the pier, where I had caught sight of Beatrice for an instant behind a pile of trunks. Her baggage had just been passed, and she was telling her father which pieces she wished sent out to Montrose and which to the Normandie, where they are to stay for a day or two.

"Good by," I said, coming around the high stack of trunks with hand outstretched.

By the other hand I held Morris. I now stepped to one side and the two stood face to face. I did not look at them. At that very instant I pretended to hear myself called by a fellow from Manchester with whom I became quite well acquainted coming over. I made off to another part of the pier, looking back only once. Then it was to see Beatrice and Morris, hand clasped in hand.

He came back to me in the apartments here at ten tonight. He fairly took me in his arms in the depth of his joy. He declares he owes it all to me. His gratitude, and the sense of the wrong repaired, give me a tinge of happiness, though my own heart bleeds.

MAY 24. Morris and Beatrice are to be married on the 20th of June. There was no regular "making up." All that was needed was a bringing together, and this, they both insist, was my doing.

Morris wants me to go out to Montrose to dinner tonight. Beatrice sent a very urgent invitation for me. But no, I cannot do it. Morris insists that I must be his best man. He will not take no for an answer. But I feel that I cannot even trust myself to be present at the wedding. I must devise some scheme that will keep me away without hurting their feelings. And another thing there remains for me to do. I must tell Morris of my whole diabolical scheme. I cannot feel entirely secure of their continued happiness until I have done this. They can then feel assured that there will be no danger of a repetition of their "break"—the one that did occur having been fostered by other hands.

JUNE 1. I have arranged with my publisher to write them a novel on Australia, composed after a residence on the ground, so that the local color may be true to life. I sail on the 17th, three days before the wedding at Montrose. I told Morris of this tonight. He seemed inclined to be angry at first, but when he saw me looking so serious, and heard what I had to say about an explanation I would make when the time came, he looked only regretful, and said that he supposed they must make the best of it.

XIII.

ALL who attended it agreed that the wedding at which Morris Davidson and Beatrice Livingston were made one, was the prettiest that Montrose had ever witnessed. The weather was perfect, the bride was as beautiful as the day, and the groom's happiness seemed to make him handsomer than usual. Burke Cartwright was best man, and nearly every guest present remarked upon the absence of Newbold Morton. His gift was on view, a magnificent set of tea china, but all knew he had sailed for England three days before.

"And he was Davidson's most intimate friend," was the whisper that went round.

When Cartwright wrung Morris's hand for the last good by as he sprang off the train after it had started, he left with him a small package. On it was inscribed the words, "To be delivered after the marriage."

The writing was Morton's, and eagerly Morris broke the seal. The packet contained simply several closely written pages, entitled "A Confession."

Beatrice flushed and turned away her head when she saw this word, but as Morris began to read it softly aloud—they were in a private compartment—she nestled her cheek on his shoulder again and listened attentively. It was not what she had feared it might be. But as its purport was more fully revealed, as the

true nature of the plot was disclosed to those who had been its victims, the sheets fell from the reader's hands and it seemed for an instant as if he were loath to pick them up again, as if he could not bring himself to touch them.

Then it was that she—the wife—put her arm about his neck and whispered softly in his ear: "Think, Morris, what we are to each other now, and to whom we owe it all. If he has sinned much he has repented deeply—how deeply we both may never know."

Morris bent over and picked up the scattered pages. He read on, and when the end was reached, with no mention of the great sacrifice which this repentant one had found himself called upon to make, the young husband's brow was less cloudy, but all he said was: "I am glad he went away."

"Then don't you forgive him, dear?" asked Beatrice. "Think how

much he has done for us—he has brought us together twice!"

"But there was no need for him to do it but once," Morris persisted. "Still he has atoned, and when he comes back I can take him by the hand and call him my old friend still."

"In the meantime, though?" the wife still pleaded. "He does not say when we shall see him again. Ought we to leave him in suspense, for years perhaps?"

"Beatrice, you are a good angel to all the world," Morris whispered as he put his arms about her.

And two months later, far away in the antipodes, Morton read and treasured these lines, which closed the letter he had hoped yet feared to receive.

"That which is past is dead to us. Our present is radiant with happiness. Let it be your joy to remember this, and recall not that which we have both forgotten."

THE PERFECT FACE.

THE Graces, on a summer day,
Grew serious for a moment—yea,
They thought in rivalry to trace
The outline of a perfect face.

Each used a-rosebud for a brush,
And while it glowed with sunset's blush,
Each painted on the evening sky,
And each a star used for the eye.

They finished. Each a curtaining cloud
Drew back, and each exclaimed aloud:
"Behold, we three have drawn the same
From the same model!" Ah! her name?

I know. I saw the pictures grow,
I saw them falter, fade and go.
I know the model—oft she lures
My heart. The face, my sweet, was yours.

Walter H. Hawway.

THREE FALLEN ANGELS.

By Kate Johnston Matson.

"ALL right," and a smiling face nodded in at the window of a third class *coupé* on a railroad in southern Italy. Three young dark ones smiled and nodded in return, while two girls' voices chimed together; "Ah, Michele is with us," and two pairs of small hands reached out towards the brother, in a way which showed that they considered him a cavalier altogether without reproach. In another instant the father's head had disappeared, and the train moved on.

Michele was fifteen years of age, and a musician, as the violin case wedged in behind his back testified. Although he was only a simple, guileless boy, with heart and soul burning with a love of music, he merited to be, as he was in the eyes of his sisters, a hero great and valiant.

Bianca, a slender girl of twelve, was half holding, half leaning against a lyre enveloped in a green bag, while her sister of nine was sitting bolt upright, grasping firmly a mandolin, likewise tied up in a green wrapping, which made it look like a very large watermelon cut lengthwise through the middle. Pretty little Francesca had a very wide awake air; she saw the world through a pair of dark eyes dancing with fun, while her cheeks were usually dimpled into smiles. Gentle Bianca was languid; "lazy," Michele called her when he lost patience with her, as he often did.

The train was so crowded that the father, mother and younger sister had to find places in another compartment. Although it was early in the morning, the three were very sleepy, and were soon nodding away until Bianca's swaying motion sent her

lyre slipping from her lap to her brother's feet. Roused by the jar, he gave his sister a sharp look of reproach as he picked up the lyre and handed it to her. Michele never could bear to see a musical instrument carelessly handled.

On looking around he was embarrassed at finding the eyes of every one in the *coupé* fixed upon them, so he said with a nervous little laugh: "We were playing nearly all night and are sleepy. We are all musicians. Babbo plays second violin; mamma the guitar; and Bambina, who is seven, the tambourine, and we are now on our way to Naples, where we are engaged to play together in Signor Bonvino's café."

When Signor Baccio's smiling face again looked in, the young musicians were munching large pieces of sour bread with very thick crust, which they seasoned with an occasional nibble of cheese, but they had only found courage to partake of this humble fare after having offered it to each one of their fellow passengers.

"All right again!" and the face, beaming with fatherly pride, once more vanished.

The way was hot and dusty, and all the occupants of the *coupé* were now yawning.

"Can't we have some music?" some one suggested.

Without any hesitation Michele began to take out his violin, Bianca to undo her bag, while Francesca carefully lifted up her apron and took from a pocket she had firmly sewed to the front breadth of her dress a box of cherry wood chips, which she used to protect her finger tips from the hard strings of her mandolin. This box being her sole

treasure, she was bound to guard it from possible pickpockets in Naples.

They were now ready, and the little girls fixed their eyes upon their brother's face; for when they played together he was their feared and much respected leader. How he frowned at a false note or incorrect time!

For a time they played merrily on, and then Bianca, being sleepy again, began to tease her brother by trying to play with her lyre turned upside down, and that being too aggravating, the instruments were ordered back into their cases. Quite a long time had now elapsed since their father's face had smiled in upon them. The train at length rolled into Naples, and still he had not shown himself.

Signor Baccio had disappeared, and it happened in this way: When he saw his children eating their simple breakfast, it reminded him that his part of the family had bread and cheese, too, and they also were hungry. Thus it was that he did not notice that they had arrived at Caserta, where he was to have changed his *coupé* for one farther to the front; neither did he notice that his portion of the train was being run on to another track and attached to an express, and that they were soon speeding to the east instead of going on to Naples with the three children.

When the children got off the train and their father did not come to find them, Michele began running up and down looking into all the *coupés*.

"Who are you looking for, my boy?" said a benevolent voice.

"I cannot find our father. He was on the train, but now I cannot find him."

"What's your name, my lad?"

Michele was excited and did not stop to think what he was doing in taking a perfect stranger into his confidence, so he innocently replied: "My name is Michele Baccio."

"How fortunate! Why, I came on purpose to meet Signor Baccio."

"Ah, you are Signor Bonvino, in

whose *café* we are to play!" broke in Francesca.

The man's face brightened at the clew.

"Yes; that is to say, a man of my calling must have several names, for if the people who come to my *café* knew that I had a booth down on the mole tonight at the festival of San Giuseppe, they might not think it worthy of my position, you see. So I just call myself down there Signor Vinrosso, since one name means good wine and the other red wine, and red wine is good wine. It's all the same, you know," and the man laughed heartily at his joke. "But come along, you can be my angels tonight, and tomorrow your father will turn up, for he's just gotten off the train to stretch his legs and been left, that's all. Who did you say was with him?" and by a few adroit questions he soon found out all that it was necessary to know to pass for Signor Bonvino.

After a long walk they reached the bay, where, along the mole, rows of booths were being hastily put together out of old boards which had served the same purpose year after year. Signora Vinrosso, a large woman with rolling eyes, which made her appear as though she was always on the lookout for prey, had been very energetic during her husband's absence and the booth was already in order, guarded with an old green door, which had once belonged to the inside of some condemned house.

"I say, wife, here are Signor Baccio's children; and to think that I should have found them as they got off the train, for their father disappeared somehow—they might have been so easily kidnaped, you know. They can be our angels tonight, and tomorrow Signor Baccio will certainly turn up."

The woman did not seem in the least surprised, but simply said: "Ah, Signor Baccio has not come; that is a pity." But when they were alone she rubbed her hands with delight. "Who would have thought that such good fortune would fall to

us? Three plump angels—musical, too—with their instruments in their hands, as though made to order!" But here the worthy woman brought her ejaculations to a sudden pause as she remembered that the preparations for the evening were not yet completed—that the charcoal furnace was not properly set upon its tripod—the can of oil not yet filled—the frying pan waiting to be scoured; all which attended to, she bustled away to prepare the batch of sweet dough, leaving Signor Vinrosso as guard over his unsuspecting prisoners.

From wandering musicians to be suddenly transformed into angels, does not sound like a bad exchange; but there are many degrees and conditions of angels, and those on St. Joseph's night in Naples do not soar about in the blue air in spotless robes, as we picture real angels. On the contrary, dressed in blonde wigs, and loose, soiled white garments, they fry coarse cakes and sell them cheap on this festival of the patron saint of all fried things. Although authority is wanting to prove that St. Joseph was fond of this kind of eating, he probably came to have this ignoble mission given to him because the Neapolitans like to have some saint mixed up with everything they do. Since they are fond of eating fried cakes on this special night in Lent, it is pleasant to imagine they are being blessed by so great a saint for devouring as great a number as the scant supply of copper in their pockets will allow. For is not a portion—a very small portion—of the money taken given to the poor?

The noise and confusion on this night in Naples make the lowest quarters of the city a pandemonium. Sailors, fishers, peasants from the Campagna, the large class of the population of the city that sleep out of doors; tarantella dancers, rope walkers, monkey trainers, and all the rest of the clan, with bright ribbons in their hats, flowers in their hair, gray scarves on their waists, tinsel on their shoes—leaping, dancing, singing, screaming, and eating fried cakes in honor of St. Joseph!

Signora Vinrosso stood in the booth behind her batch of dough. As she cut small strips from it she handed them to Bianca, who, in her angel's attire, formed them into rings and threw them into the pan of boiling oil. When done, the angel Michele fished them out and held them brandished on a wooden paddle towards the last angel, Francesca, who in turn speared them with a long fork and held them out to the expectant purchasers. Signor Vinrosso stood next and took in the coin.

According to the programme the angels should flourish their forks and paddles, and spring and scream with the crowd, and the trio did in truth flourish and brandish with energy, but in a manner not at all satisfactory to their patrons. As the demands for the frizzling rings of puffy fattiness increased, the excitement and fatigue caused the children to use their implements so much after the manner of the cannibals of Africa with their spears when challenging war, as to fill the worthy couple with horror and wrath. Bianca flopped the rings into the boiling oil so that bubbles of it flew out, and covered with rivulets of grease not only her own celestial robes, but the worldly garments of the signora also. Even that good lady's face was once severely burned.

Michele's range was wider, and as he frantically fished about in the pan to spear his cake, threats of vengeance came from the bespattered crowd. Francesca's wig, being on a level with the paddle, received frequent dabs from it. But perhaps poor Signor Vinrosso fared the worst of all, for Francesca's fork—after flinging the cakes here, there, everywhere, whereby many were lost to their rightful owners—came often very near to putting out his eyes. When his coat sleeve was wiped down from top to bottom with a sizzling fritter, the storm of brewing anger broke—the fire was put out and the three were locked up in the booths to sleep on the hard lava pavement.

Although St. Joseph is only patron

of one day, the frying was to go on for a week, only in addition to the cakes small fish and all kinds of vegetables were rolled in batter and sold; but the next day the angels were relieved of their frying mission and made to play incessantly their list of popular songs and dances. The strains they brought forth, however, were dreary and lifeless.

Poor Michele was very wretched, for he knew now they had fallen into unfriendly hands. He reproached himself bitterly for having listened to a stranger instead of hunting up a gendarme who would have helped him to find Signor Bonvino. He did not care for himself. He was a boy; but his little sisters! What would become of them? After this week he feared they would try to separate them, and it had all happened through his own folly. His brain ached with trying to arrange a plan to escape. Then they were all so tired and hungry, their bones were so sore from sleeping on the hard pavement, and they were so dirty, too, and covered with grease!

That afternoon Signor Vinrosso took off his coat and threw it down upon a pile of shavings. How Michele's heart beat as he saw the key slip out of the pocket! It seemed to him to be as big and shining as the sun as it lay there, but Signor Vinrosso did not notice it. As soon as he could, Michele kicked it with his foot under the board which formed the counter, and jammed it down with his heel between two lava stones. Every time he could he gave it another jab until it had quite disappeared.

When some time later Signor Vinrosso put on his coat he felt in all the pockets, overturned everything in the booth once, twice; he and his wife examined the floor by a lighted shaving, and the children were made to turn their pockets inside out. Then he went away murmuring something about having left it in the room. After a while he came back with a locksmith, and another key was fitted into the lock, which opened from inside and outside alike.

To fish the key up in the dark after so much jamming down required the united efforts of the three, who used the frying fork as a lever. Then Michele, telling his sisters he would soon be back with help, locked them in again and started forth he knew not where, forgetting he had on his blonde wig and gown spattered with grease. He hoped to find a gendarme, but he wandered far and failed to meet with one.

His steps led him to the aristocratic part of the city, and he was soon in a street of palaces. A carriage had just rolled under the archway leading into a courtyard, and a blaze of light came out into the dark street through the heavy open doors.

Michele walked in as though he had a right there. A lackey had thrown a pile of wraps upon a bench while he followed the porter into the lodge for a pinch of snuff. The last guest had arrived, and the court, which shortly before had been full of liveried servants, was now empty. To pick up the wraps, throw them about his arms and shoulders, then fly across the court in time to get behind the carriage as it turned, and thus avoid the coachman's eye, was the work of a moment for Michele, acting under a sudden inspiration. He flew up a flight of marble steps covered with a crimson carpet, and hurried on through suites of brilliant rooms where the few loitering lackeys, from his wig and wraps thinking him the servant of some guest, let him pass.

One bawled after him: "Hello, booby! save your legs. If you get there in five hours you will be too early; to the left, idiot!" but in trying to turn to the left Michele tripped over his load and fell through heavy drawn curtains into what seemed to him to be a rainbow, for when he struggled to his feet he could distinguish nothing for the dazzling light and color. A gauzy mantle of rich embroidery still clung about his shoulders and hung in graceful folds to his knees.

Then a burst of laughter and "Let's

hear what he has to say," struck his ear as his senses gradually returned, and he saw that he was in a banquet hall and that the voices came from gentlemen in gorgeous uniforms sitting at a table. Ladies were there, too, and the feathers, flowers and perfume seemed to the gasping boy to make the air too thick for him to breathe.

"Who are you?" he heard again.

"I used to be first violin, now I'm a dirty angel of St. Joseph. I've come for help for my sisters, who are miserable angels too."

"Let's hear what fallen greatness can do before we allow our sympathies to be worked upon," was cried again. "Signor Ciampino, will you let him try your violin?" and the great virtuoso consented smilingly, for the request came from one so high in rank that for him to ask a favor was equivalent to a command.

Michele took the violin, drew the bow once or twice across the arc, while a look of rapture lit up his dark face. "Ah, this violin was made in Heaven," he murmured.

"Then an angel will know how to play it," said a sweet, clear voice.

It made him think of a bird he had once heard, and he hesitated no longer as to what to play.

First came quick notes as though a succession of melodious balls were falling from his bow—then they rolled into one another and burst with a silvery clang—a bubbling of liquid music followed, and then all these sounds were caught up and lengthened into one long slender thread of song, which grew fainter and fainter as though carried into the upper air. It fell like a pure and lovely voice of nature upon the ears of the astonished listeners, who waited in silence for what would follow. Since no one spoke Michele repeated the strain.

"It is the cry of some strange wild bird," said the same soft voice. "Do angels hear such birds in heaven?"

"I know not, *nobilissima signora*. I was sitting on a hill one day, playing on my violin, and a bird came and

sat on the top of a tall cypress tree. I could see him against the blue sky, and knew from the way he had bent his head that he was listening to me. When I finished, he began this call. I tried to repeat it on the violin, but could not. He called again. I tried again, and only the sixth time succeeded; then it seemed to me he nodded his head as he flew away."

"Come here, my lad," called a thin, aged voice, quivering with suppressed excitement, from the upper end of the table. "I heard that bird once in Egypt when I was young, and it was the happiest day of my life. You have brought sweet memories back to me. Tell your story, and if you need help you shall have it."

After Michele had finished, the old nobleman asked: "And can your sisters play as well as you?"

"One of them plays the lyre and harp and has much talent, the other plays the mandolin, and—and looks pretty," he stammered; "but we all play horribly since we have become angels. Every note sounds as though it were boiled in oil."

The company laughed, and there was a general cry for the sisters, whereupon Michele was sent with two servants to find them.

Orders were in the meanwhile given to clean them up upon arriving, for when the mantle was taken off Michele there was a shout and much joking about white robed angels rolled in grease, though the sweet voiced speaker to whom the mantle belonged declared that a being whom the birds condescended to teach must be a great musical genius only waiting to be developed.

When the three appeared, the little girls were swathed in long mysterious garments which gave them the appearance of floating, while Michele squeezed into the livery of a boy much younger than himself.

Soon after they began to play, dimpling, smiling Francesca was invited to stop. Michele then drew a long breath of relief, and commenced some foreign music, which Bianca accompanied by lightest

touches on her lyre. It had no regular beginning, and soon came to an abrupt ending. It sounded as though a grand voice vibrating with the noble passions of an unknown race had suddenly interrupted a light, frivolous conversation.

"Beethoven!" cried Signor Ciampino. "Where have you heard the great German master's music?"

"We have never heard but this one page which a wandering musician gave our father," sighed Michele. "Ah! but it is grand music. I dream of it when I sleep, and when I am awake I am hungry for more."

"The boy is on the right track, and I too declare he will some day be great. I would like to have him for a pupil."

"And you shall," said the nobleman. "He shall stay here, and the girl too. They shall learn and become famous, and their music shall warm my frozen old age."

"*Nobile signor*, it is impossible," stammered Michele. "Babbo, mamma! I know they are now dying of grief. We can only live if we are all together."

"I will see that you are all satisfied and happy," said the good old man, and the next day Signor Baccio was found in the Bonvino café in a state bordering on desperation. A position in the orchestra of the royal theater was at once offered and equally promptly accepted, and the mother, Francesca, and baby gave up the musician's career.

Michele's patron lived to see him the greatest master of the violin in Italy. But though it led to such a brilliant result he could never forgive himself for his childlike confidence in Signor Vinrosso; "for who knows what misery it might have brought upon us," he used to say, "if an almost miraculous piece of luck had not rescued us?"

A POET'S WOOING.

In weaving rhymes about her name,
Her agile form, her rosy cheeks,
The beauty she could rightly claim,
I squandered hours, and days, and weeks.

In weaving rhymes about her soul,
The subtle music in her speech,
The hours and days away did roll,
Yet she was ne'er within my reach.

I spent a year, it seems to me,
In weaving rhymes about her heart:
Yet I was deep in misery,
And from all happiness apart.

Alas, for the unhappy times
That come to mortals when they err—
While I was busy weaving rhymes,
Another swain walked off with her!

Nathan M. Levy.

ETCHINGS.

ARKANSAS JUSTICE.

JUDGE JOHN A. WILLIAMS, of the United States Court for the eastern district of Arkansas, is a large man with a big heart. There is often a conflict in the judge's breast upon the question of tempering mercy with justice. The greater part of the criminal cases coming before his court are violations of the revenue laws. The rural inhabitant of Arkansas believes implicitly that the manufacture and the sale of whisky are a part of the "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness," which our forefathers held to be the inalienable right of every man.

At the last December term of court there stood before the judge a long, lank specimen of the native Arkansan from Stone County, who had been arrested for selling whisky without the payment of the government tax.

"Guilty or not guilty?" said the judge.

"Wal, jedge, I reckon I'm guilty. I dun sol' the whisky. I din' go tu do no harm, jedge. Jis' sol' fur my neighbor, jedge, while he dun gone 'way to see his mammy. I din' know I wus duin' nothin' wrong, jedge. Jes' lemme off 's light 's yu kin."

The law was plain, and the prisoner had pleaded guilty. The judge had no alternative. But he imposed the minimum penalty—one hundred dollars fine and thirty days in jail. The clerk wrote a commitment, handing it to the judge—who signed it and passed it to the marshal.

"Yu don' need tu sen' no marshal 'long o' me, jedge," said the prisoner. "I'm goin' back to Stone County, an' I kin jes' 's well take that paper myself. I'll take it tu jail, jedge. I will, sholy."

There was such an assurance of sincerity in the manner of the simple hearted mountaineer that Judge Williams believed his promise. The document was handed to the prisoner. The mountaineer looked at it. There were but a few days to Christmas. Then he said:

"Jedge, there's six lil' chillun all 'lone tu home. I don' nō ways wan' tu spen' Christmas in jail, with them lil' chillun all 'lone tu home. Jes' lemme stay home over Christmas, jedge; then I'll take myself tu jail. I will, sholy."

Judge Williams redated the commitment, to take effect after Christmas. Then the mountaineer went back to the "six lil' chillun all 'lone tu home."

The judge's confidence was not betrayed, for the Arkansan took himself to jail immediately after Christmas.

WAITING.

BEFORE the twilight fire I dream;
There is a shaded garden gate
Bathed in the set sun's golden stream
And there I see my Phyllis wait.

She waits there that when I draw near
Aweary with the daily task,
Her smile may my faint spirits cheer—
Is this an idle hope, I ask?

For though in truth my Phyllis waits
'Tis by no garden gate or fence,
She waits the day when kinder fates
Will let me earn a competence.

HOWELLS AND REID AS CORRESPONDENTS.

THE later fame of Howells as a novelist has overshadowed the fact that he began life as a newspaper reporter. Some thirty two years ago he was representing the Cincinnati *Gazette* at Columbus, the State capital. As a legislative correspondent, it is said, he was not an entire success. He had little taste for politics, and never seemed at home as a chronicler of the plots and counterplots of rural statesmen.

One night the editors of the *Gazette* were anxiously expecting Howells's report of some unusually important proceedings that were taking place in the Legislature. An envelope from Columbus was brought in and handed to Richard Smith—better known as "Deacon" Smith, who eagerly tore it open, and drew from within—a

dainty poem headed "The Humming Bird." With a murmur of disgust he crushed the correspondent's effusion between his fingers and hurled it into the waste basket, whence the literary editor subsequently rescued it. Soon after this the managers of the *Gazette* decided that Howells's talents would be of greater service to the paper in some more congenial sphere. At the end of the session he went back to Cincinnati and became exchange editor, a post in which his natural good judgment and well informed taste made him valuable. As Columbus correspondent he was succeeded by another young newspaper man who has since risen to fame—Whitelaw Reid.

That was a year or two before the commencement of hostilities between North and South. The war gave opportunities that proved important to both Reid and Howells. The former was sent to the front as the *Gazette's* war correspondent, and his letters, over the *nom de plume* of "Agate," won him a national reputation, and paved the way for his successful career in New York journalism. Howells wrote a campaign biography of Lincoln that differed from most such compilations by having real literary merit. The money he received for the work—a hundred and sixty dollars—enabled him to take his first trip outside of his native State, and to visit Boston, where he made the acquaintance of James Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes. President Lincoln was so much pleased with the biography that he appointed its author United States consul at Venice, where he found material for the sketches of Venetian life that laid the foundation of his fame as a writer.

GENERAL SHERMAN IN POLITICS.

An incident in General Sherman's life that has been omitted by some of his biographers took place in the summer of 1880. Hancock had just been nominated by the Democrats to run for the Presidency against Garfield, who ultimately won the prize with a popular majority of less than ten thousand in a total vote of more than nine millions. The editor of a Republican paper, in search of campaign material, sent a reporter to interview Sherman, and, if possible, to draw from him

some unfavorable criticism of the candidate's military record. But the hero of a hundred battles declined to be drawn into the ignoble warfare of political invective. "If you will sit down," he said to the reporter, in his emphatic way, "and write the best thing that can be put in language about General Hancock as an officer and a gentleman, I will sign it without hesitation."

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

I MET her in the darkened hall,
But there was no mistaking
Her form (I deemed), erect and tall,
Of nature's rarest making.
I drew her gently to my breast,
So lovely and so tender,
Convinced that life at her behest
I gladly would surrender.

And silence reigned. There is no need
Of words for love's completeness;
I only felt that it indeed
Was perfect in its sweetness.
E'en darkness grew with rapture bright,
As oft I stooped and kissed her.
Then came a flash of vivid light
And I beheld—my sister!

"Why, Tom!" "Why, Nell!" we jointly cried
In tones that did not flatter.
The most disgusted? To decide
Would be no easy matter.
But neither now could have the fate
To tease or chide the other;
I thought it was sweet Kitty Chase,
She thought 'twas Kitty's brother.

ARTISTIC PROPRIETIES.

An intelligent foreigner entered a New York picture store the other day and the following conversation took place:

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"I want a photograph of —"

DEALER—"You are an artist, I suppose?"

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"No, I am not."

DEALER—"I am sorry, but we do not sell that photograph except to artists."

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"Why not?"

DEALER—"Because, sir, the picture is a nude, and a rather improper nude at that."

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"But the original has been publicly exhibited here."

DEALER—"That makes no difference."

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"A friend of mine bought a photograph of — here,

That is a far more improper picture than the one I want."

DEALER—"But we do not sell that or any other nudes to everybody."

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"I fail to understand why you make a discrimination in favor of artists."

DEALER—"Why, because we know that they want the pictures for a proper purpose."

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"What proper purpose?"

DEALER (*getting rather irritated*)—"To draw from, of course. To use as models in place of living ones. We also have photographs of nude figures from life for the use of artists, but we neither sell nor show them to any one else."

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"Ah, I see. So artists are not allowed to use living nude models in this country?"

DEALER (*very irritably*)—"Who told you that? Of course they are."

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"Pray pardon me if I seem very stupid, as I have only been in this country a short time. But I am surprised that your landscape painters should need nude models."

DEALER—"Landscape painters? Of course not; but the figure painters do."

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"Then you have figure painters? And they do paint nudes?"

DEALER—"Some of them do."

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"They paint nudes for the foreign market, I suppose. Of course no one would buy them here. By the way, that's a pretty canvas—that "Leda" over there, I mean. Is that by one of your native artists?"

DEALER—"Yes, by ——. He is living in Paris now, though. The picture has just come over. Neat, isn't it?"

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"The drawing seems a little queer."

DEALER (*laughing and rubbing his hands*)—"My dear sir, that remark has

been made by nearly everybody, but the fact is that the outlines were photographed on the canvas from life."

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"Is it for sale?"

DEALER—"Yes. The price is eight hundred dollars. It will be worth ten times as much in a few years."

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"You can surely sell me a copy of that, as you have the original for sale?"

DEALER—"Not unless you're an artist."

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"Well, I'll be in the city for some time and if I want the original I'll let you know. It seems that nudity is an expensive luxury and only allowed to the rich in this country."

DEALER (*confidentially*)—"That's about the size of it."

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"I thought so at the opera last night. Now I'm sure of it."

A BY GONE.

You saw old Tom Varney at Deadwood?

Why, he was the life of the club
When we started, back in the sixties;
It must be the deuce of a rub

That brought him to such a condition;
An absinthe? Well, boy, make it two.
It seems but a year since young Varney
Was drinking where I sit with you.

The fall of a clubman is rapid
As soon as his income departs;
The card room, of course, notes his absence
When it lacks a "fourth man at hearts."

And then on the bulletin poster
His friends read his name day by day,
And ask, "What's the matter with Blankson?
We always supposed he could pay."

His letters go back to the station
Lead penciled, and written "not found."
His clubmates stop asking about him
And—then he's as well under ground.

Say, boy, bring us in a few Reinas,
Two absinthes, and—yes, bring the best.
We'll drink to a once brilliant clubman
Whose star has gone out—in the West.



IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY.

THE ENGLISH CARDINALS.

THE coincidence of the death, on the 14th of January, of Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, and Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, gave occasion for some curious reflections upon the nature of fame. In the national consternation at the decease of the youth whose sole claim to public attention was the accident of his birth, the loss of one of the greatest clerics of the century seems to have passed comparatively unnoticed. And yet it is entirely safe to say that Cardinal Manning's place in history will be secure when the late prince's existence will have been forgotten by all save the compilers of royal genealogies.

For the dead prelate was unquestionably the foremost of the men who brought about a social and religious revolution in their country by accomplishing the rehabilitation of Catholicism. The greatness of this achievement cannot be understood by those who fail to realize the depressed status that the Roman church in England had occupied during the memory of men still living. Shattered and dethroned at the time of the Reformation, it had for centuries lain prostrate in the dust. It had no cathedrals, no bishops, no ecclesiastical organization. Its slender flock was as sheep without a shepherd. It was the helpless object of popular bigotry and misrepresentation. The cry of "No Popery!" was always a powerful appeal to the prejudice of the masses. Its adherents were not admitted to the universities, and suffered from other oppressive disabilities now abolished.

The three names most intimately connected with the latter day revival of English Catholicism are those of Wiseman, Newman, and Manning. Of these men, each of whom became a cardinal, Manning was the youngest and the greatest. He had all the qualifications most needed to become a leader among his countrymen. He was well born, and was trained at

Harrow and Oxford, where he took the highest scholastic rank. Entering the established church, he was archdeacon of Chichester, and a clergyman famed for eloquence and lofty character, when in 1850 he abandoned his preferments and followed Newman into the Church of Rome—a step that was the logical result of the religious movement of which these two, with Pusey and other Oxford theologians, had been the originators.

In Manning were combined the intellectual gifts of Newman and the practical ability of Wiseman. He was, too, an Englishman by birth and breeding, while Wiseman, though of British descent, was born at Seville and educated in Rome. The latter had been selected by the Pope to be the head of the restored Catholic organization in England, and as the first Archbishop of Westminster bore the brunt of the opposition manifested to the assumption of the archiepiscopal title. Much of that opposition his tact conciliated, but his church never attained, under his leadership, anything like the position to which it was raised by Manning, who succeeded him in 1865.

Cardinal Manning's personality was in itself a deathblow to English anti-Catholic prejudice. How could the Roman church be unenlightened, when at the head of its national organization was admittedly one of the greatest intellects of the time—one who, moreover, had until his forty second year been in the fold of the established church? How could it be fatal to liberty and individualism, when its leader was a man of such exceptional independence of views and expressions? How could its tendencies be medieval and opposed to nineteenth century theories of social and political freedom, when Cardinal Manning was so advanced in his economic ideas as to be almost a socialist?

The archbishop had even gone so far as to give a qualified approval to the writings of Henry George, which had evoked the

thunders of the Vatican. When it was proposed by some of the Catholic prelates of America that the Knights of Labor should be proscribed as a secret organization in contravention of the principles of the church, Cardinal Manning actively seconded Cardinal Gibbons in opposing the suggestion. His sympathies were always with working men. The part he played in the settlement of the great strike at the London docks will be readily recalled. To aid the poor and the distressed of his diocese, of his country, and of the world, was the great work of most of his life. The Catholic population of London includes much of the most squalid elements of that city. To elevate its moral and material condition he inaugurated a systematic crusade against ignorance and intemperance, the two greatest sources of vice and misery. Temperance for the parents and free schools for the children were the means of improvement for which he labored earnestly and with much success. He trained and dispatched special missionaries to go among the freedmen of the Southern States. He advocated home rule for Ireland in opposition to the views of most English Catholics, who on political questions lean strongly towards conservatism.

Manning's death leaves the British islands without a member of the Sacred College, although there are two Cardinals in the Queen's dominions—Taschereau, of Quebec, and Moran, of Sydney—and one English Cardinal in Italy—Edward Howard, Bishop of Frascati. It may perhaps be some time before another Englishman receives the distinction of the red hat. Wiseman, Newman, and Manning, have left no worthy successor. Herbert Vaughan, now Bishop of Salford, is perhaps the most eminent living figure in the Catholic hierarchy of England. He is a pupil of Manning's Bayswater oratory, and may be chosen to succeed him as Archbishop of Westminster.

HARNESSING NIAGARA.

THE utilization of the greatest water power in the world—Niagara—is a problem that has long occupied the attention of engineers. We are so practical a people that our awed admiration of the grandest

of cataracts has always been mixed with a feeling of annoyance at the thought that so tremendous a number of horse power should be serving no strictly useful purpose. Twelve million cubic feet of water a minute falling sheer over a ledge one hundred and fifty feet in height—enough to turn the wheels of all the mills in the United States, if only the force could be applied at the proper point!

It is true that attempts at harnessing Niagara have been made. In 1874 a canal was built which drew water from above the falls to a point lower down the stream, and close to its bank. There it was passed through turbine wheels and discharged into the river. But the power thus obtained was comparatively small, and could only be applied immediately at the bank of the river. Otherwise there was no way of getting rid of the water when it had been used.

To overcome this difficulty, and to create an immense power at points where it can be conveniently and advantageously employed, the late Thomas Evershed suggested a plan that is now being carried out. It is easy to bring water from above the falls to any spot within a reasonable distance. The problem is to dispose of it so that it will do its work and flow away. Mr. Evershed's idea was to accomplish this by a subterranean channel that should serve for a long row of factories built above its course, carrying away the water discharged by all of them and emptying it into the lower river.

This is the idea that is now taking shape as the Hydraulic Tunnel. From a point a short distance below the falls a channel about twenty five feet in diameter is being cut into the rocky sides of the Niagara gorge. It will run under the village of Niagara, and in a direction approximately parallel to the course of the river, for a total distance of nearly a mile and a half. It will be about a hundred and fifty feet below the level of the land, with, of course, a slight downward slope toward its mouth. Water will be brought to the proposed factory sites from above the falls by small canals which will deliver it into turbine wheels. Thence it will pass down into the tunnel, and so back to the river. It is expected that a force of one hundred and fifty thousand horse power can be obtained

and applied to industrial purposes in this way.

It need not be feared that the construction of the tunnel will detract from the grandeur of Niagara by robbing the cataract of a perceptible portion of its volume. A twenty five foot channel, even if filled to its fullest capacity, will scarcely affect a river three thousand feet in width. Indeed, only one five hundredth part of the mighty stream that thunders over the falls will be drawn off by the work now in progress, while the useful energy it will generate will be equal to the combined force of a dozen of the largest water powers in the country.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ALASKA.

JUST twenty five years ago the United States bought Alaska at the moderate price of twelve dollars per square mile. As the government now holds the public land of the Territory at \$2.50 per acre, a trifling advance of about three thousand per cent on its cost, it certainly seems as if Uncle Sam is somewhat extortionate in his commercial dealings. Alaskans consider it eminently unfair that the would-be settler should be compelled to pay twice as much for a homestead in their distant and sub-arctic valleys as on the fertile plains of Nebraska or Dakota. The fact is of course a serious barrier to the development of our great northern dependency, whose population is still a mere handful, and whose natural resources are almost entirely undeveloped.

That those resources are of value and importance there seems no reason to doubt. Maurice Kenealy, who is editor of the *Alaskan*, published at Sitka, goes so far as to assert that Alaska is destined to become one of the richest possessions of the United States. That is perhaps an exaggeration, but on the other hand it has already become clear that we secured a bargain when we purchased it for \$7,200,000. The annual value of the products now exported from it is more than that amount. When we bought it it was almost entirely a *terra incognita*. Its seal fishery was its only ascertained source of wealth. Since then, although a large portion of it is still unknown, sufficient exploration has been done to reveal much that is interesting and important. In so vast a region—twelve

times as large as the State of New York, with a coast line four thousand miles long fringed with fifteen hundred islands—there is of course a wide variety of climates and conditions. A part of Alaska has agricultural possibilities greater than formerly supposed. The southern coast district, though too damp for grain, is suitable to root crops. It is splendidly timbered; its waters abound with fish and its land with game. Colonies of Norwegians and Swedes, it is said, are to be established there next summer by a company organized in the State of Washington. These hardy immigrants from northern Europe, who have done much to build up the new States of the Northwest, will, it is believed, find in southern Alaska at least an equally favorable field for settlement.

But the most important resources of the Territory lie in its mineral wealth, which is known to be great, and may prove to be yet greater. One of its southern islands has an extensive coal formation. A mine has recently been opened there, and its owners assert that they can deliver its product in San Francisco at four dollars a ton—a figure much below the present price of coal on the Pacific coast. Juneau has its important gold mines. Iron and silver have been found at other points. On the upper waters of the Yukon River there are placer diggings whose richness has induced a considerable number of miners to penetrate the three hundred miles of wilderness that separate them from the coast. That portion of the Yukon gold fields that the pioneers have developed was found by last year's joint survey to be in Canadian territory, but the precious deposit probably extends on both sides of the frontier line. It is confidently predicted that when a road shall be built across the mountains, through which the only existing means of transportation is a slow and costly system of Indian carriers, there will be a "rush" to the Yukon district.

The pioneers of Alaska are not entirely content with the treatment they receive from the Federal authorities. They complain that nothing whatever is done to forward the Territory's development. They declare that it is ruled by alien officials, as if it were the dependency of some despotic empire. They demand the establishment of a Territorial government that will give

them at least partial home rule in the management of their affairs.

The present Congress is to have the case of the Alaskans presented to it, and may, perhaps, accede to their request. But they are a long way from Washington, they are few in number, and they have no votes.

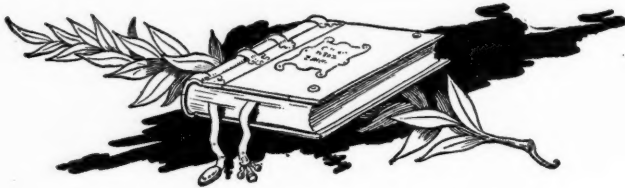
AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

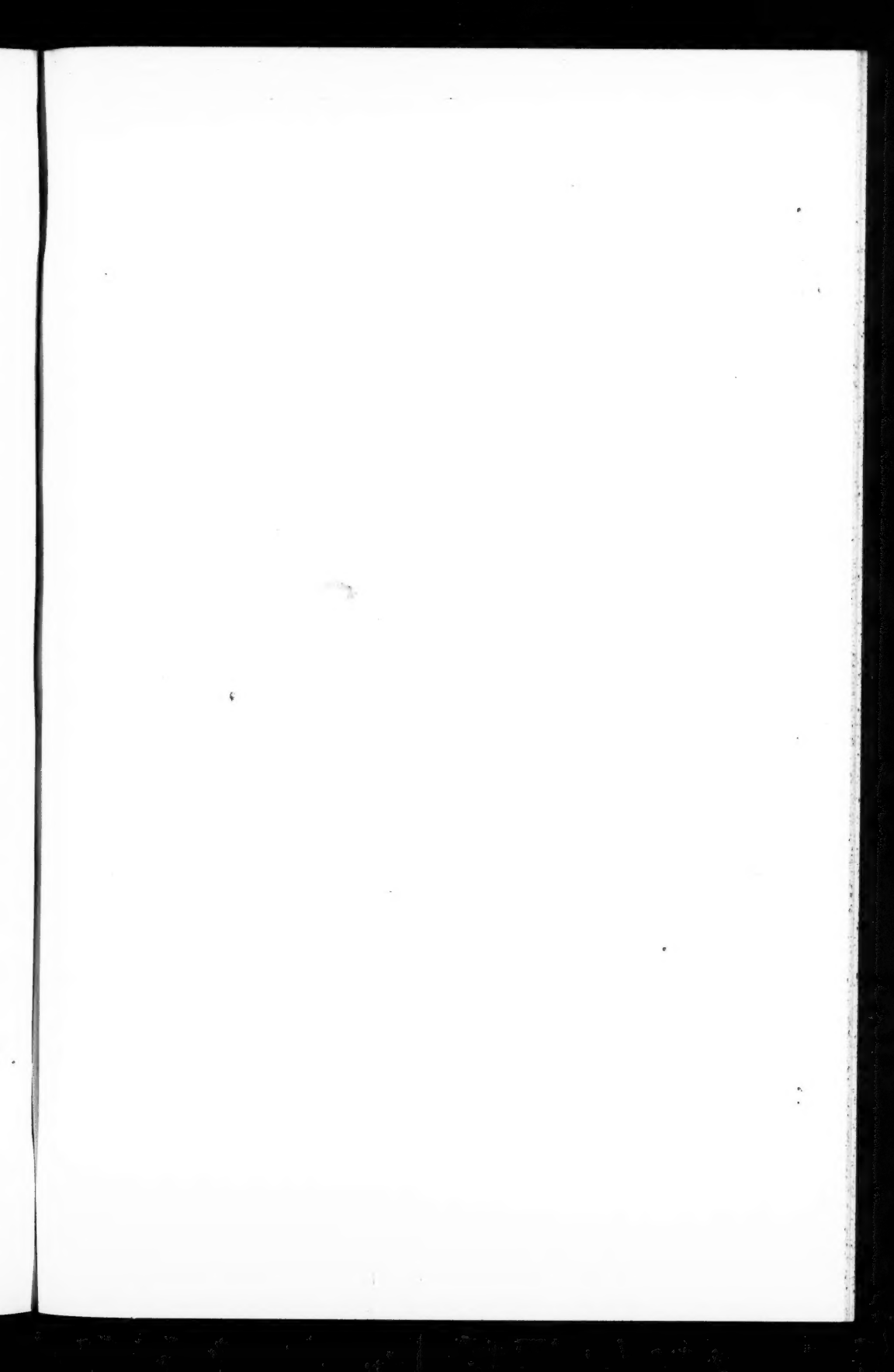
HIS Grace the Duke of Marlborough has been describing, for the benefit of his countrymen, the new aristocracy, as he calls it, that is growing up in the United States. Here is his description of the alleged American aristocrat, in an article in the *New Review*:—"He is ten times a millionaire. He has a collection of pictures that he has collected at fabulous prices. He has a wife who appears at dinners with magnificent diamonds and dresses from Worth. He lives in a glorified villa on Washington Avenue, Chicago, the stone of which he has transported at so many cents the ton from Nebraska, say, sooner than his house should be in any way similar to that of his next door millionaire neighbor, whose house stone came from Colorado. Yet this estimable man, who is endowed with more power of general appreciation, if not with direct learning, than most people, will go down to his office every day in a ten cent tramcar," (we had thought his fare was but five cents) "and figure away early and late, and buy securities with his earnings, to store them away pile after pile till he is known for his wealth all over

the States, and he will end by tying up the whole fortune with a care and precision of detail and success such as would have been the admiration of an old fashioned English family lawyer of two generations ago. This is the aristocracy of England across the seas."

Such is the description of the class to whom he ascribes a predominating influence in the social and political life of the American republic—such an influence, indeed, that he asserts that "there is infinitely more pure democracy in the old country than in the new." "An English duke"—so testifies this representative of his class—"may be toadied by a few costermongers or local clergymen, but an American millionaire holds a species of court in Wall Street, or on the Chicago Exchange. His orders are things to be feared."

We would suggest to our foreign critics that they should, in popular parlance, "get together." Some of them tell us that we present a lamentable instance of democracy run wild, that our absolute subservience to the will of the majority is dangerous to the permanence of our institutions and our very existence. But the Duke of Marlborough, who has undoubtedly had good opportunities of judgment at first hand, declares that our democracy smacks strongly of oligarchy—ininitely more so, in fact, than does that of a country where one of the coordinate and necessary organs of legislation is so purely oligarchical a body as the House of Lords.







PHÆDRA.
From the painting by Alexandre Cabanel.